

# METHODIST REVIEW

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## ART. I.—THE SUPREMACY OF CHRIST

Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life.—John G. 68.

THE superficial disciples of Jesus were beginning to fall away when these words were uttered. He had begun to unfold the deeper truths concerning himself and his mission, and many took offense at them and walked no more with him. "Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life." In these words Peter, by implication, sets Jesus on high as the supreme Teacher, with whom no one else is to be compared, and whose teachings are so great and worthy that they are rightly called words of eternal life. And this conviction of the apostle is more and more justified by the religious life of the race. The religious history of humanity is daily becoming better known. In the last century it was possible to claim that religion is adventitious to human nature, not even an excrescence, but, rather, a barnacle generated by fraud and ignorance. This is the case no longer. As our geographical and historical knowledge has extended, it has become clear that man is naturally religious. So much is this the case that unbelief now commonly takes the form of claiming that all religions alike are the natural outcome of that religious sentiment which is instinctive in human nature; just as the various art products of the race in all their forms are to be traced to the æsthetic instinct which is founded in human nature. But however this may be, we stand to-day in the face of vast religious systems of which our fathers never dreamed. Chris-

tianity has to confront great historic religions, older and having more adherents than itself. The Christian missionary finds himself in the presence of old and venerable faiths, with their Bibles, their temples, and their supernatural history. Indeed, their sacred books have been translated in some twenty-odd volumes, and we read them in our own tongue. Christ, then, is but one of many religious teachers. Along with this growing historical knowledge has developed a still more wonderful knowledge of nature. The nature upon which the thinker of to-day looks out has almost nothing in common with nature as it seemed to men in the apostles' day. Limits have vanished in both space and time, and instead of the simple bodies of the senses we have a wonderful, mysterious energy on which all things forever depend and from which they forever proceed. We have a threefold infinitude—infinitude of extension, infinitude of duration, infinitude of power; and then, brooding impenetrable over all, an infinitude of mystery. But none of these things, nor all of them together, have in any way returned an answer to Peter's question. Standing in the face of our increased knowledge of the world and of man, we can only repeat his word: "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life." More and more it is becoming apparent that for knowledge and help and hope concerning the deepest things of God and life and destiny we must depend on Jesus Christ or abandon ourselves to apathy or despair.

Our greatest need in matters of religion is to know how to think about God, what he is and what he means. Our next greatest need is to know how to think about ourselves, our life and destiny. This unseen Being in whom more or less blindly all men believe, what is he? Is he, perhaps, some metaphysical perfection to which right and wrong are indifferent? And if he be a moral Being, what is his attitude toward us? Does he forgive sin or hear prayer? Indeed, does he care for us at all, or are we rather forever beneath his notice? And this life of ours—does it mean anything or tend to anything? Is there any outcome to human history, or is it only an uncared-for product of eternal laws which roll on forever and with equal indifference to life and death? These are the supreme questions to which the earnest minds of the

race have ever been seeking an answer; and the only answer which commands the assent of the enlightened mind, heart, and conscience is the answer given by Jesus Christ. He tells us of a Father and Almighty Friend upon the throne. Our God is not an absentee apart from the world in self-enjoyment, but he is present in the world, in life, in conscience and history, carrying on a great moral campaign for the conquest and training of the human will and its establishment in righteousness. We are now God's children, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when God's will concerning us has been wrought out, we shall be like him and shall see him as he is. Meanwhile all good things are safe in the plan and power of God, and are moving irresistibly Godward, for nothing can thwart God's righteousness and loving will. Such is the answer of Jesus Christ to our eager questioning concerning God and life and destiny; and this answer in its clearness and power to produce conviction and control life we owe entirely to him. By this I do not mean that God has nowhere else revealed himself to men; but I mean that all other revelations are obscure, uncertain, and incomplete in comparison with the revelation by and in Jesus Christ. In the confusion and groping of the childhood of the race they served a temporary purpose and were better than nothing. They furnished a bond of union for scattered and warring tribes. They kept alive a sense of the invisible, and gave to human relations and duties a measure of divine sanction. To be sure, they often erred and strayed most grievously from the way, and never attained to any clear and comprehensive moral and spiritual insight; but, in the main, we can see that they performed a beneficent function in the life of men. So much we can see in the light of Christian thought, but we can see it only in the light of Christian thought. If we may believe in God as Jesus has revealed him, we can readily believe that he has never left himself without a witness in the hearts of men, and that he has used these blind gropings and blurred apprehensions of men as means of reaching him while the way was preparing for the perfect revelation of himself and his Son. But if we must believe that Jesus was mistaken, that he did not reveal the Father, then the sure result of the loss of this higher

faith will be the loss of all lower forms by those who have developed far enough to understand the higher. We can go back to atheism or to agnosticism, but we cannot go back to Mohammedanism, Buddhism, or Hinduism or Confucianism, or to any of the myriad forms of polytheism and superstition. In the times of human ignorance and childhood these systems may have served a temporary purpose in the divine education of the race, but in the development of intelligence and conscience a point is reached where we must go beyond them or abandon them altogether. One who has learned in the school of Christ can accept no other conception of God than that which Christ revealed. The Epicurean gods, the immoral gods, the vindictive gods of the heathen pantheon stand hopelessly condemned and repudiated by the consciousness of modern civilization. They are equally condemned by modern intelligence. A mind which has been formed by the study of nature and the world of law cannot tolerate the superstitions of these decaying systems. They are doomed in any case. They are not able to think any worthy thought of God or of man. They furnish no hope and no inspiration. Hence, for us, the alternative is Jesus Christ or nothing. If he was mistaken, then all lower religious effort was all the more mistaken; and there is nothing to do but to look upon the religious history of the race as a phase of the total cosmic process without any abiding significance, somewhat tragic indeed, when viewed from the human standpoint, but after all only a transient phase of a transient humanity. It is only as we hold the higher faith of Christianity that we can find anything divine in lower faiths.

The supremacy of Jesus further appears when we turn to the study of nature to get an answer to the supreme questions concerning God and life and destiny. Here, also, Jesus alone has words of eternal life. We get a great deal of valuable information from this study, valuable for practice, valuable for enlarging and correcting our thoughts; but to those supreme questions we get no certain answer, and for life itself we get no supreme inspiration. The study of nature has, for the most part, been carried on by Christian men, and the interpretation of nature has taken place under the influence of Christian ideas. These have steadied

and directed our thoughts to an unsuspected extent. The fundamental doctrine of monotheism was reached less by speculative reflection than by the positive teaching of the church. This made it a matter of course. In particular the moral interpretation of nature has been thus influenced. In the sure and settled conviction of a God of goodness, we have not been distressed or even disturbed at the sinister aspects of nature; and thus we have failed to get the impression which a purely inductive study of nature would make upon us. And the conviction has been very general that God's goodness and righteousness are very clearly and unambiguously revealed in the natural world. But this conviction has received many a rude shock in our day. To begin with, the theistic conception itself is seen to involve mysteries so impenetrable that thought gropes and staggers in the attempt to grasp it. Then the doing away with all spatial and temporal limits in the cosmic process leaves us almost without the conditions of thinking. And when we study the phases and products of this process, we find ourselves equally unable to comprehend the power and the purpose which underlie the whole. There is very little that we should have expected and a great deal that we should not have expected. And in the organic world we find the same unintelligibility and, in addition, the positive fact of pain and death. The whole creation groans and travails together in pain. And in the midst of this unintelligible scene, man, a helpless and transitory creature, finds himself placed, a momentary inhabitant of a mere speck in the boundless material system, and subject to the same laws as rule in all organic life—birth, pain, struggle for existence, all ended by speedy death. This is the picture which nature alone presents. It knows nothing of immortality. The recurrent spring, the chrysalis and the butterfly, and similar images, serve well enough to express a faith already possessed, but they are exasperating when adduced as arguments. Both the individual and the species perish. The immortality of a type is rather a shadowy thing at best, and, such as it is, it is only a fiction. Sooner or later, individuals and types alike pass. Nature knows nothing of immortality of any sort, and it is highly ambiguous on the fundamental doctrine of the

divine goodness—so much so that those who have broken away from Christianity in our time have very largely fallen a prey to pessimism and despair. So far, so infinitely far, is nature from having words of eternal life. And the great and only sufficient barrier to this way of thinking is Jesus Christ. He is manifestly the Light of the world, the Desire of nations, the Hope of humanity. More and more the thought and hope of the modern world center about Jesus Christ. Of the many religious masters of the race Jesus Christ is the only one that lives as a present personal power and inspiration. Others have left systems and disciples behind them, but the masters themselves are dead. Their power was in their words, not in themselves. Just the opposite is the case with Jesus Christ. His power is in himself. What he was—not what he said—is what influences men. And by simply standing in the midst of history before the eyes of men he has become the revealer and searcher of hearts, the Judge of the world, the rebuker of its iniquity, the inspirer of its good, its great Leader against evil, and the hope and Head of all who look for the redemption of humanity. Anna in the temple spoke of the child Jesus to all those who were looking for the redemption of Jerusalem. The course of history bids all who hope for a redeemed world to look for him.

In the biblical world Jesus Christ has become the center and completion of revelation. He is the supreme revealer and revelation, and the only final authority. Long since he became the proof of the Bible, so that now our main concern for the Bible depends on its relation to him. So long as we have him we have all that is important in revelation; and if he were taken away, it would matter little what else might be left. One good result of modern biblical study has been to fix the attention of the Christian world on Christ himself rather than on the Bible, to show, moreover, that Christ is the center of the Christian faith. Whatever criticism has shaken, it has only brought out more fully the testimony of history to Jesus Christ; and anyone whose faith may have been disturbed concerning the biblical literature should find relief in this thought, that Jesus Christ more and more appears the unshakable Cornerstone against which no gates of hell shall

ever prevail. Again, Jesus Christ has become the chief inspiration and support of the conscience of the modern world. It is a great warfare which is waging in the upbuilding of men. A vast body of forces and impulses tend to drag men downward. Men are of the earth by one side of their nature, and the earth draws and claims its own. Hence the sense-life proves so attractive. And many are found who persistently claim that the sense-life is all. On this plane selfishness and animalism soon develop; and the strong begin to think meanly of the weak and to oppress the weak; and caste is born; and oppression and tyranny go hand in hand with animalism for the destruction of humanity. This tendency has been manifold in manifestation, but it is ever the same in spirit, and it is far enough from being finally cast out; and the most powerful agent against it is the life and words of Jesus Christ. He has borne the most effective testimony to the supreme worth of the individual man, and delivered the most effective rebuke to all attempts to degrade him. Nowadays whenever anyone wishes to make a great and solemn appeal on behalf of humanity, there is almost sure to be some implicit reference to Jesus Christ. And the most effective rebuke of the world's selfishness, the most searching illumination of its evil, are found in simply placing them face to face with the mind of Christ. On the other hand, there is no way of arousing repentance and hope in the sinful mind so effective as to bring it face to face with Christ. He is the apostle of humanity. He knows what is in man. He identifies himself with all its members. The good or evil done to the least of his brethren is done to him; and the cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple does not pass unnoticed. Against all worldliness, and selfishness, and oppression, the great barrier and the great condemnation are found in the teaching and authority and personality of Jesus Christ. Again, Jesus Christ is the great barrier against pessimism and despair. I have before spoken of the depressing aspects of nature, and the depression pursues us into our theory of man himself. What with the influence of heredity and environment, a great many are found who deny, and many more who doubt, the possibility of reforming men or making much of them in any way. Here, again, Jesus is the

great optimist and has a gospel of hope for all who will receive it. The weary and heavy-laden without exception are bidden to come to him. The resources of God are infinite, and whosoever will may take of the water of life. There is a divine heredity as well as a human; and the Fatherhood of God can set right all aberrations arising from human fatherhood. The disciple of Buddha looks forward to unknown ages of entanglement with an evil past, but Jesus Christ undertakes to free men from the law of sin and death. He alone can speak the word of deathless hope and almighty power to the morally lame and deaf and dumb and blind of our race.

Finally, we find the same supremacy of Jesus Christ in the matter of social regeneration. From the standpoint of experience it is very far from clear what the future of the race will be. Malthus portrayed a crowded earth with hunger and famine as the end. The struggle for existence readily lends evil dreams. The physicists now and then tell us the universe itself is growing effete and must yet wear out. Certainly, it is far from sure that we are not using up the physical capital on which civilization depends. But apart from these dismal predictions and reflections, we find many forces at work in civilization which would suffice for its destruction if left to themselves. The wisest statesman can see but a little way, and his power is far less even than his knowledge. Humanity is driving stormily on its perilous way, and no man knows from history or observation what the end will be. If we really think about the subject, the only reassuring thing is the optimistic teaching of Jesus Christ based on his revelation of God. If God be indeed such as Jesus reported, if he be our God and Father, if his name is Love, if he has made man for immortal life and blessedness with himself, then, of course, all must be right with the world, and the end must be divine. But on any other view, the only preservative against deep anxiety, if not despair, is simply not to think. The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ can be trusted even when we do not understand him; but if we seek to know God apart from his Son, we are at the beginning of confusion and sorrow.

It is a grim scene which the historical procession of humanity

presents—the many races, their alienation, their wars and mutual slaughter, the failure to reach anything in most cases, and the scanty and insecure result in all. The great mass of individuals have not had the conditions of a properly human existence—buried in ignorance, pursued by disease, persecuted by pain, and all the while, like some tremendous Niagara, pouring over into the abyss of death and darkness. We are fascinated and almost paralyzed by the awful spectacle. What does it all mean—these fearful methods, this silence and indifference, this apparent traversing of all our ideas of justice and mercy? Is there any justifying outcome? Jesus Christ bids us trust God and fear not. Love and wisdom rule, and we shall yet see it when the day breaks and the shadows flee away. Others have echoed His words, but His is the only original voice which commands our conviction and establishes our faith. Now that these things are so, I am profoundly convinced. Jesus, instead of becoming less and less necessary to humanity, is more and more necessary. Our problems are larger, more pressing, more insistent to-day than ever before. Past times were in comparison times of childhood. And the solution of our problems is hopeless without the light thrown upon them by Jesus Christ. The question which Peter asked in his first dim insight into the supremacy of his Lord, the disciple of to-day repeats with all the added emphasis of nearly two thousand years of history: "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life."

*Borden Parker Bowne*

## ART. II.—THE LITERATURE OF SAINTS; OR, THE REALISM OF GOOD

THE classics are the books that are contemporary with all generations. They cannot be scientific books, for these are so quickly outgrown that scholars often cease to recognize those which have been published as much as a decade. "Only literature is permanent," that which relates to humanity. The material universe will never lack explorers, but the more afield the investigator goes the remoter he seems from his kind. We sing his praises because of the few who really know what he has done. Not so the student of human nature, who gets nearer to us the more deeply he probes the human heart and shows the subtle motives which often unconsciously determine conduct and character, character which is both the child and father of conduct. The same man, like Leonardo, may be both the greatest explorer of his century in the physical realm and the founder of engineering, while his real fame rests on his knowledge of the soul and the ability of his brush to spiritualize the human countenance until we see, as in a mirror, the depths of our own souls. Whether Newton, or even Darwin, will be much read generations hence is doubtful, but Shakespeare will never lack readers in any generation. Macaulay once ranked the six great classics as Shakespeare, Homer, Dante, Æschylus, Milton, and Sophocles, declaring that had Milton written only the first four books of *Paradise Lost* he would have ranked above Homer. Shakespeare will hold his place until one shall appear who can better portray the very soul. Less than nine generations have tested the writings of the bard of Avon, while there is a classic to which more than a hundred generations bear witness. I venture to call it "The Literature of Saints." Because of its excellence it promises both permanence and universal interest for the human race.

Shakespeare holds his place despite the fact that there is not a saint in all his writings, not even a child, and only one mother. What that great master wrote within his limitations was so per-

fectly done that its fame is sure. But how narrow the range compared with a literature of saints, and one that abounds in mothers, with songs and prayers which tell of the depths of their natures humanized by a great joy or a great sorrow, and in little children, who like cherubs fill the canvas, as Raphael loved to paint them, the approving critics of his masterpieces! Is it because saints are so little known that they find no better recognition in literature, and that a great genius is more at home in creating a Caliban or an Iago, a monster or a villain, human nature at its worst rather than at its best? Total depravity is now the theme of the materialist, who is usually the pessimist, not of the Christian. The realism of evil must be offset by the greater realism of good. The fact is that only Christianity has ever grown a saint, and to reproduce one in literature or art should be the highest aim of the pen or brush. Hear Professor Seeley, of Oxford, in *Ecce Homo*:

Compare the ancient with the modern world; "look on this picture and on that." One broad distinction in the characters of men forces itself into prominence. Among all the men of the ancient heathen world there were scarcely one or two to whom we might venture to apply the epithet "holy." In other words, there were not more than one or two, if any, who besides being virtuous in their actions were possessed with an unaffected enthusiasm of goodness, and besides abstaining from vice, regarded even a vicious thought with horror. Probably no one will deny that in Christian countries this higher-toned goodness, which we call holiness, existed. Few will maintain that it has been exceedingly rare. Perhaps the truth is that there has scarcely been a town in any Christian country since the time of Christ where a century has passed without exhibiting a character of such elevation that his mere presence has shamed the bad and made the good better, and has been felt at times like the presence of God himself. And if this be so, has Christ failed? or can Christianity die?

Caricature may amuse for a day, but it cannot be long-lived. Human nature deserves the benefit of the best light when put in literature or on the canvas. Let our humanity be judged not by its criminals or its Pharisees, but by the best it has produced of saintly characters, as we seek to judge it by its best poets and artists, its noblest heroes and its greatest orators. Where shall we find morals aflame with holy love, souls loyal to the unseen Christ both before his incarnation and after his ascension, "whom

not having seen we love," as in the world's greatest Classic that we confidently expect to be contemporary with every generation of the sons of men? It is not its history, albeit it goes back earlier than any other literature, nor even its vision of the future such as cannot be found besides in all the writings of men, but it is the holy men and women that move upon its stage, inspiring and comforting us by their serene faith and hope and love, that give the Bible its unique and immortal fame. "A great life is the meeting place of the seen and the unseen, revealing the world's unity." It is the men who have lived here in abiding fellowship with the unseen God that have made real to us the very heaven of heavens. "I never read history," said a man in public life whose familiarity with history was a subject of congratulation; "I always read biography." He read illuminated history, the lives of the great men who have made history. Said Aristotle, "History is a poor drama, full of episodes." But a great biography is dramatic through and through. This is the notable thing about the Bible—the lives it portrays, the aspirations and hopes, the disappointments and triumphs. Its several books are mostly biographies, and the biographies of great men; great because they were recognized and used of God. For the most part God himself has written their epitaphs and they remain unchanged in the judgment of men. The Bible is God's "Hall of Fame." Since "the main aim of culture," as Matthew Arnold puts it, "is to know the best that has been said and thought in the world," no man can claim to be cultured who has not acquainted himself with the Literature of Saints. The chief end of religion is to make holy men and not a holy book; but in making saints it makes the Literature of Saints with its confessed power to help make other saints, as it inspires men to holy living. Milton's Satan cried, "Evil, be henceforth my good." Thomas Carlyle, who at times spake like a Hebrew prophet, and whose words search our souls, well said, "No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than his disbelief in great men." Is it because he has nothing in common with them that enables him to measure them? What shall we say, then, of the unfortunate mental and moral stature of a man who does not believe in

holy men, such as those who walked and talked with God, and whose messages from God's lips have been the world's solace and strength? All true moral progress is made through admiration. Our God must be above us, not beneath us. He must be goodness, and not simply power. The most dangerous skepticism is not about the being of God, but his character. We may increase our physical power, and even our mental strength, by the study of what is beneath us—the rocks, the animal world, the forces hid in nature—but we increase our moral power by communion with what is above us. In short, the highest point in the evolution of man is communion with God. The next is communion with those who know God, until each of us is but one remove from God. Next to seeing God's face is to see his glory reflected in some pure soul that has been on the mount of vision and has seen God. Stanley went to Africa to seek Livingstone and, finding him, found God.

Ever greater than sage or hero is the saint. Other religions have produced philosophers and warriors; Christianity alone has produced saints. It is ever regarded as one of the signs of a true church that it produces saints. It was not necessary to canonize Francis Xavier or even to beatify him, for the Christian world to recognize him as one of God's saints. He who left his father's castle for a life of love and service both of God and man, touching India, Japan, and China only to bless, quickens our pulses by his heroism and his holy life. No wonder the Chinese long deemed the very sands fragrant that for a brief time held his dust before it found its resting place in India. The prophet who sees God and declares him to men does them far greater service than he who adds to their material comforts or wins their battles. It is usually a reversion to the savage type when men with heated blood find some new warrior out of whom to make a hero. They prepare triumphal arches and sing, "See the conquering hero comes," and then forget him while he is yet alive, ashamed at once of their hero and of their standard of greatness. Every nation does a wrong to its heroes both when it inflates them and when it forgets them. The soldier or sailor can never be the world's final hero. They are the creation of our less rational hours. In

our saner moments we enthrone the prophet and the saint. It is true, however, that the heroic element is never wanting in the saint, for it is his power of resistance which manifest his strength. Martyrs were called "athletic" by the early church. Wherever the example of Christ is offered to us in the Scriptures for our imitation it is the example of suffering and of endurance. Christ is at once the world's greatest hero and its greatest saint. But it is not the hero that we worship but the Hero-God. There is something finer in a great soul than in anything he says or does. However men differ in creed, they agree on character. This is the test of a religion: what it enthrones and reverences. Recognition of man and his duty comes to be the chief element in every purer form of religion, while recognition of nature is ever the chief element in paganism. It was said of Phillips Brooks's preaching that "every Sunday seemed like the bridal of earth and sky." The invisible world seemed the only real world, as it furnished the inspiration for the life that now is; and heaven and earth found their unity in the soul of man for whom both were made. Man was seen to walk the earth a son of God, and never out of the sound of the Father's voice. Years ago when Cambridge University wanted a professor of Sanscrit it was found that there were only two candidates, Edward B. Cowell and a German. It chanced that the German was but little known in England save by Cowell, who was loud in his praises as a scholar eminently fit for the place. In short, Cowell's own candidacy consisted simply in the praise of his competitor, over whom he was finally chosen. So conscientious was his work, and so unselfish and Christlike his spirit, that the Mohammedan court interpreter to England said of him, "The fact that Professor Cowell is a Christian makes it seem probable that Christianity is true." Such a character is the living epistle that helps to interpret the Book, such as Griffith John tells of in China, where it was said of a native Christian, "That man is just like the Book." Can such men be produced without the Book? or the revelation of which it is the record? If so, we would look for them in Greece, and as the fruit of Greek culture. Why are morals so defective even where culture is so stressed? Let Matthew Arnold answer:

Greece was the lifter-up to the nations of the banner of art and science, as Israel was the lifter-up of the banner of righteousness. Now, the world cannot do without art and science. And the lifter-up of the banner of art and science was naturally much occupied with them, and conduct was a plain, homely matter. And thus brilliant Greece perished for lack of attention to conduct, for want of conduct, steadiness, character. . . . Nay, and the victorious revelation now, even now, in this age when more of beauty and more of knowledge are so much needed, and knowledge, at any rate, is so highly esteemed—the revelation which rules the world even now is not Greece's revelation but Judæa's, not the preëminence of art and science, but the preëminence of righteousness.

The supreme claim of Christ is as "Lord of conduct," and the ideal of life must be sought in conduct to meet his approval. It often happens that in the best music, painting, poetry, building, and sculpture man is the being he fails to be in the actual world. The ideal creation may be the expression of the man who would live an ideal existence, but too often stops short of the attempt except in art. There is a pagan standard of life and of living, as when a man's ideals and purposes are such that he is seeking to attain them at the expense of his fellow men, but when every step toward their realization means the advancement of those about him the ideals are Christian. "Whether the cause is sought in his individual genius or in the Renaissance influences, the spirit of Shakespeare's art is in many respects pagan. In his great tragedies he traces the workings of noble or lovely human characters on to the point—and no further—where they disappear into the darkness of death, and ends with a look *back*, never on toward anything beyond." Was the hold of Greek tragedy greater on his artistic instincts than the hold of Christian faith? Well might any artist hesitate to paint a saint unless he himself sought to possess the saintly character. Only the God who made the world can make a saint, and only one who believes in saints can paint one. The choicest graces and highest acts of religion are due to the power that worketh in us, conforming us to the divine nature, and so become a proof of the reality of that nature. We are not surprised to find saints in a literature where believers in Christ were addressed as those "called to be saints," and where such great stress was ever laid upon the example of Christ, who was delivered for our offenses and was raised for our justification.

If reconciled by his death, we are saved by his life. That is not an impossible life which Christ both gives and nourishes. It is the life of God in the soul of man. John Locke uttered a great truth when he said, "He that taketh away reason to make way for revelation puts out the light of both." Unless the Bible is man's book it cannot be God's book. So reasoned Hallam when he said: "I see that the Bible fits into every fold and crevice of the human heart. I am a man, and I believe that this is God's book because it is man's book." It was not Coleridge alone, philosopher that he was, who said, "There is more in the Bible that *finds* me, finds me in greater depths of my being, than in all other books put together." A Chinese scholar aiding in translating the Bible found the sacred book a mirror of his own heart, and said, "Whoever made this book made me." The marvelous portrait gallery of the Scriptures is both for our instruction and for our comfort. It shows not only what manner of men we are but what manner of men we may become. "The glory of God is the living man," alive in all his being; "and the life of man is the vision of God." So taught Irenæus, who also said, "Christ began anew the long line of men." He came to give men life and to give it abundantly. He came not to destroy a single faculty, but to vitalize, to empower, to perfect every faculty. Christ staked everything on what he could make of man. Because Christ believed in men men believe in him. They also believe in each other as objects of his love. When Christ taught the perfectibility of man he distanced by the diameter of the universe every other teacher who sought the ear of the race. His henceforth became the gospel of hope to fallen men. To make good his claim he ate with publicans and sinners, forgave the sins of despairing men and outcast women, and inspired such love of goodness in the soul of a dying malefactor that the very tree of a Roman cross bore fruit fit for the Paradise of God.

Gibbon could not write the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire without acknowledging the Rise and Progress of the Kingdom of God. He became a hero-worshiper, even of a saint, when he attempted to sketch the character and

work of Athanasius, "Athanasius against the world." He was compelled to acknowledge among his Five Causes of the triumph of Christianity the virtues of the early Christians. There were many saints among them, and the average of morals was so high that a Roman governor could not write to his emperor without stating that the Christians were wont "to meet together on a stated day before it was light, and to sing among themselves alternately a hymn to Christ as God, and to bind themselves by an oath, not to the commission of any wickedness, but not to be guilty of theft, or robbery, or adultery, never to falsify their word, nor to deny a pledge committed to them when called upon to return it." Like Daniel, whose example of fidelity under persecution inspired them, no fault could be found with them save their respecting the law of their God. These believers would strengthen each other in time of temptation by the example of Joseph, who resisted the world, the flesh, and the devil by crying, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" They talked much of "the prisoner of the Lord," as Paul loved to call himself when he gave the world some of its richest "prison literature," writing in large letters from Rome because with his hand chained to a soldier it was with no little difficulty that he could affix his apostolic benediction, as in every letter, "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you," and then sign his name. They talked much of one Stephen, who died saying that he saw Jesus standing at the right hand of God, and with a prayer for his murderers such as fell from the lips of his Lord: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." They were strong and pure in the midst of the vilest pagan lives because they were able to give a reason for the faith that was in them, and could tell of a great cloud of witnesses to the faith that should overcome the world. They declared, "For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that through patience and comfort of the scriptures we might have hope." The early Christians believed in a holy Book because they believed in holy lives. They believed in an inspired Book because they believed in inspired men. The disciples' own holy and inspired lives were to make possible the New Testament, with its many new chapters in the Literature of Saints. A little

book, this New Testament, but worth more to the world to-day than all the literature of Greece and Rome, of Germany and France, of England and America. Its heroic saints were to overcome the world by the word of their testimony. The experience of one generation becomes the faith of the next, and the unbroken succession of believers, who have the keys of the kingdom to admit yet others, is due to the holy men whose lives are given us in both the Old Testament and the New, and who both lived and wrote as they were upheld and borne along by the Holy Ghost. Their lives and their testimony would make any book holy. Is it not singular that but one Book gives such saintly lives as well as such holy words? It becomes trustworthy to us when we know the men who wrote it. They believed that they were guided by the Spirit of truth who had been promised to guide them into all truth. They believed that being called to be saints meant to be taken up into the life of the Godhead, to be lifted above the world, to have not simply moral goodness but a divine life in the soul as the very sons of God. In them, as in Jesus their Lord and Elder Brother, we realize that the living core and center of their whole religion is joy in the divine sonship. Theirs was a surrendered life, the surrender of the whole man to God, and a new life which results from the surrender. No wonder the apostolic church existed before the New Testament. It had to, or there could have been no New Testament. As with the Old Testament, holy lives were needed to make a holy Book. Without saints there could be no Literature of Saints. Both Testaments were religious experience before they became Scripture. The Holy One of Israel made possible the holy men of Israel. The word "holy" is the central word of the Old Testament as "Father" is the central word of the New. Said Professor Robertson Smith, who had to restudy the Bible in the light of biblical criticism, with its somewhat erratic claims but genuine service:

I am sure that the Bible does speak to the heart of man in words that can only come from God—that no historical research can deprive me of the conviction or make less precious the divine utterances that speak to the heart. For the language of these words is so clear that no readjustment of their historical setting can conceivably change the substance of them. Historical study may throw a new light on the circumstances

in which they were first written. In that there can be only gain. But the plain, central, heartfelt truths that speak for themselves, and rest on their own indefeasible worth, will assuredly remain with us.

Religions perish but religion endures. In fact, "the only way in which we can get rid of religion is to abolish both man and God." "Man is incorrigibly religious." One grave cause of perplexity is found where men fail to appreciate the immense importance of human nature as distinguished from physical nature in any study of theism. Human nature has been found to be the most important part of nature as a whole whereby to investigate the theory of theism. While true biblical science is comparatively new, it has made such progress in its search for historical truth, and that by the most approved methods of historical research, that we now have undoubtedly a rational basis for our faith as regards the essential facts of the Bible narrative in both Testaments. But more than the facts of history are those of experience such as are given in the lives of the saints who appear in the sacred pages, rejoicing in the hope of a perfect Character who is to appear, or in the memory of what he taught and did and was.

No subsequent growth of knowledge, whether in natural science, ethics, political economy, or elsewhere, has discounted any of Christ's teachings. Doubtless next to Jesus, but at a far remove, men would rank Plato as the most spiritual teacher of men. Says Bishop Westcott:

There is no grander passage in Greek literature than that in which Plato describes how the contemplation of absolute justice, temperance, and knowledge is the sustenance of the divine nature. There are times of high festival, he says, in the world above, when the gods in solemn procession mount to the topmost vault of heaven and, taking their places upon its dome, gaze over the infinite depths of perfect Truth. This spectacle supports the fullness of their being. Nor are they alone in the enjoyment of the magnificent vision; all the souls that can and will follow in their train. Such of these as are able to gain the fair prospect, and keep it before their eyes, while the spheres revolve, remain in the possession of supreme joy. The rest, baffled, wearied, maimed, sink down to earth and are embodied as men. Henceforth their condition in this lower life depends upon their past apprehension of Truth. Their human existence is a striving upward toward the glory which they have once seen. They live still, so far as they really live, by the recollection of that which has filled them with a noble passion (*Phædrus*, p. 146).

Is it possible that the same pen could advocate a community of wives and the parental abnegation of children in the ideal state of society? The cross of Christ, on the other hand, is ever lifting men upward. After trying for twenty-five years to live a prayerless life, overcome with the sense of utter loneliness without God, the Great Companion, Romanes at last wrote, "Only to a man wholly destitute of spiritual perception can it be that Christianity should fail to appear the greatest exhibition of the beautiful, the sublime, and of all else that appeals to our spiritual nature, which has ever been known upon our earth." Whatever the intellectual, moral, and spiritual development of the race, it can never leave behind the Literature of Saints. Luther and Wordsworth, who got their inspiration from the Bible, introduced afresh little children to the world of letters. Dickens, who could paint innocence where he could not paint saintliness, continues to be read for his little Nells and little Pauls and Tiny Tims, who humanize us with their sorrows and joys and simple blessings as we bow the uncovered head to hear them say, "God bless us everyone." Now it is Christ who discovered childhood afresh, even in the Jewish world, turning the hearts of the parents to the children and the hearts of the children to the parents. Who dare despise one of these little ones when the arms of the Saviour are filled with them? In laying his hands upon the heads of the children Christ laid them upon the hearts of men and women. Well may Strauss confess: "Christ remains the highest model of religion within the reach of our thought, and no perfect piety is possible without his presence in the heart. As little as humanity will ever be without religion as little will it be without Christ."

In the Literature of Saints the historical is the personally religious. Events are recorded because of their relation to the religious history of man, and man as working together with God or against God. It is of immense value to us as showing some men ever walking and talking with God and so teaching God's historic fellowship with man. It is the man who has the ear of God who most interests us as realizing the best that can instruct and inspire us. It is bringing to its utmost best the best that is in man that is meant by religion. These best men of the race alone

can help us. We call them inspired men when their messages win our minds because their lives have first won our hearts. We believe what they say because we believe in what they are. We want to see the face shining with the reflected glory of the Divine Face before we are ready to hear the message which they claim to have received from the Lord. God ever speaks *in* men as in these last days he spoke unto us *in* his Son. "The essential function of inspiration is the creation of personalities." The Holy Spirit awakens and vitalizes human powers, giving elevation to every faculty. The heathen imagined their gods to be jealous of gifted men whose intellectual or material achievements were out of the ordinary. Revealed religion shows the delight which God has in a man who gives the whole of himself, that he may know and do the will of God. Think you that God would use a man who seeks to know God through sense alone? As if a mere fraction of a man's powers were sufficient to know all of God! What man can know his fellow man through sense alone? We know our friends not by seeing them, or even having them with us, but by trusting them. As we give ourselves to them they stand revealed to us. As we serve them they serve us. Only when we give our all to God can we know him and can he make use of us. Whatever of selfish motives control us by so much are the intellectual faculties dulled and the spiritual perceptions dimmed. We increase our power and enlarge our influence only as we forget ourselves. Horace used to say that no avaricious man could be a poet, and Milton declared that "he who would write a great poem must make his life a great poem." God makes the largest use of those whose powers are wholly his in fellowship and service. Isaiah's lips must be purified before he can give God's messages to a listening nation. The prophet to the nations must first be a son of God. When we hear the world's greatest poets invoking their muse before they dare attempt to sing we can the better understand that even the best writers must be in a sense inspired, that not until they themselves are possessed can they hope to possess others with their lofty theme. It has been well said that

All great human creations are the products of the unconscious element in man. It is as though man were no longer a personal being in

certain moments of his existence, but came to be "beside himself," as the old Greeks said; as though he left his personality behind him and became part of the universal whole, an instrument to do the work of humanity, unconsciously, or even against his own conscious will. It appears strange to us, and yet it is not stranger than the birth of a child of man, which is always a work in which mankind as a whole participates, and not merely the father and mother, for in it something is created beyond that which two human beings can impart to a third. Man's unconscious life is greater than his conscious existence, and exceeds in importance his thinking and his willing.

So Weinel speaks of Paul, whose noblest powers are seen as the Roman governor cried: "Thou art beside thyself," and when he feels himself a debtor to every creature because he has a message that outweighs the world. The sense of shame was scarce known in the Greek or Roman world when art, which, as Ruskin points out, was childless, became the slave of sensuality and vice. It is not found to exist in the heathen world to-day even when men are detected in falsehood or theft. Their regret is not for the act, but that they were found out and so deprived of their unlawful gains. The measure of the true religion is that "it possesses the moral power to shame the heart of the man who dreams but does not do." Sin is not simply transgressing the law of God, it is falling short of the glory of God. Man can be at his best as the spokesman of God only when he has absolutely given himself to know God and to serve God. If the mind of Socrates is best known to us by Plato, who gave himself completely to know and interpret his great teacher, how much more is it necessary for a man to give himself wholly to God if he would know him and interpret him. Even blind old Homer said, "Whoso obeyeth the gods to him they gladly hearken." Only they have a message from God who have an offering for God. The lips of God speak in the anointed ear. Only the tongue of fire can declare the mind of God. It is the holy man that speaks as moved by the Holy Ghost. Revelation is the light of the knowledge of the glory of God seen in a face, the face of Jesus Christ. Christianity is the religion of a Person and not of a Book. This is the distinctive glory of Christianity—the Word made flesh. The Book is but the record of the revelation in a Person. But for that Person, whose hold on men is due to his revealing the Father, and only inasmuch

as he reveals the Father, all the other revelation or record would be incomplete. It would tell of holy men who looked forward to Christ, even rejoiced to see his day, like Abraham; or like Moses, who esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt; or like David and Isaiah, whose bold faith saw him as already come, and dared call him the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Such faith in the Christ who was to come led them to pure lives in which they were saved by hope. But if the object of their faith were unreal, the mere dream of an enthusiast, what did it avail? But it was given to Moses and Elias to testify on the mount of transfiguration that this was the Messiah of their hopes and prayers. To their testimony was conjoined that of the Father, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Then came the record of the apostles in the Gospels *because there had first been a Gospel*: the Word made flesh and dwelling among us. This revelation in a perfect Life was now to be given to the world. Lecky has well said in his *History of European Morals*:

It was reserved for Christianity to present the world an ideal character, which through all the changes of eighteen centuries has inspired the hearts of men with an impassioned love; has shown itself capable of acting on all ages, nations, temperaments, and conditions; has not only been the highest pattern of virtue but the strongest incentive to its practice; and has exercised so deep an influence that it may be truly said that the simple record of three short years of active life has done more to regenerate and to soften mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers and all the exhortations of moralists.

The value of Christ to the world is his revelation of the Father who is eternally on the side of righteousness, a revelation made both in the life and death of the Son of God. The resurrection and ascension of Christ are the proofs of his approval and acceptance by the Father, because it was not possible for him to be held by the grave after his triumphant life and death. Him the heavens *must* receive until the times of restoration of all things. Christ, who belongs to both worlds, is God's way to man and man's way to God. "God has for man the value of Christ." "He that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me." We believe in Christ not because we believe in the Bible; we believe in the Bible

because we believe in Christ. The Person makes the Book and is more than the Book, which confesses that it cannot tell all the story of his Person and his love. Christ is at once the justification and completion of our faith in God. None can question his power to inspire others who himself possessed the Spirit without measure. He put his spirit into the disciples, both inspiriting and inspiring them, and he who was the Truth promised them the Spirit of Truth to guide them into all truth. It is Christ's power to make saints that has won for him the allegiance and faith of men in all ages, for all true moral progress is made through admiration. No religion makes such use of example as does Christianity. We must admire its saints, whether their portraits appear in the Book or are the result of reading the Book. Burns, "the prodigal son of the Church of Scotland," not only paints a saint in his *Cotter's Saturday Night*, but gives the secret of it when he says,

A correspondence fixed in heaven  
Is sure a noble anchor.

To say that men are capable of inspiration is to say that they are capable of the most exalted and devout communion with God, and that the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him. In that rapt fellowship man recovers his Eden, whose loss meant that the loss of truth enslaves man and unfits him for service, and whose recovery, as promised by the Lord, was that "everyone that is of the truth heareth my voice." It is the passion for the truth that prepares to win the truth and to give it to men. Such was the passion of prophets, psalmists, and apostles, the three great sources, aside from Christ, of the inspired revelation, and whose lives witnessed what the Book records of holiness and truth. It is because they were holy men that we believe the messages which they give us in a holy book. Because we believe their lives were inspired as they witnessed to the truth we accept the truth which they spake as having come from God! Man's nature implies religion; religion at its best implies revelation; and revelation implies inspiration. Natural religion is man seeking after God; revealed religion is God seeking after man. The man who is fit to receive God's message becomes at once God's messenger. The

prophet was Israel at its highest, a peculiar, a holy people in whom all the nations of the earth shall be blessed. His personal exaltation in rapt communion with God was more than the content of his message. There were deep religious experiences that no language could tell, and it was unlawful to attempt it. The inspired man was more than the inspired message. God spake through him only so far as God spake *in* him, and God speaks mostly to us *in* the prophets and *in* his Son. We believe the message because we believe the messenger. It is the holy lips of Isaiah which have won a hearing for his inspired, because holy, words. Where outside of revealed religion did ever man speak like this gifted and saintly man? Where, too, outside the record of such a revelation can be found the story of such a life and of such rapt and loving vision? Verily, "He who sees without loving strains his eyes in the dark." The satisfied vision is his who follows on to know the Lord, such as aged Simeon knew when a touch of his incarnate Lord made death easy. Men have ever looked through the gates of pearl as their eyes have followed Jesus home.

The Psalms, with their language of humility, of penitential abasement and of filial confidence toward God, are the appeal of the heart of man to the heart of God. Mr. Gladstone well said:

All this is severed, as a whole, by an immeasurable distance, from the language, ideas, and mental habits of pagan antiquity. What we find there of religion associated with intellectual culture turns upon external relations between God and man, as between sovereign and subject, or master and dependent. The prehistoric verse of Homer abounds in prayers. They are not such as we should use, yet they indicate fully these external relations. But in the life of later, of classical, Greece, prayer seems wholly to have lost its force and place as a factor in human life.

In the Psalms there is such a sense of the righteousness of God that a nation's sins became the theme of a nation's songs as nowhere else in history. The nation as a whole is at prayer, and the very imprecations that startle us must be regarded as the nation's curse upon its foes. But the individual no less than the nation weeps and sobs and confesses and rejoices and sings in these incomparable songs of Zion, of which Milton said, "There are none like them." John Bright said to Mr. Gladstone that he

would be content to stake upon the book of Psalms, as it stands, the great question whether there is or is not a divine revelation. It was not to him conceivable how a work so widely severed from all the known productions of antiquity, and standing upon a level so much higher, could be accounted for except by a special and extraordinary aid calculated to produce special and extraordinary results; for it is reasonable, nay, needful, to presume a due correspondence between the cause and the effect. "Nor," adds Mr. Gladstone, "does this opinion appear to be unreasonable." It is not strange that the language of devotion has for three thousand years been saturated with the language of the Psalms. There are not less than two hundred and eighty-six passages in the New Testament that show their impress. In a special sense the Psalms, together with Deuteronomy, Isaiah, and Daniel, made the Bible of our Lord which he most read and quoted. It was while singing some of these Psalms of Ascent that we see him going up with his parents to the house of the Lord. Olivet and the "upper room" in Jerusalem heard them often from his lips, and Golgotha heard him repeating one as he died. If "poetry and architecture," as Ruskin claims, "are the two enemies of forgetfulness," the Psalms will keep alive the memory of the sweet singers of Israel long after their temple is forgotten. Men do not question that those men are inspired who can inspire others. How great that inspiration, and vastly elevated above all others, which comes from the lips and lives of men who come sobbing their songs of pardoned sin from the presence-chamber of a merciful God, and who call upon their souls and all within them to bless his holy name who redeemeth their life from destruction and crowneth them with loving-kindness and tender mercies! These are they who cry, "Search me, and know me, and see if there be any evil way in me, and cleanse my thoughts." It is this personal element that wins for us a hearing for their inspired songs. As we must believe even Christ inspired before we believe his words inspired, so we believe in these holy men at their devotions, with the closet door ajar, as, all unconsciously to themselves, they draw weeping listeners where they sing and pray. As Christ was at once the manifested God and the completion of humanity, so that the two natures are

inseparable, so we can always tell the men who have been with Jesus. The measure of their experience is the measure of their knowledge as it is also the measure of their inspiration and influence. Faith means not only trustfulness but trustworthiness. We are ever willing to listen to the men who have unmistakably heard the still small voice of God.

**One whisper of the Holy Ghost**

**This heedless world has never lost.**

A true test of the inspiration of any part of the Holy Book is to throw oneself into the current of the thought and aspiration and then see how strongly the current sets toward God. It is because "that which came from out the boundless deep turns again home." Aspiration in man comes from the inspiration of God. Had not the voice of God found an echo in the soul of man, there had been no holy lives and no inspired Book. Only saints can make such a literature as shows men walking and talking with God. We have in that literature somewhat of their fellowship and speech; and this is what makes it sacred literature. This is all the account which the Bible gives of itself. It attempts no definition of inspiration, whether verbal or plenary. God in times past spake unto the fathers *in* the prophets, and in these last days has spoken unto us *in* a Son. The more complete the filial relationship the fuller the disclosure; the holier the person the fuller the apprehension and the more complete the revelation. It was human hearts, and not tables of stone, that were to hold God's final revelation. No wonder even Spinoza asks, "Would God commit the treasure of the true record of himself to any substance less enduring than the human heart?" That which distinguishes man from other animals is his religious feeling, his moral sense, and his perception of the sublime. What develops these makes for itself a permanent record in the human heart, and these exalted powers in turn become the chosen and best channel for making known the truth of God. Man is to find his perfection in sharing in the eternal life of the Son of God, whom to know is life eternal, while Christ has best revealed his own perfections and achievements in sharing the life of man and ennobling it. It is history, not nature, that is the true region of

the supernatural, and more wonderful the miracles of grace in raising men into a new life than any that took place in the home of Jairus or at the sepulcher of Lazarus. The supply of grace in the soul daily is more than feeding the five thousand in Galilee. Account for it as we may, history shows that Christianity has unequaled power in cultivating saintliness of character. Greece disciplined the mind and taste; Rome disciplined the will; Judæa has disciplined the conscience. The gulf-stream of history which gives the world a new climate starts from where Abram heard the voice of God saying, "Walk before me and be thou perfect." God was choosing his companions among the best of earth, for God has an eternal preference for the best. But he also has a divine sympathy for those who are struggling, taking sides with their better nature in the fight against their lower nature and what appeals to it. Said Francis W. Newman, "The great doctrine on which all practical religion depends is the sympathy of God with the perfection of man." Man *unaided* can destroy himself, but life and holiness can come only from another and a higher than himself. It is not theoretical ethics that can save men, but a scarred hand and the devotion of the soul to one's Saviour. "No heart is pure that is not passionate; no virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic." Mohammedanism, or even Confucianism, is the religion of a book; Christianity is the religion of a Person. "Contact with nobler natures arouses the feeling of unused power and quickens the consciousness of responsibility." It is Christ alone who can give men power to become the sons of God. A practical mystic is the most formidable of combinations, as were John and Paul, or Oliver Cromwell and Stonewall Jackson. "Man is a vessel destined to receive God, a vessel which must be enlarged in proportion as it is filled and filled in proportion as it is enlarged." The nature and attributes of God were not discovered or evolved; they were revealed, and that as men were prepared to receive them. Hence the progressive revelation of God as recorded in the Scriptures, as in sundry times and in divers manners God spake unto the fathers. By many portions and in many ways was the Father made known to us even in the Son. Doubtless the beloved disciple who rested in the bosom of the

Lord gives the best, because the longest, "time exposure" alike in his life and in his Gospel. No wonder the early church claimed a written Gospel from one who had so long given the world a living gospel. Men long took knowledge of John that he had been with Jesus. The boldness which men saw in him was not the impetuosity of a "Son of Thunder" who would call down fire from heaven, but that passionate devotion to Christ as truth that makes him put the fearful or the cowards as the first to be excluded from the city of God. The city which is the despair of men is the glory of Christianity when God builds and guards it.

The measure of a man is the measure of his responsiveness. What is in a man is seen by what he responds to and how fully he responds. The test of a man is not that of the animal—how much he can perceive by his senses. Then would the savage shame us by his quick eye and ear, that rival the senses of the wild animals he hunts. Sense, after all, can know only the things of sense. The glory of man is his power of seeing the unseen and the invisible. Doubtless God had called other men before Abraham heard only to obey, and was rightly called the father of the faithful. Because Moses stood with unshod feet he saw God in the burning bush. Because Elisha refused to be separated from Elijah in the hour of his translation, and dared look into the supernatural and gaze upon the ascending chariot, a double portion, an eldest son's portion, of the spirit of the glorified prophet fell, with his mantle, to the young man with the upturned eye. Our Lord put a high price upon the place at his right hand and at his left, even that men should be able to drink of his cup and to be baptized with his baptism. What central fires are necessary to scatter the silver and the gold as the very mountains are upheaved! The human soul never finds its true voice until it sees God. Only the response that comes from the depths can tell of the heights. It is only the attuned instrument that even God can use. The soul must be humanized by a great joy or a great sorrow to give forth the true echo to the divine voice. The insulated soul alone can receive the message from the skies. This is the price of truth—that we sell all that we have to buy it. This is the world's great reproach—that it rejected whom God accepted;

that it missed the beauty of the Lord; that when it saw him there was no beauty that it should desire him. There was no response to his loveliness and his truth. God could not use the eyes that could not see and the ears that could not hear. An apotheosis can glorify only the good and can come only from the good. The bad neither deserve it nor offer it. It is the response of the best in man to what is revealed of the indwelling of God in good men and in Christ. Canon Liddon, the greatest preacher of his generation, chose for the theme of his last sermon, "The Inspiration of Selection." In the historic pulpit of Saint Mary's at Oxford, where years before he had given his great Bampton lectures on the "Divinity of Our Lord," his last words were about the promise of the Holy Spirit who should receive of Christ's and show it unto his disciples. The theme is most suggestive of God's mode of revelation to the fit. Had not God's method ever been one of divine selection, a chosen nation, a select family or class, a prepared soul in whom to speak to men? Even Jacob is preferred before Esau because of the unstable character which the descendants of Esau would doubtless show after the slight estimate which he put upon a spiritual birthright. Jacob at least appreciated the covenant, however unholy his method of winning its blessings for himself and family. Our Lord must select men, and transform, purify, and invigorate their powers, if they become channels of blessing. He staked everything on what he could do with twelve men. Unless they could be made to respond to his teaching and life all was in vain. Not only were they selected as witnesses of his life and resurrection, but the Spirit of truth was promised them to guide them into all truth. Amid all that Christ said and did, and that was handed down from mouth to mouth, the Holy Spirit by the elevation of their thoughts, as well as the deepened spirituality of their natures, was to aid in making selection of what men need to know of the Son of God. The perfect life was to find expression in the matchless Book. The test of the Book is, Does it worthily represent the Christ? Does it set forth the perfect Character for which the world had waited so long? "The personality of Jesus is the impregnable fortress of Christianity." The great preacher did not deem the work of the Spirit done when

the disciples were guided into all truth by this inspiration of selection. His closing words shall be ours: "The test of the true worth of the spirit of our day—of the spirit which rules our own thoughts and lives—is the saying, 'He shall glorify me.' All that wins for the Divine Redeemer more room in the thoughts and hearts of men, all that secures for him the homage of obedient and disciplined wills, all that draws from the teachings of the past and the examples of the present new motives for doing him the honor which is his eternal due, may be safely presumed to come from a Source higher than any in this passing world, and to have in it the promise of lasting happiness and peace."

Happy the man who can sing with the angels: "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

*Eugene R. Hendrix.*

## ART. III.—THREE BORDER TOWNS

As it had been decided to spend the holiday abroad, the question of destination became important. How, suggested the titular head of the party, would it do to travel along the eastern frontier of France? There was Belfort unvisited, and Strasburg to be revisited, and Metz visited often, but only in one's dreams. Ah, but, and but, and but! The beds would be bad, the dinners worse, the frontier trains might easily combine the pleasures of the *train omnibus* and the *Personenzug*. In the event several of these calamities came actually to pass. Memories of famous scenes and accounts of heroic deeds are strangely mingled with recollections of the worst dinner ever eaten—or did we really eat it?—in the fair land of France. One long, happy day of ardent traveling took us through two changes of trains and two customhouses, and over at least a hundred miles of distance. The high idealism of the leader raised him above such petty annoyances. The others—the confession is their due—loyally adhered to the engagements made. They even bore bravely the discomforts of their lot. But there were covert smiles against whose sting idealism has no armor of proof. And now, at home, you might judge from their descriptions of the journey that theirs was the insight which inspired a successful tour.

Belfort is situated at the angle where France and Germany and Switzerland meet. Thus it guards the southern entrance into France. Northeastward stretch the Vosges mountains, which until 1870-71 formed an effective bulwark along the Alsatian frontier. Southeasterly lies neutral Switzerland, with the Jura chain along its border. Belfort closes the gap between. So the fortress becomes a place of considerable importance. Although it is less prominent than Strasburg and Metz, which are cities of greater size and situated more directly on the line to Paris, it was fortified early in the modern age, and it has played its part in more than one of the conflicts of the century just ended. This was notably true in the war of 1870-71. After their amazing victories to the north the Germans turned their attention to Bel-

fort. By the beginning of November, 1870, the siege was formally commenced. From early December a fierce bombardment overwhelmed the town with the worst horrors of war. But still the garrison held firm. Sufferings and tricks and threats alike proved unavailing to break their courage, and all the arts of the enemy were insufficient to beat down their stout defense. In mid-February, 1871, the resistance was still strong enough to prevent the capture of the place. The spirit of the commander, Denfert-Rochereau, withstood even the neglect at Paris, where the authorities failed to include Belfort in the armistice which was now applied to the rest of the seat of war. It was only in compliance with express orders from his government that he turned the fortress over to the Germans, marching out at the head of his troops, colors flying, arms intact, deserving and receiving all the honors of war. It is not surprising, therefore, that Belfort has become a symbolic name for France. Moltke sought to obtain its cession at the peace in order to complete his control of the frontier, but Thiers centered his efforts on its retention and wrung it from the conquerors as almost their only concession, paying as well a large indemnity to secure the prize. And yet Belfort is rather a city dignified by noble deeds than one completely admirable in itself. Its situation is fine. Built on the edge of an upland, the citadel looks eastward to the German border, over the outlying forts which dot the land between. To the north the summits of the Vosges rise to the level of our White Mountain range. West-erly, in the direction of France, the eye travels across the town and valley to the lower hills, which themselves are crowned by massive works of war. Toward the Jura, southward, the landscape is also entitled to the praises which it commonly receives. But with the town the case is different. Numbering now 35,000 inhabitants, in 1870-71 it had only 8,000 population. The newer quarters are praised by the guidebook, and perhaps with reason, but the old, central town is distinctly disappointing. One grows accustomed to strange contrasts in France. Beauty and disease—physical or social—art, history, and squalor combine in forms difficult to understand. Here the unlovely union reached a climax. Dirty streets, squalid buildings shocked the senses and the spirit

both. It depressed the heart to note the vulgar resorts yawning to tempt the common soldier, though in fairness it must be said that those we saw gave little sign of pandering to his vice. And then, rising to the thought of his superiors, you queried concerning the life of an educated officer in this "little garrison town." After his work is done, where are his rational pleasures to be found? Here, within sight and cannon-shot of the enemy's frontier, how is he to maintain his force and vigor, how continue a model for his men, amid the dangers and the temptations which he encounters in his daily lot?

One advantage officers and privates both enjoy at Belfort: the memory of a great example. The defense of Belfort was, perhaps, not unique in the annals of war. A simple lieutenant-colonel of engineers found himself appointed to command the place. His garrison was few in numbers and composed of divers elements. A handful of regular troops, a *depôt* battalion or two, some fugitives and wounded from the earlier disastrous battles of this strange campaign—this was the medley which he welded into an effective defending force. So again he husbanded the scanty stock of old-fashioned military supplies. The outlying forts were manned and new works constructed instead of permitting the enemy to approach the main defenses. Above all, the commander and his aids, animated by high courage themselves, inspired the troops and the citizens with a like spirit of self-sacrifice. So, whether Denfert-Rochereau was a military genius or no, his defense of Belfort showed soldierly capacity adequate to the hard circumstances under which it was conducted. Sound military sense, stout-hearted firmness in disaster, a cool courage amid the wreckage of the great defeats and the downfall of the empire—these were none too frequent among the French commanders of the "terrible year." Therefore, if his countrymen have called him hero, who shall quibble over the exact fitness of the term? He proved, at least, that still there were men in France—men of the old mark, capable, undaunted, true.

Back of the commander stood his subordinate officers and the men of the rank and file. The deeds of all are commemorated by a noble work of art. At the base of the citadel Bartholdi has carved

a massive lion crouching against the rock from which the fortifications rise. The beast is harried, yet defiant. With its paw impounding an arrow from the enemy, its head raised and turned in the direction whence the missile came, it represents the spirit of France, bruised, beaten, but unconquered, as it guards the frontier, as it mourns the captured provinces, as it asserts anew its dauntless confidence, mindful here of the deeds which helped it, a generation ago, to recover that moral vigor without which no nation can endure. On the pedestal of the monument are carved a few simple words: "*Aux défenseurs de Belfort, '70-71.*" And the lion is so placed that the inscription seems expressive of the fact. You cross the shallow Savoureuse on the bridge which leads toward the older town, you walk a little way along the narrow street—and suddenly the figure stands out, on guard above the town. In their daily round civilian and soldier both live in the shadow of their emblem. It is difficult to recall so nobly placed a monument of war. As a work of art Thorwaldsen's lion of Lucerne may be presumed superior to Bartholdi's, but the lion of Lucerne lies apart, in the midst of its garden, as it were, removed from the ordinary affairs of men. At Belfort the heroic figure dwells high but not apart. The virtues for which it stands were shown by common men. It is fitting that their monument should rise in the midst of the community which their courage saved, seen each day by their successors, whose it would be in any later conflict again to defend the gateway to the fatherland.

It was *Kaisertage* when we visited Strasburg. Now, *Kaisertage* are not planned for the convenience of the traveler. The presence of his Imperial Majesty creates attractions for the tourist, but it does not conduce to the minor pleasures of his lot. Of this a long search for quarters thoroughly convinced us, although even our discomforts brought compensation of an interesting sort. The *Hôtel zum Rothem Hause* finally gave us shelter, along with a larger collection of German dignitaries than it is usual to meet in close association. Some were men of position in the civil service or the army. Some were plainly men of birth, perhaps above the rank which they for the time enjoyed. All apparently were possessed of means beyond those which the line-officer has at

his disposal. It was therefore with some concern that we thought of two days of residence in their company. What rights had a modest American family in a hotel crowded with gold lace and uniforms? Two young Americans were from the first all eyes and wonder at the display around them. And there was a gentle lady to be cared for amid the sentries, and the spurs and sabers, the rush and the din of various sorts. The result, it must be admitted, belied these fears. In student days, many years before, one had learned to admire nearly all things German except the German officer. Our days at Strasburg convinced us that, at very least, there are officers and officers in the German ranks. These men acted as gentlemen the world over are wont to do. It was pleasure to watch them as, "all dressed up in their Sunday clothes," they sallied forth to this function or to that, and you wondered whether men of birth and training could really enjoy the amount of millinery they were obliged to wear. But swagger was conspicuous by its absence. Of jostling, or crowding, or even of endeavor to secure the better chance, there appeared to be none. Civilians were accorded the same rights which they claimed for themselves. Even if there were minor happenings which escaped the notice of the stranger, it was evident that not all the gentler virtues are confined to democratic societies. Without, the people made an interesting study. Strasburg was crowded to the gates. The Alsations had come to the city from near and far, despite the fact that the conditions of the celebration were not propitious. It was *Kaisertage*, but *Kaiserwetter* failed to justify its name. Overhead the sky was lowering, with now and then a drizzle of rain. In the streets the crowds plodded to and fro, enjoying the spectacle and seemingly unmindful of the wet through which they trudged. Never, as it seemed, was there so large a crowd with so little of selfishness shown, not to say of roughness and disorder. For, as is well known, there are great differences in crowds. This Alsatian throng included soldiers of the common ranks, townsmen, travelers, peasants from the countryside. The police control was notably defective, for most of the scanty force was needed to guard the palace and its imperial visitors. At night, during the illuminations and the military concert, carriages and

trolleys came crashing through our midst, since no attempt was made to stop their circulation. There was a jam and crush, to be sure, so great that one was glad to escape to his hotel, but good nature was everywhere uppermost. It is difficult to recall an incident showing anything worse than a slight tendency toward horse-play. The crowd thus was German or Alsatian. Perhaps the adjectives might reasonably be combined, since Strasburg was the capital of German Alsace, and the traces of its Germanic origin persisted even during its two centuries of occupation by the French. Now the reminders of the French connection have almost disappeared. The change in this respect is marked from the condition shortly after the war, for the process of Germanization has, to surface view, made unexpected progress. Moving through the throngs, one now and then could catch the sound of spoken French amid the guttural German. The Paris newspapers were regularly on sale at the booths and plainly purchased by habitual readers. In the *Kléber Platz* a single street name in French was discoverable, for it had been carved into the stone and could not be entirely obliterated. And it was quaint to watch a pair of German soldiers, in tunic and helmet of the familiar types, as they read the inscription on the monument to Kléber, the old hero of the Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. But, apart from a few buildings, this was all that we could find to show that for one hundred and ninety years (1681-1871) Strasburg had been counted one of the foremost cities of France. Outer Strasburg, then, has lost its Gallic aspect. A good deal of its old Alsatian appearance, however, is retained. With this the newer German quarter, on the farther side of the Ill, is strangely contrasted. Much here can be only counted as improvement. The broad avenues, the noble edifices are among the best external benefits of the German occupation. But the imperial palace can hardly be commended. Nothing in modern Berlin is worse than this, although it stands within easy view not only of the cathedral but also of the older official buildings on the Broglie. The style of architecture is unknown by name, but with the thing itself Americans are unhappily familiar. Although different in specific development, the type is much the same as that of our own post offices and customhouses

of the period of the seventies. Here on August 29-30, 1908, their Imperial Majesties were installed. Over the cupola waved the flag of the empire with its flaring motto, "*Gott mit Uns, 1870*," as though to remind the Strasburgers of the providence which had torn them from their French allegiance. The combination of piety and self-congratulation carried thought back to the days of the war itself and the spirit in which it was conducted.

But perhaps it should be acknowledged that the influence of recent visits to France may have affected our impressions of things German. The grace, the charm, the brightness of the French people and their ways, the memory, too, of the great humiliation which was visited on them by the war, predispose the traveler to criticism of the ponderous, if strong and honest, German culture. Be this as it may, we could not escape a certain sense of oppression as we watched the celebration of the Kaiser's visit to the Alsatian capital. The behavior of the officers has been praised, and that of the troops off duty in the streets, but the mind traveled from these sturdy soldiers to the eager conscripts watching a few leagues away on the westward side of the frontier, and you questioned whether, in any new campaign, they could possibly withstand the onslaught of the forces in your presence. You enjoyed the show and the parade, but amid the tokens of success it was impossible to forget that in the very streets where the conquerors were marching men had sobbed out their hearts for loss of country, and that still, behind the quaint old gables, wrecks of families lingered on which had been torn asunder in the city of their love as well as of their ancestral history. Most of all our French sympathies revolted at the illumination of the cathedral. As a spectacle it was of wondrous beauty. The lower walls might have been more fully lighted up; but the lines of the great building, picked out in fire, in particular the lacelike carving of the spire, as with the shimmer of the candles it seemed to sway against the sky, made a delight which it is not given often to enjoy. And yet, enjoy it fully we could not. Perhaps there was no risk of fire to a building all stone and roofed with copper, but the flaring, guttering lights gave the appearance of danger. Perhaps it was an excess of critical temper which made one restive under the illu-

mination of just this edifice; but it did seem a certain profanation to use the Strasburg minster as a means of glorifying Kaiser Wilhelm II. It seemed as though at least this humiliation might have been spared the adherents of the French régime.

The emperor left the city in the evening, with the illumination in full display. On the morrow Strasburg was returning to its workday habit. The lights were out, the crowds had gone. Under a sky still lowering the citizens were resuming their accustomed tasks. A short time before our own departure the writer wandered forth for a last look at the cathedral, and as he drew near, the bells in the tower were ringing for morning prayer. Not the loud clanging of the great bells, as the night before to speed the imperial guests; it was now the gentler tones of the small bells giving the summons to familiar worship. But the soft notes, floating through the dampened air, fostered a train of reverie. It is uncertain what the service may have been—perhaps the office of the mass, perhaps the prayers for the day, droned out, as one has heard them elsewhere, by a few careless members of the chapter; but, splendid or humble, it suggested the permanence of things divine. Within range of this cathedral spire history has been made for centuries—from Cæsar's conquest of Gaul to the wars of Napoleon; from Napoleon the Great to the lesser of the name, whose last campaign began hardly beyond sight, quite within ear-shot, of the building. And hence the living bearer of the new imperial rule had shortly gone after two days of celebration and of festival. But still the bells rang out their call to prayer. Armies may pass, generals and emperors depart. With the ebb and flow of human power change steals over the course of history, nations wane and others govern in their stead, societies dissolve, or find new birth, amid the tumult of war, but always there abides the thought of the Eternal. Above change and loss and gain hovers the shadow of the Unseen. Nay, forms of belief themselves increase or lose in power. This minster has seen eras of faith as well as our own age of questioning discovery. Yet amid the revolutions of man's thought, as in the wreckage of his political life, the divine remains supreme. As these sweet bells on a gray August morning floated their message out over the waking town, so the

influence of things beyond man's sensuous ken pervades his fevered life, to purify, to sweeten, to enlarge, if he but will, the springs from which that life in its innermost self proceeds.

The third border town we visited was Metz—*Metz la pucelle*, as its citizens proudly termed it until 1870 brought the surrender of the virgin fortress. Metz differs from Belfort and Strasburg in its situation and its strategic importance. As you approach the city from the direction followed by the German armies you leave the valley of the Rhine, and yet you do not come on higher hills like those where Belfort guards the gap. This is rather a rolling country and then a land diversified by deeper valleys divided by wooded spurs. Toward the east there are mines of coal and iron. So at Saarbruecken, where the contact with the enemy began, and where the prince imperial received his "baptism of fire." Nearer Metz the ground is similar: a broad meadow by the Moselle and the Seille on which the city stands, surrounding ridges crowned with great fortifications at their summits, westward a range of hills, and then a downward slope to the uplands of eastern France. In sum, a smiling country, neither mountain nor yet plain, intended, one would say, to be, what it has been for centuries, the home of a prosperous, self-respecting people. Here also there grew up a distinctive type of culture, whose groundwork, however, was not German, as at Strasburg, but substantially French; the language and the habits of the people, the architecture, and the aspect of the city, derived from the westward civilization rather than from that which flourished across the Rhine. Strasburg cathedral is a Rhenish minster, Metz shows the influence of Rheims. Forty years at Strasburg have sufficed to destroy the outward signs of the French occupation; in Metz French is still a favored language in the shops and streets, the appearance of the city is half-Gallic still, intercourse with France is more constant and complete, and the people cherish the memory of the time when their city formed the eastern bulwark of Napoleon's empire rather than the German menace to the border peace. For Metz is not only a flourishing community, it is also a fortress of the highest class. Originally it was fortified by the Romans, whose work has been continued by the masters of modern war. And the reason for their

activity is clear: the city occupies a position of strategic importance. From Metz, marching in general eastward, an army debouches into the heart of Germany. Westward it commands the shortest route to Paris, whether you go by road, or take one of the railways which converge toward Metz almost as toward a center. Moreover, after Metz is passed there is hardly a natural barrier between Paris and the frontier. Here, as always, Moltke knew his trade when he exacted the cession of the city as part of the price of peace. The line of the Vosges and Strasburg to the south, the possession of Metz to the north give the Germans free entrance into France. If they had secured Belfort as well, every bulwark of the frontier would have been delivered into their hands. Thus the prevailing impression at Metz becomes an impression of war. In particular the visitor cannot escape the memories of the siege of forty years ago. On July 19, 1870, the French government issued its declaration of war. By early August the whole campaign was in confusion. The emperor was sick and hesitant. The generals quarreled among themselves. No one knew exactly where the Germans were, or how great their numbers, or anything definite of their probable plans. Finally, on August 12, Marshal Bazaine was given command, the fortunes of France being practically committed to his charge. Bazaine now became the hope of the army. Brave, fortunate, he had risen from the ranks to high position. But he was also aging, sluggish, and yet cunning by nature, a creature of the imperial system withal, and, it must in fairness be added, elevated to power in a desperate situation of affairs.

The general strategy needed was plain. If, retreating, Bazaine could unite with MacMahon to the westward, a stand might still be made against the invaders. But the enemy gave the retiring army no peace. From August 14 to 18 there was a succession of battles culminating at Gravelotte—with the exception of Sedan the most decisive conflict of the war. The French occupied high ground a few miles west of Metz, and themselves faced westward, looking toward the coveted roads to France. The Germans attacked in the direction of their own country, seeking once for all to drive their opponents to the shelter of the forts and the city

itself. The struggle was long and doubtful. In fact, except on the extreme right of the line, the Germans failed of any decisive success. The right, however, was the weak point of the French position; and here, with a perversity which, later, men called treason, Bazaine had stationed his most poorly organized troops. Indeed, the marshal's actions on this day were among the principal causes of his fall. His entire force was engaged in deadly conflict—never once did he appear upon the field. As the day wore on and the attack became more fierce, as help was demanded for his right, where defeat would cut his communications with France, he refused to send it until all chance of victory had vanished. One third of his artillery stood idle all that livelong day, while at Saint Privat, the exposed position, his men needed chiefly guns to force the Germans backward in disaster. As it was, the Prussian victory was dearly purchased. Saint Privat is a little village from behind whose walls the French poured a deadly fire on the advancing foe. It was only at evening that the guard, aided by the Saxons, was able to charge up the hill and crowd Bazaine's right wing back toward Metz. The flower of Prussia had driven home the victory—but there was mourning in almost every noble household in the land. The success thus won, however, proved conclusive. With all his men Bazaine retreated under the walls of Metz and settled down to supine action. Only once did he seriously attempt to break through the German lines, if the battle of August 31 can itself be termed a serious effort to escape. The army hungered, disease increased—the marshal played billiards, or negotiated with the enemy, or sent futile embassies to the empress with proposals to end the war. At length, on October 29, he surrendered on the enemy's terms, associating his name forever with one of the most shameful capitulations of modern times. Into the controversies occasioned by the campaign this is not the place to enter. It is a melancholy story, which depresses the visitor even in his holiday mood. Though Bazaine was not a traitor in the literal sense of the word, and although he was not condemned for literal treason, he was a "political general," and conducted himself as such. If he was placed in circumstances of peculiar difficulty, and these not of his own choosing, he showed himself unequal to

his task. It is perhaps true that France sought a scapegoat to cover the memory of her own shortcomings, but never had a scapegoat so prepared himself for slaughter. A fortress of the first rank, a large and courageous army, itself the last regular force and the last hope of his country, he surrendered without a struggle. Is it any wonder that the French cried "Treason"? that the Germans themselves marveled at the triumph of their arms?

It has been remarked that impressions of war prevail at Metz; of war, it must now be added, in its repulsive forms. At Belfort there lingers the memory of heroic deeds. At Strasburg you see a civilization remaking, or, if you will, in process of restoration to its earlier type. The Metz of to-day shows the victor busy chiefly to maintain his conquest, and there is scant relief to be found in the remembrance of how his success was won. One sunny September afternoon we visited the field at Saint Privat. The hamlet remains much as it must have appeared forty years ago. Here are the houses and the walls behind which the French infantry made its last valiant stand. Yonder stretch the grassy slopes up which the Prussian guard charged to final success. The view is broken now by monuments to individuals or regiments, some of them designed with skill and reared at large expense. But it is not the more pretentious memorials which best recall the conflict which here took place. All over the field rise simple iron crosses marking the resting places of the humbler dead. Not single graves are these, but trenches into which were gathered the remains of many sturdy men. On each cross a short inscription tells the story of those who lie beneath: "*Hier ruhen Krieger vom 18n August, 1870.*" And as we wandered over the field one asked himself, For what did these men die? Was it for a principle, or to satisfy political ambition? And did they fall following a leader who staked all in desperate struggle for the fatherland? Or, if ambition led them to the conflict, was it baseness which made their efforts vain? No one, perhaps, could give to these several questions an assured reply, but history makes it clear that they cannot all be answered in a way fully honorable to mankind. Here were done brave deeds and splendid feats of arms, but there was weakness also, if not treason; and weakness

is akin to treason when the issue concerns the safety of the fatherland.

The next day we left Metz. Journeying into France, the railroad passes the forts and crosses the battlefield. Thus impressions of war beset the traveler to the end; the landscape is disfigured by the preparations for future conflicts, even where it does not show the memorials of the past. But ere long you reach the fertile plateaus of eastern France. The soft colors of the autumn sunshine, the wholesome labor of the peasants in the fields, the great horses straining at the plow, the graceful outlines of the villages or of some village church—here were light and strength and beauty instead of sternness; a vision of peace for suggestions of war. One's hatred of warfare was not diminished by the contrast, but the spirit was soothed by these simple reminders of normal human life.

*A. P. Armstrong*

ART. IV.—THE GENIUS OF METHODISM AND THE  
DOCTRINE OF THE IMMINENT APPEARING  
OF CHRIST

Two world-famed evangelists were returning from an exhilarating campaign in Australia when it chanced that "Thanksgiving" found them in the city of Bombay, where, as loyal Americans, they were welcome guests at an American and Methodist dinner. Conversation was crowded with the victories of our victorious Christ. One of our visitors was speaking of a mighty meeting at Northfield, where a sermon on the imminent coming of Christ had stirred an immense audience to unwonted demonstration, when, suddenly pausing, he remarked with a twinkle of humor, "But I should not be telling this story at this table, for Methodists do not believe in the premillennial return of our Lord." A Methodist missionary sitting opposite immediately replied, with an answering twinkle: "But, sir, are you not in error? It is indeed true that premillennialism, as popularly interpreted, finds scant favor in Methodist doctrine, nevertheless, the expectation of Christ's imminent return is the crown of the triumphant theology of our church, the very capsheaf of the world-harvest to which Methodism is pledged." To maintain that thesis is the purpose of the present writing.

That Jesus Christ once lived and died upon the earth all men believe—all who have heard. That one day he shall come again "in glorious majesty to judge the world" has ever been the faith of the Christian Church. It is apposite, therefore, to inquire, What is the logical attitude of Methodism as touching the doctrine of the imminence of Christ's appearing? In entering upon this inquiry no particular theory of the *parousia* need claim our attention. Nor of times and seasons will it be necessary to descant at all, nor of the various eschatologies. It concerns us only to resolve this question: Is aggressive Christianity, whose every movement postulates a far-reaching plan of action and a final triumph over evil through faith in the risen Christ, predisposed to accept a phi-

losophy of life and history whose solution of world-problems requires the swift culmination of the age through a supreme intervention of Almighty God in the midst of the years? In this discussion three points press for consideration. 1. The present trend of evangelical Christianity, apart from Methodism, as touching the doctrine and expectation of the imminent manifesting of Christ. 2. The inevitable attitude of Methodism as touching the philosophic basis of such doctrinal expression. 3. The call of Methodism to a restatement of the New Testament doctrine of the second coming, and to an ampler development of its implications. Expositors of the Christian Scriptures have written exhaustively of "The Appearing." It is beyond the limits of a brief writing to attempt the full teaching of the Scriptures concerning this doctrine, and it is unworthy to cut the Word of God piecemeal into convenient texts. This writing, therefore, so far as the biblical doctrine is concerned, is an argument *a priori*. Its sole purpose is to inquire, What is the ethical content of our Lord's return?

1. Among reverent believers the day of the prophecy-monger is past. A broader learning and a finer spirituality have entered into the study of the prophetic writings. But, while the church has little patience with the professional expert, there is a listening ear when spiritual leaders interpret world-movements and unfold again the solemn scriptures of warning and comfort and hope, and the church has a growing wealth of regal men whose alert scholarship is abreast of modern advance, and whose unshod feet press often the pathway of the mount of God. These words of the late Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall are significant because they represent the sober thinking and holy expectation of increasing numbers of the strong constructive leaders of the churches:

This day I affirm in all humility and lowliness my belief in that Pauline hope, derided by many, set aside by the strenuous conditions of modern life, yet never withdrawn, never recalled, never abrogated; the hope that seeks to live with the open mind and with the open eye and with the unfaltering voice of testimony; believing that amid the intricate problems of the modern world the supreme manifesting of Christ may be imminent. God guide us along the apostolic line of the truth, and marvelous results shall come! As the whole Eastern world to-day is breaking up and preparing for new combinations and for the reception and assimilation of new forces, God keep us all expectant and open-eyed and open-minded, looking

for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.<sup>1</sup>

Words like these are typical of the higher scholarship and purer consecration which have gripped the mind and heart of workmen in the wide harvest of the world; men of the open vision, who love Jesus Christ unswervingly and believe his word unflinchingly. Dr. Hall's testimony falls upon the church to-day like a message out of the blue—solemn, tender, passionate. It cannot have failed to be noted that much of the stimulus to far-reaching evangelistic and missionary work during the past twenty years has emanated from Bible schools and training institutes where the second coming of the Lord is stressed not only as an undoubted Scripture truth, but as a near and blessed expectation. Such assemblies as Keswick in England and Northfield in America draw together leaders of intellectual and spiritual girth, and send forth profound influences which not only permeate the churches at home but vitally touch the distant mission fields. In these assemblies, and in many others of lesser note but of no little popular following, the doctrine of Christ's imminent return pervades as an atmosphere the studies and sermons and songs. Perhaps no special address will deal directly with prophetic themes, nevertheless, one will recognize the familiar teaching beetling from a sudden phrase or glowing in a solemn benediction. Multiplied believers among the churches, humble lovers of the Lord, rejoice in the hope of his appearing. Theirs is not a fanatical expectation. Certain there are, declaimers of destiny, enthusiasts, and here and there little coteries from the churches, cozened of judgment, who cheapen the Scriptures and caricature a reverent exegesis, but this need occasion no further remark than that it hath ever been so with the vital doctrines of the New Testament. Of the thousands of believers whose faith has been quickened by the hope of our Lord's near coming, the greater number are faithful supporters of the churches, zealous of good works and forward in all the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. No one can accurately know how many evangelical Christians have been reached and influenced by premillennial teaching,

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<sup>1</sup>Twelfth Conference Foreign Missions Boards United States and Canada for 1905, p. 79.

but certain it is that they are not growing less in number but, rather, more. Says Dr. Handley Moule, Bishop of Durham:

It is a significant fact in the history of the church that the "blessed hope," instead of fading with time, has come in these latter days to be a vastly more prominent truth to countless Christians than for ages before. This last century has seen a remarkable development in the prayerful study of the great promise and in the realization of its glory.<sup>1</sup>

The wide reach of the doctrine is readily recognized by one acquainted with the mission field. It is the simple truth that, of the strong contributing motives that have impelled hundreds of men to volunteer for missionary service, the steadfast faith that thereby they are hastening the return of the Lord must be reckoned among the most potent. This is seldom, if ever, named as a controlling motive, for there is a higher and holier—obedience to that Lord's command; and yet, in analyzing the influences that have caused men to hear and to obey the supreme commission of Jesus Christ, the imminence of his appearing will surely be recognized as a persuasion both persistent and masterful. It is safe to say that, with few exceptions, independent missionaries—and they are many—come to the field representing home constituencies whose main interest in missions arises from an *ex parte* interpretation of Matthew 24. 14, and similar scriptures, which seem to emphasize the relation between the end of the age and a "witness unto all nations." It is right to say that of these the great majority are humble and fruitful laborers in the Lord's harvest. The cumulative weight of their testimony and teaching is no inconsiderable element in the life of the native Christian community. Says the Pundita Ramabai:

The most precious truth which I have learned since my conversion is the second coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. He will most certainly come and will not tarry. I praise the Lord for the great promise of his coming, and his counsel to watch and pray.<sup>2</sup>

But the pervasive influence of a great doctrine is more significant than an acceptance of the literal dogma itself. Where one man accepts the teaching, and adds to it the voice of his own testimony, ten will receive it and hold it in abeyance; they cannot wholly

<sup>1</sup> Thoughts for the Sundays of the Year, 1901. p. 247.

<sup>2</sup> Our Monthly, June, 1908. p. 115.

accept, nor will they fully deny; they cannot easily uproot their past thinking; they wait in patience and sincerity if so be the new will align itself with the old. The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions is a notable force in the religious awakening of these days. Its motto, "The World for Christ in this Generation," has thrilled the church with a new sense of possibility and power. This watchword is intended as a summons to present duty, and, in itself, is wholly without eschatological significance; and yet in a multitude of minds it has provoked the subconscious query, "Yes, and what then?" Said Bishop Phillips Brooks in one of his prophetic sermons:

The real question everywhere is whether the world, distracted and confused as everybody sees that it is, is going to be patched up and restored to what it used to be, or whether it is going forward into a quite new and different kind of life, whose exact nature nobody can pretend to foretell, but which is to be distinctly new, unlike the life of any age which the world has seen already.

Few have been so foolhardy as to set the bounds of the present dispensation or to dogmatize of coming events, and yet there can be no doubt that in the midst of the strenuous life of to-day and among spiritually-minded people there is a widespread notion, undefined and yet very real, that in some sense the coming of the Lord draweth nigh. If we except the spasm of fear that swept over the church at the close of the tenth century, and, perhaps, the fanatical outbursts of the Anabaptists in the period of the Reformation, it is entirely probable that there is among Christians to-day a keener and more intelligent expectation of our Lord's imminent return than at any time since the last half of the second century, when, Justin Martyr declares, it was the belief of all but the Gnostics.<sup>1</sup>

2. The question that now presses, and with an unhappy urgency, is this: Is the genius of Methodism in sympathy with this undoubted renaissance of what Paul named "That blessed hope"? By the genius of Methodism one means, of course, the dominant influence or spirit pervading the church. Certainly there is nothing in our doctrinal standards which either affirms or denies the imminence of the appearing of our Lord. With

<sup>1</sup>Shedd, *History of Christian Doctrine*, vol. II, p. 394.

the holy catholic church our people believe and our children are taught that Christ "ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead." Whether that coming be near or distant, whether it be personal or spiritual, whether it shall precede or follow a glorious reign of righteousness, popularly phrased "the millennium," or whether, indeed, that coming may already have been fulfilled, on this and similar themes of Scripture interpretation our church has deemed it well that her ministers shall think and let think, if so be, they teach nothing contrary to godliness. But there is a trend in nations more powerful than their laws, and there is an atmosphere in churches which penetrates farther than any formal statement of belief. Dogma reaches its thousands, but sentiment its tens of thousands. However our Methodist people may or may not have been touched by the prevailing teachings of the second coming, certain it is that the doctrine is seldom proclaimed from Methodist pulpits and finds scant mention in the Methodist press. Among Methodist theologians there is a frequent lack of agreement which leaves our preachers without a united scholarly leadership. Says Professor Olin A. Curtis in *The Christian Faith*, the latest formal expression of doctrine with the Methodist imprint, "This [the second coming of Christ] is the one subject in systematic theology which I would gladly avoid, were such a course possible in fairness." Professor Curtis has no doubt that the teaching is "bound up with important Christian doctrines," and yet he frankly concludes as follows, "But the fairest thing for me to do is to place two great specialists in biblical theology over against each other," and then leaves the dismayed reader to watch in wonderment the exegetical tournament of the champions. And while Professor Salmond affirms that "it must be admitted," and Professor Terry declares that any such admission is "a species of worthless and misleading speculation," Professor Curtis genially moves into the next paragraph.<sup>1</sup> And so it is, for the most part, with Methodist preachers also. A sane preacher will not worry a congregation through an exegetical threshing machine, and he does not prefer to

<sup>1</sup> Pp. 445, 446.

preach an indeterminate doctrine which seems unrelated to present life and action. So, with a vague and general reference, he passes on to other themes which can receive virile and positive treatment. It would seem that an ardent expectation of the return in glory of the Lord Jesus Christ has not found notable expression among the people called Methodists. But the popular teaching of the second coming brings more than negative dissent; it awakens actual and unequivocal opposition. Nor does such opposition concern itself mainly with questions of biblical exegesis, for here the spirit of Methodism is liberal almost to a fault. It is not an antagonism of the schoolroom, but of the martial camp of the church, for the hope of our Lord's appearing has unhappily become the special evangel of a narrow theology and a pessimistic philosophy. The party name, "Premillennialism," as popularly understood, repels the spirit of Methodism as night vapors repel the morning lark. And there is a valid reason. A wide-visioned and militant church can have no sympathy with such words as these of a great evangelist now passed into the heavens: "I look on this world as a wrecked vessel; God has given me a lifeboat and said to me, 'Moody, save all you can.' This world is getting darker and darker, and its ruin is coming nearer and nearer";<sup>1</sup> nor with such as these of Bishop Ryle: "Once let the number of the elect be gathered out of the world, once let the last elect sinner be brought to repentance, and then the kingdom of Christ shall be set up";<sup>2</sup> nor with these of George Müller: "The gospel, indeed, is to be preached 'as a witness to all nations,' but it is not to be the means of the *conversion* of the world."<sup>3</sup> One cannot too earnestly aver that with teaching such as this Methodism can have no part. It is one of the roots of the old Calvinism that still encumbereth the ground, a gloomy philosophy which makes the race of man a failure in spite of redeeming love, and compels God to bring his purposes to pass by decrees and judgments and not by his imparted life in the hearts of men. An aggressive church may await the return of her Lord with joyful expectation, but such a church can never find inspiration for her faith in the "down-grade" theory that usually accom-

<sup>1</sup>The Colportage Library, vol. II, No. 34, p. 28.<sup>2</sup>Ibid., p. 45.<sup>3</sup>Ibid., p. 65.

panies the premillennial teaching concerning this present age. There are two sufficient reasons why this is so. (1) A rational philosophy of history cannot be satisfied with a theory of development which affirms the supremacy of evil in human affairs. If the persecution and scattering of the pentecostal church was overruled for the spread of the gospel of Jesus Christ, if the breaking up of the Roman empire extended the constructive power of Roman jurisprudence, if the passing of feudalism made for the birth of nations, if, in a word, history shows any "movement" whatsoever, it is difficult to understand what good men have in mind when they declare that "this world is getting darker and darker." Surely they dwell in some valley of the mountains and do not behold the sweep of the whole majestic range. Wars have not yet ceased, but in all the world to-day it would not be possible to reenact the scenes of blood when weary captives marched in Caesar's triumph. Political oppression is not unknown, and fierce social conflicts darken the horizon, but no Greek slave, nor Roman bondman, nor medieval serf ever dreamed that he was deprived of any right of his. Uncleanliness has not yet been purged away, but have we slipped deeper into the slough since the days when ladies of the imperial court, wives and daughters of Roman senators, received their besotted patrician visitors with lewd display too beastly to recount? Was the court of Victoria less chaste than the court of Elizabeth? Is the England of Asquith less hopeful than the England of Marlborough? Is the administration of Roosevelt a weak attempt to maintain the ideals of Van Buren? Surely somewhat possessed the rude barbarians of Germany until there was wrought out Luther and the Reformation. It was a preparing for the increase and not the decrease of the kingdom of God when the Armada was scattered and England pledged to a free and expanding faith, when the American continent was colonized by men who feared the Lord, when Plassey made Britain responsible for an Oriental empire, when Manila Bay threw American brain and nerve and conscience into the heart of Asia. Never was a day when prayer assailed the throne of heaven more persistently than our day; never was a generation more than our generation shot through with holy purpose to succor the unfortunate, to protect

the poor, to abolish war, to evangelize the world. Shall one interpret history by taking counsel of his fears, and, because evil men and seducers wax worse and worse, even as Scripture hath foretold, therefore conclude that evil is triumphant? And if, perchance, men or movements shall become engulfed in a fierce counter-current until they lapse backward into the ancient bog, shall one therefore imagine that the whole course of nature is plunging into unfathomable mire? Not so! Our age is facing toward the glory and not the dark. When good men affirm the decadence of virtue and the triumph of evil it must needs be they speak in some mystical or tropical sense; they cannot use the plain language of sober reflection. (2) But were the voice of world-history silent, still standeth the ancient record of the Covenant.

The blood of Jesus streamed to earth;  
Earth wears that crimson still.<sup>1</sup>

The death of Jesus Christ is not one of a series of incidents in God's healing of the world; it is the one glorious and awful event in time, his oblation of himself once offered. Jesus said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." It is the crucified One who shall draw all men unto himself, not the glorified One, not the returning One. If, as some affirm, the death of Christ was but an exhibition of the love of God, and without another visitation of divine judgments has no power to regenerate the world, then were sin a disease so hopeless of cure that even the outpoured life of Deity cannot avail; then were the devil master in the realm of moral forces at war in the world, and the only hope of God and good is the termination of evil not by the overcoming power of virtue, but by a fiat of the Almighty. But such a doctrine is the defeat of goodness. Divine judgments are moral sequences, and not ethical processes. A world-cataclysm would manifest the power of God and declare his hatred of iniquity; there would indeed be a spectacle of victory, but not a real triumph of inherent righteousness. "If a man contend in the games, he is not crowned except he have contended lawfully"; he must match with men of his own class.

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Ernest A. Bell.

Jesus Christ was ethically unable to use his superhuman power for the satisfying of his bodily hunger. The temptation was to outclass the human by super-adding the divine when the human alone was involved. But the Christly athlete spurned an unfair contest. In like manner also evil must be overcome of good. In a moral universe other victory than this is meaningless. Evil will still remain evil even in defeat; thus there can be no ethical consummation if the tense issue be obscured by a cataclysmic intervention in behalf of virtue. Every moral intelligence would intuitively judge: Goodness alone could not prevail, it must needs have been holpen of puissance; it was an *handicap*. Evil would be gleeful even in defeat and goodness unrejoicing in victory. But the death of Christ was not a moral expedient. It was the very outpoured life of God; a sacrifice for sin, full, perfect, and sufficient; and an uttermost enabling unto holiness—not in some future age when Satan hath been bound, but here in this world, this very world of ours, with all its dogging devils and tumultuous temptations. The cross of Christ is the supreme manifesting of God in human history. Calvary stands alone in splendor unapproachable. I will glory, but not in prophecy nor its fulfillment, not in the victorious return of our Lord, nor the portents of the resurrection, but

In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time.

These two sufficient reasons, were there none other, must determine the inevitable attitude of Methodism toward the hopeless theory of this age which has so unwarrantably been attached to the doctrine of the imminent appearing of Christ. But this is far from affirming that Methodism is antagonistic to the doctrine itself. On the contrary, there is the broadest catholicity when reverent scholarship expounds the Scriptures and develops therefrom the doctrine of the imminent return of our Lord. If Methodist preachers have seemed to avoid the topic in actual pulpit use, it is because there is apparently no place in our theodicy for the alignment of the doctrine. In the strong phrase of Professor Curtis, "Every Christian doctrine eventuates!" and the teaching of the second coming as imminent has seemed, so far as the

great work of the church is concerned, not a consummation but a catastrophe. Methodists have been confused. One well remembers the words of a saintly minister<sup>1</sup> of the Rock River Conference, now with Christ:

The apostolic doctrine of the imminent appearing of our Lord is to me a most precious hope; but how to preach this truth in a Methodist pulpit, how to square the doctrine of Christ's near return with our accepted theology so that it becomes an integral part of a victorious gospel message, I find no easy thing to do.

One ventures to affirm that such is the mental and spiritual attitude of not a few ministers of the New Testament.

3. Has Methodism, then, a call to set forth a more generous statement of the New Testament doctrine of the appearing, and to suggest an ampler development of its implications? With exceeding humility one enters upon this consideration. Methodism is a spiritual world-movement. Its interpretation of the Christian Scriptures is a synthesis of life. The Bible is to us the word of God because it burns itself into the Christian consciousness. Christian doctrine is not the cloistered product of the schools, howsoever wrought out with reasoned arguments and weighted down with Bible texts; it is a holy philosophy of human life and must find its final sanction in the spiritual experience of Christian men. If, therefore, a given interpretation of doctrine antagonizes the intuitions of a generous Christian experience, it is fair to affirm that there must be a larger interpretation. There can be no antagonism. Doctrine and experience call to each other as a grove of palms calls to the southwestern monsoon. The doctrine with which we are dealing is this: Jesus Christ in person shall return to this world, and his coming may be imminent. Of the scriptural basis of the doctrine no word need now be written. For our present purpose it is sufficient to have noted two facts: first, a multitude of Christian believers find comfort and inspiration in acceptance of the doctrine; and, second, the ordinary setting of the doctrine is based upon a theodicy which antagonizes the very spirit and genius of the Methodist movement. It remains for us to inquire, Is there not a larger inter-

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<sup>1</sup>The Rev. C. A. Van Ande, D.D.

pretation of the doctrine and a more generous statement of its implications? If it shall be seen that the glorious appearing of Jesus Christ in the midst of world-problems is the supreme and necessary consummation of victorious Christianity, and if it shall be found that the doctrine itself accords with sound principles of Scripture exegesis, then, in very truth, the position of Methodism with reference to this doctrine of perennial interest, a doctrine crowded with potencies both of good and ill, shall no longer be a lack-luster demeanor of nerveless negation, but, as best fits the quality of conquering Christianity, shall become an attitude of positive and exultant leadership. A thoughtful survey of the evil and the good in human history reveals this twofold law of their development: of the evil, gradual degeneration and sudden catastrophe; of the good, gradual growth and sudden consummation. And these two do often persist together, fulfilling each its own nature during the same period of time, often intermingled but never confused. Herein is the mystery of the kingdom of heaven, and herein is the moral setting for the doctrine of the appearing. There is one transcendent event, but there are two pathways of approach, and these two are pole-wide different. A glance will reveal the plainer pathway and discover why the genius of Methodism may rationally expect the near coming of Jesus Christ, and that with an ecstasy of joy and a quickening of faith to which the Calvinian theology must be a stranger.

A stately oak falls crashing. The catastrophe is sudden, and apparently uncaused, but years of slowly creeping death had consumed the very heart of it. Character knows no sudden lapses. Before the assassin could strike the blow, or the thief reach forth his hand, or the harlot beckon from her window, there were months of polluting preparation, and then, suddenly, perhaps unexpectedly, the plunge into crime. In God's judgments upon evil he waits not until the uttermost limits of infamy have been reached, but when it is established that moral turpitude is without repentance he lets fall the thunderbolts of his wrath in one hour. When it was certain that the ancient world was corrupt beyond redemption God did not permit it to rot under the eye of heaven, he destroyed it out of his sight. When the cities of the

plain stank, and there was found no saving virtue in all their putrid borders, God delayed not; he purged the festering sore with fire and brimstone. When the Jewish nation had filled up their cup of iniquity by the murder of the Son of God, they were not permitted to drag out long generations of hypocrisy; they were smitten with famine and pestilence and destruction until the dispersed of Judah were driven to the ends of the earth. Did Rome fall in a night? No one has ever dreamed it. The empire had been eaten of decay since the reign of Augustus Cæsar, but, when the fullness of the time had come, the catastrophe in the days of Honorius was sudden and awful. Thus the evil. Volumes could not declare it. The full story of it is the sad, persistent undertone of human history; the tragedy of it is big with warning and even with dread. But, though Niobe weep at every hearthstone, the resilience of human hope still springs exultant. The lift of righteousness is more persistent than the pull of evil. "Where sin abounded grace did much more abound." The very degeneration of evil and its sudden catastrophe are but a darkened silhouette of the radiant law of good, the law of gradual growth and sudden consummation. The pen leaps to expand the gracious theme, but to name it only is to demonstrate it fully. It is the recurring law of nature. Every springtime sees a renewal of the miracle—the life juices held dormant in the frozen earth, then slowly pressing toward the friendly warmth, till, suddenly, like a new creation, they blossom in a thousand violets. The cellular structure of our very bodies is a series of beginnings and consummations. Every heartbeat is a rest, a readiness, and then a sudden expansion; every childbirth is a germ, a growth, and then the swift travail of completion. It is the law of progress in science and the arts. Slowly did Europe awaken from the stupor of the Middle Ages, slowly did the revival of learning spread from Italy to the north; then came the art of printing, and with it an intellectual and literary consummation which have been the envy of succeeding centuries. Slowly had peasant hands wrought out the art of weaving cotton into cloth; then came the cotton gin, and, suddenly, the mills of England had entered the era of gold. What weary centuries of pain and

slow medical advance! Then, with antiseptic surgery, the art of healing suddenly leaped from twilight to the noon. Slowly the nations developed in intercommunication and in commerce, and then, suddenly, the expansive power of steam and the hidden impact of an electric current brought the marvelous and modern consummation. It is the law of religious and political reform. See the struggling light of the Reformation feeble and slow, but waxing stronger, streaming wider, until, suddenly, flaming from the torch that Luther lifted, the blaze was kindled as by magic throughout the whole of northern Europe. How the English people struggled toward the liberty of constitutional government while the slow leaven of democracy was working unseen! Then, one day, came the generous William, foil of the sullen James, and, suddenly, unexpectedly, the bloodless Revolution of 1688 brought the precious consummation directly within their grasp. The story of the emancipation of the slaves, how the conscience of the American people slowly awoke, how the pressure of events increasingly forced the issue until Lincoln signed the proclamation, and, suddenly, to them unexpectedly, the year of jubilee had come for a multitude of bondmen. It is but the inward history of every righteous reform from the days of Joseph in Egypt to the temperance whirlwind that shall presently sweep to its destruction the beverage traffic in strong drink. It is the law of culminations, the successive steppings whereby the world is moving into the purposes of God. Here, then, is the unfolding movement of the kingdom of heaven whose stupendous climax is reached in the second coming of Jesus Christ. Our Lord's appearing must indeed mark the sudden and awful catastrophe of irremediable evil, whose law of degeneracy is also here connoted. But Methodism bends not her gaze upon the mystery of iniquity, and builds not her hope of Christ's kingdom upon the future catastrophe of evil. With exultant faith aggressive Christianity declares that all the elements of victory are even now at work; that evil is already under sentence of eternal banishment, and the decree in part fulfilled. In the coming again of Jesus Christ the church beholds the sudden and glorious consummation of triumphant good. Whatever dire catastrophe it may signify to the workers of

iniquity, the manifesting of Christ is not conditioned by the evil to be judged. The returning Lord is constrained by righteousness and not by wickedness. He has heard the voice of his beloved, and his appearing is to finish the very work which the church in his name has already begun and, in part, accomplished. Thus the *parousia* swells as a gleaming summit from the midst of rolling plains and verdant foothills, and not as a shadowing mass that lifts its awful form sheer from the sea of salt. Thus the doctrine of the appearing honors the Holy Spirit and magnifies the cross of Christ. Thus also is the church girded with power and filled with an holy enthusiasm to lengthen her cords and strengthen her stakes, for that she knows her labor is not in vain in the Lord. The second coming of Christ marks the sudden and glorious consummation of the good in human history. If, therefore, the business of the Spirit-filled church is to press toward that same consummation by every holy means within her power, it clearly follows that the hope of our Lord's near coming is the only logical attitude of aggressive Christianity. Such an attitude is not a dreamy gazing into the clouds, it is an intense and intelligent collaborating with the Master. The "time" of the appearing is the idlest speculation in the world, but the ethical content of the appearing is big with human interest. The time is a pure contingency and known only to the Father, but the conditions must be wrought out in the church itself, and may therefore, in some sense, be discerned by men who know the Lord. That Christ's coming will be sudden, and may be imminent, is in the very nature of the divine goodness. For God and his moral government are independent of time-relations. The kingdom of heaven knows not chronological but only moral sequences. As earthly parents are pleased, so is our heavenly Father glorified, not by the perfect achievement of his children, but by their proved purpose and power to achieve. "'Tis not what man *does* which exalts him, but what man *would* do!" is Browning's sinewy line. Let it be fully proved before a wondering universe, not from divine promise alone but from human experience, that Jesus Christ hath power to destroy the works of the devil, that through his blood men can be saved to the uttermost, that righteousness exalteth a

nation though Satan rage to devour it, that love is stronger than death, that good is triumphant over evil though evil gnash against the good, then God's moral government is vindicated, the Father's heart is satisfied, and the conflict in the heavenlies is fulfilled. There is no need to drag the weary ages through. Given the angle of increase and the final consummation is a simple problem in progression. But God hath no glory, nor hath man aught of good, in merely waiting for that which shall surely be. There is no ethical quality in duration; indeed, to prolong a conflict whose event is certain is immoral. But God will not delay. As the days of Noah were, when unrepented evil found its sudden and bitter catastrophe, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be, in the hour when the triumph of goodness is assured. Let the issue be fairly met and fully proved in a personal, social, and national demonstration, the issue between God and his ancient foe, and the warfare of our weary race is accomplished; for God will finish the work; he will cut it short in righteousness. Then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven. As the bugler's trumpet, after many a devious backward turn, suddenly leaves its slow angle of increase and flares out in a golden bell, so the good in human history, the very age-long trump of God, leaving once for all its devious and slow progression, shall find swift consummation in the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. Then shall unfold the high calling of our humanity, sin-cursed for centuries, but identified at last with the Lord revealed from heaven; the body of which Christ is the eternal Head.

Three corollaries shall bring this writing to a period. (a) In the larger view of Christ's appearing, herein set forth, how ungenerous seem such words as these of a well-known teacher of advent doctrine!

We are not called to build up great educational institutions and aim slowly to spread in the minds of heathen peoples the principles of Christianity, and lead them gradually up to the gospel; our business is to strike *once* for the present generation of men and women whom God's Holy Spirit has already been preparing by his secret touch for the reception of the gospel.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Larger Outlooks on Missionary Lands, by the Rev. A. B. Simpson.

As though, forsooth, the kingdom of God were a cabinet of completed samples and not a dynamic of righteousness in the land of the living! In the swelling culmination of the age the conquering and returning Christ shall be identified with his victorious church. Her lines of advance shall coincide with his eternal purposes, her institutions shall stand ready for his larger uses, her mission outposts shall be the broad foundations of his universal kingdom. O the rapture of laying down the lines that shall never be removed! No righteous reform but he shall bring to full completion, no college hall but shall be crowded with his clear-eyed seekers after truth, no holy sanctuary but shall be filled with his adoring friends. What inspiration is here to dig deep and build strong with granite from the hills and marble from the quarries, and bronze and steel and seasoned shisham! "My work is for a King." (b) The return of our Lord is not a cataclysmic cutting of the lines of human development; a very ethical impossibility whether that event be conceived as imminently near or ages remote. The glory of the appearing is in this: that it is a fruition, a full completion; as the dome of the Capitol is a swelling out of every contributory line. The architect will not frustrate the harmonious ensemble of his design by uncapped pillars and unvaulted roof, as though stone and steel were not sufficient to complete the whole; nor will the Framer of the worlds cut through the lines of human development in this or any generation. But the sudden billowing out of those lines into majestic fullness—this is not a cataclysm; it is a divine infilling. (c) Finally, herein is found in vivid nearness the solemn doctrine of the Judgment. The common church view of the eschatology of the Bible is tersely expressed by Dr. Charles Hodge. He says:

From the whole drift of the New Testament it is plain that the apostles fully believed that there is to be a second coming of Christ; that his coming is to be in person, visible and glorious; that they kept this great event constantly before their own minds, and urged it on the attention of the people, as a motive to patience, constancy, joy, and holy living; that the apostles believed that the second advent of Christ would be attended by the general resurrection, the final Judgment, and the end of the world.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Systematic Theology, vol. iii, p. 796.

In the larger view of the appearing, this doctrine of the church is brought into vivid realization. It is not eliminated as a moral factor by an almost infinite postponement to the end of some far-away æon. It is packed with immediateness, as Christ constantly taught. Nor will the student of prophecy be confused as to the sequence of eschatological events. In the moving panorama of the end prophetic vision beholds the culmination, the appearing, the resurrection, and the Judgment as coetaneous parts of one transcendent event. That each part shall merge into the other, with whatever time-relations may be required, is surely axiomatic. Chiliasm is too fanciful in thought and too uncertain of biblical sanction to need separate comment here. But every ethical foundation and every divine revelation which makes the Judgment the consummation of the mediatorial kingdom and saving purpose of the Holy Trinity requires us to lift it out of a remote and nebulous futurity and bring it, with all its solemn significance, into the realm of the actual and the imminent. Nevertheless, even as Christ's appearing is not conditioned by the evil to be judged but by the love which he bears to his church, so the church looks not with fearful expectation for a Judgment that shall come, but rather for that blessed hope, the coming of the King. Then shall be the princely vindication of the cross, and humility shall be in her bridal robes. The Judgment awaits with its eternal issues. But the joy and rejoicing of the church shall be in him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood. In truth a thousand years will be too short for that ineffablest glory when every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him. O the church must love his appearing, and wait for him more than they that watch for the morning, I say, more than they that watch for the morning!

The Ganges is running swift to-day beneath the bridge and past the *ghât* of the massacre. The year of famine is finished and the monsoon rains have pressed it out of its ancient bed. The fields are green and beautiful to the eyes. In four months cometh the harvest, and there shall be abundant corn. But not blither are the fields with their promise of plenty than are the hearts of the church's missionaries in this great world-harvest of souls.

Our doctors of the schools shall presently rewrite the chapter named "Eschatology." Methodism in other days has taken the notable doctrines of Christianity and delivered them from the bands and cords of a baneful theology; taken the doctrine of "grace" and delivered it from the horrible decrees of Calvinism; taken the doctrine of "assurance" and freed it from the vagaries of the mystics; taken the doctrine of "perfection" and disentangled it from the subtleties of the Pelagians. Shall not Methodism now be strong to take the apostolic doctrine of "the appearing," and, wresting it from an arbitrary and pessimistic theology, enshrine it as a gleaming jewel in her world-encircling faith? The church can hasten the coming. It has ever been the privilege of the bride to name the day. Faith and quick obedience control the conditions, and these shall determine the time of our Lord's returning. The church has been fickle and froward, but she will not disappoint the Heart that loves her; she will not forget the trysting. The Ganges is running very swift to-day. The bugler's trumpet is fast flaring out and the angle of increase is exhilarating. Somewhere on that swift curve of completion our radiant Lord shall meet his hastening church; not "before" the consummation of the good, not "after"; but as the maiden merges into the woman, as the Amazon opens into the sea, as the floating lines of the Taj, elusive as a summer cloud, so shall the church of Christ meet the returning One; so shall the church be forever perfected in union with her glorious Head. When? Ah, who can answer! Jesus tells us, "Watch." The Ganges is running very swift to-day.

*Harry Lewis Calhoun*

## ART. V.—LEST WE FORGET

COMPELLED by Archbishop Ireland's false assertions to look up the list of books which we have published in Rome, our eyes fell upon the title of one—Papal Rome and the Martyrs of Free Thought—which we read some time ago, and on which we then made some notes under the heading, "Lest we forget." Perhaps it may not be amiss at this time to let others read these notes, which refresh the memory on some of the facts of the past.

The Popes took advantage of the time of barbarism and ignorance to build up their institution and establish their power. After eleven centuries Christianity was changed into Popery—a mixture of Judaism and Paganism baptized with Christian names. Instead of the simplicity of the times of the apostles we have the luxury and extravagance of Pope, cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and the like. Instead of the worship of God in spirit and in truth we have the adoration of relics, saints, images, and Madonna—pantheism restored. In the twelfth century Arnaldo da Brescia appeared and fearlessly attacked the corruption of his times. He was a man of great mind, vast learning, wonderful eloquence, and daring courage. The reform which he preached was not so extensive as that which later Luther and Calvin contended for. He attacked more especially the vices, abuses, and usurpations of the clergy, hence the discipline of the church rather than its doctrines. Nevertheless, to him belongs the title of "Forerunner of the Reformation." His work though limited was wonderfully helpful. The clericals saw in him a terrible foe, hence through every diabolical strategy and cunning they sought to get him out of their way. In 1139 he was obliged to flee from the very people whose good he had sought, and in 1150 he was betrayed into the hands of the Pope (Eugene III), who condemned him to death. He was burned in the Piazza del Popolo, and his ashes were thrown into the Tiber. Though they burned him they could not burn the truth he taught. This truth, sanctified by his blood, acquired greater force and in a short time found its way into all Christendom. His efforts, though suffocated by fire, con-

tributed much to the awakening of the people out of their long sleep. Marvelous changes followed. A beneficent light pierced the darkness of mediæval barbarism. Art and literature were born, and the genius of Italy led the march in modern civilization. Those who took part in the Renaissance of art and letters did not have in mind the Reformation of religion, though all of them indirectly contributed to that end. The critical study of literature became the golden key to unlock the inaccessible sanctuary of theology. It was impossible to investigate the Sacred Scriptures and to consult the writings of the fathers, and not recognize that the Romish Church no longer followed Christ, and that her faith, worship, and moral conduct no longer corresponded to the gospel. This became evident even to those who were maintaining the existing abuses. They saw that the secret of their power was being unveiled to the light of day. After Arnaldo da Brescia had been put out of the way the accusations against the depravity of the clergy became common, and had great weight among the people because insisted on by those in high repute both for learning and piety. The severe thrusts of Dante against the Pope and clergy are well known, characterizing them as "sons of iniquity and of the devil though they call themselves sons of the church." Who does not know the writings of Petrarca and of Boccaccio against the corruption of the Curia? These were soon imitated by others until satires, epigrams, and invectives fairly rained upon Italy, and were eagerly read and commented on by the people, notwithstanding the jealous care of the Vatican to suppress them.

In the beginning of the fifteenth century Lorenzo Valla, a celebrated theologian, philosopher, and grammarian, wrote a book against the pretended donation of Constantine and against the abuses of the Popes. He wrote also comments on the New Testament and several religious dialogues. His ideas soon drew on him the hatred of Rome, persecutions, and a sentence to be burned at the stake. He was, however, more fortunate than Arnaldo in that under the protection of Alfonso V he was able to escape death. It would be impossible to even mention the long list of those who satirized and lampooned the Church for her vices and sins. The

historian Guiciardini, who had no special predilections for the teachings of the Reformation, thus describes the condition of things:

The Popes had entirely forgotten the true mission of the church and the teaching of the gospel. Their thoughts were wholly concentrated on worldly aggrandizement. Their spiritual authority was only the means of usurpation. Their one occupation was to amass wealth and to organize armies in order to make war on God's saints. Their minds were filled with sinister projects, and they administered the sacraments while their hands were stained with blood. Ecclesiastical positions and livings were not given to worthy persons but sold to the highest bidder, or conferred on those who promised to serve best the Pope's ambition, avarice, or love of pleasure.

With such a state of things it is easy to imagine the hatred of the Vatican to all progress, and its persecutions of the first intellects of the world. The Popes not only prohibited the books and manuscripts which treated of progress in science and letters, but also persecuted the authors, putting them in prison, burning them at the stake, and hanging them. Examples of this treatment are Galileo, Paolo Sarpi, Columbus, Nicola Franco, Giordano Bruno, Girolamo Savonarola, and hundreds of others.

About the middle of the fifteenth century, after the Council of Constance, there were urgent demands in Italy for the reform of the church in its head and members, and these demands were reiterated in the sixteenth century, first at the Council of Pisa and then in the third Lateran. But the desired reform of the church and the restoration of evangelical teachings met in Italy a great obstacle in the discredit into which religion had fallen. The Italians had penetrated the mystery which veiled the pretensions of the clergy, hence they lost all veneration and fear of an institution which only distance made formidable to the outside world. The corruption of the church made the Italians utterly indifferent to religion. They were no longer held to the church by faith, conviction, or affection, but only by force of habit, fear of man, or by some personal material interest. The educated were more attracted to the writings of Aristotle and Plato than to the Bible and the church fathers, while the people cared more for feast days than for spiritual worship. Why, then, was it not easy even for

such a people to break away from such a corrupt church? There are no persons more difficult to convince, or less disposed to make sacrifices for conscience' sake, than those who under the appearance of religion conceal icy indifference. Some gave themselves over to unbelief in everything that referred to religion. Others, seduced by a vain national pride, thought they ought to support the Roman Court because it reflected a sort of historic glory on Italy. The Romans, and with them many Italians, having lost the power and glory of their ancestors, felt a certain satisfaction to their wounded pride in seeing that Rome was still, in a certain sense, the capital of the world, the seat of the Roman Pontiff, and the center of the Catholic religion. They saw with pleasure that as in the time of the Roman republic and of the empire money continued to flow into the Eternal City from all parts of the world. They saw too with pride that often princes submitted to the beck of the Pope, who became arbiter of international disputes and dispenser of realms and crowns. Hence Italy, although she was the first to lift her voice against the Roman hierarchy, and was the forerunner of the other nations in the revival of learning, was outrun by many of the others in the religious reform. Neither Luther nor the other reformers pulled down the old edifice with the idea of destroying religion, but with the idea of reconstruction. They tore down the old in order to build the new. They abolished the worship of saints and of images in order that men might worship God only. They assailed the authority of tradition in order to establish that of the gospel. They dethroned the Popes in order to restore the kingdom of Christ. In a word, they sought to bring Christianity back to the purity and simplicity of apostolic times. In spite of the terror which the Popes tried to create by their bulls against the writings of the reformers, these writings continued to circulate from one end of Italy to the other, and were eagerly read. Some of them were translated in the language of the people, but published under changed titles and names in order to elude the vigilance of the Inquisition.

The most helpful agency to the cause of the Reformation in Italy was the translations in Italian of the Sacred Scriptures. It is interesting to note here that the first edition printed of the

Hebrew Bible came from an Italian press, the book from which Luther made his translation. Also the first edition of the Septuagint came from an Italian press. Another means of promoting the cause of reform in Italy was the literary correspondence with nations where the Reformation had been established. For a long time students had been coming from Germany to the Universities of Padua, Pavia, and Bologna, in order to perfect themselves in the studies of law and medicine, while, on the other hand, Italian students went to Germany and Switzerland. Through these students light kept pouring into Italy. Another effective means was a war. The soldiers whom Emperor Charles V brought with him into Italy, and the Swiss who sided with his rival, Francis I, were mostly Protestants. These foreign soldiers engaged in religious conversations and discussions with the Italians they met. They boasted of the liberty of thought which they enjoyed in their countries, and they laughed at the terror which the priests tried to inspire in the people in reference to Protestants. They maintained that Luther and his followers were the real restorers of Christianity. They contrasted the purity of life and the self-denial of the reformers with the extravagance and dissolute living of their adversaries. They wondered that a people so intelligent as the Italians should continue to live in slavish submission to a priesthood so corrupt. By these various means the veil was lifted from the eyes of many. The Pope, the Vatican, and the clergy all lost credit. The accusations against them were regarded by the people as just. The names "reformer," "Lutheran," "heretic" no longer inspired fear and horror, as before, and the number of evangelical Christians increased daily, not only among the laity but also among the clergy and the members of the religious orders. Matters had arrived at such a state that the Vatican had to wake up and provide for its own safety. Alexander Farnese, who as Pope assumed the name Paul III, was the first to initiate reactionary measures—yes, Paul III, who was more a beast than a man, who did not believe in God or man, but gave himself up to favoring and enriching his relatives and children. In his moral depravity he personified all that was shameful in the church which had elected him as Pope. It was Paul III who on September 27,

1540, approved the constitution of the Jesuits and in 1543 and 1549 accorded them new privileges. Instigated by these Jesuits, the Curia ordered the Inquisition to make use of secular power in order to put down heresy not only in Rome but also in the other states. Domenic Guzman, whom the Romanists have placed on their altars as a saint, but whom human beings hesitate to call man, was the founder of that infamous and bloody tribunal which Paul V approved and called "the new and principal spring of the power of the Holy See." The first business of these Inquisitors was to gather information about persons accused of heresy. They were responsible to their bishops, who presided over the trial and pronounced judgment. But these methods did not appear to be sufficiently energetic. The bishops were accused of lack of zeal and of weakness, because they sometimes yielded to the feelings of humanity and of friendship. For this reason the Jesuits urged the institution of a court independent of these influences and according to the plan of the Spanish Inquisition. Hence the Pope gave to six cardinals the titles and powers of Inquisitors, authorizing them to arrest and judge all persons suspected of heresy, and any who might befriend them, without distinction of age, sex, profession, or rank. They were also authorized to nominate under officers and dependent courts. These plans met opposition from various states, but Rome's methods have always been the same. She alternates caresses with threats, cunning diplomacy with open violence, apparently abandoning for a moment a cherished plan, and then by dissimulation and intrigues opens up the way for the accomplishment of her dark designs. Those suspected of heresy were hunted down by the Vatican hounds in every corner of Italy. These Papal agents would get letters of introduction from real or supposed friends, with which they would insinuate themselves into the families, pretending friendship. On some occasions they would pretend themselves to be reformers and on other occasions unbelievers, and in this way gather the facts by which to betray their victims. They even went so far as to set husband against wife, and wife against husband, and children against parents, in order to accomplish their satanic purposes. People were driven from their homes, deprived of employment, and boycotted on every

side. Exiles became numerous, and the prisons were filled with the unhappy creatures who could not leave their native land. The violence, rapine, and injustice committed during the reign of Paul IV were so frequent and of such a character that when the Romans learned of his death they went en masse to the prisons of the Inquisition, freed the prisoners, and set fire to the building. They broke in pieces the statue which the Pope had put up on the Capitoline in his own honor, and they threw the pieces into the Tiber, as he had done with the ashes of his victims. The Pontificate of Pius IV was even more cruel than that of his predecessor. The infamous Tribunal destroyed by the fury of the people was by him reconstructed near the Vatican, where it exists to-day, on the very spot where once stood Nero's Circus, where so many first-century Christians had been put to death.

Then came Pius V, declared a saint, but, in fact, a bitter persecutor of God's people. It was this *pious* Pope who bestowed honors and blessings on the famous Duke of Alba for his butchery of heretics. Each Pope seemed more cruel and more brutal than his predecessor. Roman Catholicism, defeated in Germany, Switzerland, England, and Holland, triumphed in Italy through the terrors of the Inquisition. The triumph, however, was only external, for the church had acquired dominion over broken hearts and discontented spirits, conquered but not persuaded. There were many faithful souls who rather than submit went into exile, leaving all they possessed and all they called dear in life—sublime examples of fidelity even to us. The reformers in Italy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries did not fear exile, poverty, or death. Papal Rome with its tribunals, torture, stakes, or gallows did not conquer them. They triumphed! Their tears and their suffering could not but result in good. We to-day reap the benefit of their martyrdom. They died for us.

We can mention only a few of the less-known cases of the thousands who were condemned by the tribunal at Rome, without even referring to the multiplied thousands of victims in all the other parts of the Roman Catholic world. Bernardo Ochino, a very eloquent monk, was accused of having preached doctrines contrary to the teachings of the Romanist Church. For a time he

silenced his enemies by his able self-defense. When he learned, however, of the ill-treatment used toward his friend Julius Terengiano, a follower of Valdig, he could no longer conceal his indignation. He was preaching at Venice at the time and in the presence of many senators and distinguished churchmen he exclaimed! "Gentlemen, what can be done? Why longer spend our strength? O, noble Venice, Queen of the Adriatic, if those who preach the truth here are to be arrested, handcuffed, imprisoned, and tormented, where in this world can the voice of truth be heard? O, that I might make you hear the truth to-day, so that those who are walking in darkness might see the light!" At that moment he was silenced. He was summoned to Rome, but before reaching there he escaped to Geneva, from which place he wrote much that promoted the cause of religious liberty. On the very day that Julius III was made Pope, February 18, 1550, he signed the death sentence of Fanino di Faenza, a simple-hearted preacher of the gospel, who had been arrested and condemned to be burned alive. He was taken to prison at Ferrara and there evangelized his fellow prisoners. His friends and relatives tried to persuade him to recant. His wife and sister besought him in tears and in the name of his dear little ones. But he replied, "My God and Master has never taught me that I should deny him for any consideration." To the officer who came for him he said, "My brother, I accept this death for the sake of Jesus Christ my Saviour, who did not spare his life for me." To those present at his execution he spoke fervently of the joys of the Christian life and of his hope for the future. When, according to custom, they presented him with a crucifix, he lifted up his arms and exclaimed: "O, the cross! There is no need that you put this sacred symbol before my eyes, for I have it already engraven on my heart." He then fell on his knees and prayed fervently that God would illuminate the minds and touch the hearts of those who were putting him to death and forgive them. He was first strangled and then burned. His ashes were reverently gathered up by the people who loved him. A few days later followed the death of Domenico della Casa Bianca, a young man thirty-six years of age. He had been taken by Charles V to fight against the Protestant princes in Germany. While

there he was converted and then returned to Italy to preach salvation through faith in Jesus. Great crowds came to hear him, especially at Piacenza. He was arrested and asked to recant. He was tortured and threatened with death. He refused to recant and was condemned to be hung. The next day, in the very place where he had preached, he sealed his testimony with a martyr's death. John Mollio, because of his influence as professor at Bologna, Milan, and Pavia, had done much to propagate the reform doctrines among students. He was betrayed by one of his colleagues. He fled to Naples and then to Ravenna, where he was seized and brought in chains to Rome. The Inquisitors were very anxious that this distinguished man should recant. His trial was delayed and careful preparations were made to make it as impressive as possible. A great crowd was present, and all the pomp and paraphernalia of the Romish Church were put in evidence. In the midst of a long procession of cardinals, bishops, and monks came fourteen poor creatures, pale, emaciated, and scarcely able to walk. The accompanying priests and monks sang the Miserere. What an insult to God! Some of the fourteen recanted and the chains were taken from them. Professor Mollio was reserved for the last. When called he stood forth and said! "I am a Protestant in the same sense that Saint Paul was. I do not believe nor do I teach other doctrine than that which the great apostle believed and taught." He closed his able defense with the following words: "As for you, cardinals, bishops, and priests, if I were persuaded that you had received your power from God, and if I could believe that you are where you are because of your virtues and not because of your vices, I would not speak against you. But since I know that you have declared war against religion and against virtue, I must tell you that your power instead of coming from God comes from the devil. You are not the successors of the apostles, because you condemn Christ and persecute his saints. I appeal, therefore, from your sentence to that of the tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is there I will await you, there where your miters and crosiers and purple robes will not frighten anyone." These eloquent and courageous words were received with such applause that even the Inquisitors themselves were surprised and fright-

ened. The next day Professor Mollio and his faithful friend Tisserando, after their tongues had been pierced three times with a hot iron, were thrown alive into the flames, in the Piazza Campo dei Fiori. Another hero was John L. Pascale, who had been a soldier, was converted, and then went to Geneva to study for the ministry. He went as a minister to Calabria and was soon arrested and put in prison. Easter, 1560, he wrote to his betrothed, just on the eve of his own martyrdom: "I trust that you are having a similar experience with myself and that we both belong to God for life or death. My dear, trust in God alone, help the poor, visit the sick, and comfort the afflicted. Be an example of the faith you profess. As for me, I have given myself wholly to Christ, my Saviour, and I am certain that he will not forsake me." He was taken to Naples on foot with twenty-two other prisoners. From Naples he wrote his parents, "The greater my afflictions the more abundant are the consolations of Christ." He was brought to Rome, where he suffered untold tortures. He remained faithful through it all. In the square before the Castle of Saint Angelo a gallows and a stake were erected. The Pope, cardinals, and judges were present with a great concourse of people. The prisoner came loaded with chains. He was calm and resigned. Taking advantage of a moment of silence, he cried to the assembled people, "I die not because I am guilty of any crime, but because I have frankly confessed my Master and Saviour Jesus Christ." He was immediately strangled and his body thrown to the flames. Time fails to speak of Pietro Carnesecchi, Aonio Paleario, Thomas Campanella, Carlo Sala, and thousands of others equally worthy, who all died for their faith, and of whom the world was not worthy. Often relatives of so-called heretics were arrested and maltreated simply because the bloodthirsty Inquisitors could not get hold of the real persons. What were these heretics guilty of?

1. They denied the authority of the Roman Pontiff.
2. They repudiated the idea of purgatory, the invocation and adoration of saints, and the merits of works.
3. They claimed that man was a free responsible agent, and they insisted that priests should be allowed to marry.

One was heard to say that he believed in the Lord's Prayer

and Apostles' Creed, but had no use for the rest. He said man should worship God alone, and not bow down to images of Mary and of the so-called saints. This was sufficient reason why he should be seized and put to death. Later it was not a question of individual heretics, but kings and states rose up against the Vatican. Clement XIV thought that by yielding somewhat he might induce the princes to desist from demanding that the Order of the Jesuits be abolished. But they insisted, and the Jesuits were abolished and the Tribunal of the Inquisition discontinued. The Inquisition was, however, secretly reinstated under Pius VI, so that no one can tell how many or who have been its victims. There are persons still living who remember that when, in 1848, some members of the provisional government at Rome entered the Palace of the Inquisition, they found some of the unhappy victims lying on the floor with chains rusted to their flesh. Most of them had lost the use of their eyes and limbs. They found also heaps of skeletons and of bodies in all stages of decomposition. In 1860-64 the Pontifical government, in alliance with the Bourbons, organized bands of brigands under the command of General Tristamy and others to rob and murder all who in any way approved of the unification of Italy. The late Pope Leo XIII sanctioned at Perugia one of the most cruel massacres ever known. He went just as far as he dared in instigating persecutions against Protestants in Italy, and by restoring the Jesuits to their rights and privileges he stuck a dagger into the heart of liberty. The present Pope Pius X has declared that he intends to continue the work of his predecessors. The corruption of Papal Rome was the chief cause of the Reformation. Fanatical intolerance favored by guilty governments suffocated the reform in Italy. As a result Italy has suffered for centuries and suffers to-day. The battle is still on and it is between the gospel and Popery, between light and darkness, freedom and oppression, and intelligent faith and ignorant superstition. We have no doubt of the final result: Romanism, a relic of medieval barbarism, must disappear and give place to liberty of conscience for all.

Papal Rome is constantly crying out against infidelity, and yet the Roman Catholic Church is the greatest one cause in this

world to-day of infidelity and materialism. It was Macchiavelli who said that the Italians had become irreligious and wicked through the bad example of the Papal court. The Roman hierarchy makes incessant war to-day against all free institutions, against the men who promote them, and against the people who love them. There are cases of recent date which prove that within her own walls, and as far as she dares, the Curia still makes use of the Inquisition. Yet some are vainly dreaming of reconciliation and reform. Let such remember that Rome never forgets and never pardons. Let them remember the millions of victims she has slain. May their faithfulness and courage shame our supineness and cowardice of to-day! Be sure that if the Papacy only had the power, we would again see Rome lighted up with human torches and the underground prisons filled with innocent victims. Guerrazzi wrote: "Those who died for the sacred cause say to the living, 'Be vigilant, for the priest is never so much alive as when he seems to be dead.'"

*William Burt*

## ART. VI.—ORATORY IN THE WORLD MISSIONARY CONFERENCE

THE World Missionary Conference at Edinburgh gave an unusual opportunity to study the different styles and methods of public speaking. All countries and nearly all nationalities were represented by delegates, and it was possible to compare American, British, Australian, Continental, Asiatic, and other representatives as speakers, including, of course, missionaries from every field.

Circumstances were such as to inspire the best and highest in human utterance. The Conference represented all the evangelical missionary societies of all lands, excepting a few very small organizations doing work among the non-Christian peoples. Its program included all important questions bearing upon the missionary enterprise, and its eight commission reports considered the whole field of missionary effort, excluding no subject properly belonging thereto for fear of offending particular churches, societies, or missions. There seem to be no delicate or burning questions dividing those of different denominations in the work of giving the gospel to the world. The constitution of the Conference made no reservations. The only limitation prescribed was that questions of doctrine and polity on which the churches differ should not be made the subject of action. The commissions were practically untrammelled. The Commission on the Church in the Mission Field reported how the development of the native church proceeds on the lines of the Congregational, Presbyterian, and Episcopal systems of polity, simply setting forth the facts impartially, and withholding any conclusion as to which, if any, may be preferable. The scope of the Conference was, therefore, as wide in representation as the evangelical Christian world, as broad in missionary endeavor as the non-Christian world, and as comprehensive in program as the world of missionary thought and action. As the Conference pursued its purpose through nine days and twenty-five sessions upon this world-wide basis, without a sign of disruption, or of strained feeling, or serious disagreement, it must be regarded as the most remarkable Conference ever held.

Such unity of thought, of purpose, of feeling, of endeavor could, it is safe to say, have been manifested in no other or lesser cause than the giving of the gospel of Christ to the whole world. It is a striking evidence of the fulfillment of the prophecy of Christ, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." This is the one sole power of attraction which draws all nations to our common Lord; it is the only power which could have drawn his disciples from all lands and all denominations to united conference on the salvation of the world. No wonder those who had the privilege of attending the Conference felt as though a miracle of love and grace were in process before their astonished vision, and Almighty God were himself present and performing it. It was the mount of vision before which the world was spread out for conquest, and the Christian army marching upon it with the banner of the cross following the King to final triumph.

With the greatest cause that could engage the thought of humanity, the largest assembly of choice men and women from the ends of the earth, a task in which the hosts of heaven are eager to assist, and a new epoch of endeavor in the world's salvation, there were all the elements necessary to inspire utterance and kindle eloquence. The tongues and the tribes were there; the leaders and the workers, the preachers and the converts; the directors and the supporters; men and women; those carrying great burdens, those standing on the mount of vision; hearts courageous, souls fired with love, minds keen to plan, spirits full of zeal and enthusiasm—all these were there, and a world was waiting anxiously to hear. What an occasion for inspired and eloquent utterance! On the other hand, there were serious limitations. All speakers in the discussions, except those who presented the reports of the commissions and closed the discussions thereon, were strictly confined to seven minutes. Obviously, much can be said, if all the circumstances are favorable, in an address of this length. But it requires a quick, alert, and vigorous mind, ready in utterance, trained in debate, and in instant control of abundant resources to take full advantage of such a brief space. Moreover, the logical moment for an effective speech may pass while one is waiting to be called by the chairman, who usually had twice or thrice

as many cards as he could recognize. The evening meetings gave wider scope for addresses on prescribed topics; but without depreciating in the least the splendid efforts of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop Bashford, and others, the most interesting and inspiring sessions were those in which the many spoke.

The particular lines of discussion of the various reports, each occupying a morning and an afternoon session, were printed a day in advance, so that an intending speaker could select the particular question he wished to discuss and prepare his address. This tempted many to use manuscript which, while it insured more concise statement and stronger argument, diminished the effectiveness of the debates by tending to rob them of the element of spontaneity and responsiveness, for it is obvious that an address written in advance of a discussion could not, except by accident, bear any relation to the other addresses. The Americans were the chief offenders in this respect, comparatively few of the British or Continental speakers using either manuscript or notes. Doubtless the great number of delegates making copious notes of the discussions found more points in the written addresses to enter, but fewer sparkling sentences and telling illustrations. The impartial observer would not approve the hasty remark of an American that the speakers from this side of the water were in every way superior to their British brethren. It is true that the former were the more incisive and direct. They wasted no time in regret that only seven minutes were allotted to them and in uncertainty as to their ability to say anything of value in so short a period; but they were up and away for the goal, at the word, like veteran racers, stated their points with clearness and admirably supported them. Their sentences were short, their statements perfectly intelligible, and their voices and manner agreeable and graceful. In enunciation they were not as careful as the British speakers. Americans are apt to be slovenly in this respect. One notices that even the English and Scottish masses, as well as the educated classes, have the habit of giving words all their syllables, while we suppress one or more in the longer words. Even a cockney, while he "tykes off 'is 'at, and heats 'is horanges and happles," pays some attention to enunciation. An English woman at Keswick made this remark

about the weather: "I am not particular, sir, about going hout this hafternoon; it is raining agyne." She did not compress "particular" into three syllables but gave the "u" its proper value. Of course an American would not notice difference of accent among his own countrymen, or any accent at all; but he could not fail to observe wide differences in this respect among British delegates. Two Scotchmen, natives of Edinburgh, members of the City Council, lawyers, well educated, might belong to different countries and to different races judging from their speech. One appears to have no accent at all; the other has a strong burr and does marvelous things with his vowels. Some English speakers have a decided accent; others seem to be entirely free from it. Lord Balfour every delegate could follow without effort; Lord Cecil has peculiarities of accent and utterance that required strained attention. The Archbishop of Canterbury might almost be an American, so free is he from insular peculiarities; and Canon Duckworth, who was heard in Westminster Abbey after the Edinburgh Conference—preaching, by the way, an excellent sermon on the needs of the masses, in which the liquor evil was denounced—spoke as an American might, save a few pronunciations like "awth" for earth.

If the average British speech in the Edinburgh Conference lacked in the force of directness as compared with the average American speech, it had more of the graces of oratory. If one might judge of the British style of debate from what appeared at Edinburgh, its sentences are long but balanced, gracious in spirit, graceful in swing, choice in diction, and marked always by perfect self-control. The method of approach is slower and more circuitous. The American makes a sharp, direct, rattling assault. The Briton walks deliberately around the fortress he wishes to take and attacks it with an apology. Doubtless each method has its own advantages. The British speaker keeps personal passion in the background and his tone is gracious and persuasive. The American method is nervous and precipitate, apt to show intolerance, where the differences are sharp, and to proceed from and to arouse personal feeling. It employs heavier and blunter weapons than the sword which the Briton wields with such dexterity.

There were no discussions in the Edinburgh Conference which provoked feeling or arrayed nationalities or denominations against each other. No assemblage of men and women could be freer from sectarian or partisan or race feeling. Such differences as appeared at any time were wholly without passion or any provocation of passion. The discussion on the native church affords an interesting illustration of the British style and tactics. American, Continental, and British delegates, including missionaries, missionary administrators, and native Christians, took part in it. It so happened that nearly all the speakers who got the floor took the point of view favoring the largest liberty for the native church. Some were rather severely critical of the policy of the missionary societies as repressive and dictatorial. An American secretary said it was characteristic of the white race to believe in its ability to rule, and to feel persuaded that it ought to exercise that ability over other races. He deprecated the use of "leading strings." All insisted that denominational divisions must not be perpetuated in the mission field. Those who watched the course of the discussion saw that all the emphasis was laid upon one aspect of the question, the speakers generally representing the congregational form of polity, which makes the local church the fountain of ecclesiastical power. For Baptists and Congregationalists the problems of independence and autonomy are obviously more simple and easy of solution than for those using the episcopal or presbyterial system. Would no one point out that independence implies ability to plan for a new ecclesiastical household, to provide for its orderly control and discipline, and to furnish it with an adequate support? Is the infant not to be kept in "leading strings" until it is able to run alone without doing itself an injury? It was finally the Lord Bishop of Birmingham who showed that the question had another side. He is tall, gaunt, and ascetic-looking, a sort of grim Elijah, an uncompromising High Churchman. One could only expect that he would make plain his intolerance both in thought and in manner; that he would insist that the one true church is catholic and exclusive, with a direct tactual succession for its orders, and the bodies which lack that lack all. But no; he is infinitely affable and tactful. Would

the Conference bear with him? He had been told that his vocation was to be disagreeable at public gatherings. With this opening he won the Conference, and it was ready to hear and cheer anything he might say. As he proceeded he uttered no protest against anything that had been said; he denied nothing, opposed nothing, controverted nothing. But he brought forward a new and important consideration in the spirit of one making such offering as he could to the common fund, modestly and deferentially. The more true it is, he ventured, that Westerners should foster in the Eastern and African fields the independence and indigenous character of the native church, the more important it would seem to be to inquire what we regard as the essentials or fundamentals of the Christianity we possess, and are imparting to them. If the native church is to be set up on a basis that is strictly undenominational, as is insisted, what are its cardinal principles to be? Denominational standards among us are undoubtedly breaking down. Have we decided what shall take their place? Continuous life depends on continuous principles; what principles shall constitute the new bond of union? Here was the other side, so fully and splendidly presented in a seven-minute speech that no one cared that anything should be added. The preceding speakers felt that they had not been contradicted, but simply supplemented; and all must have admired the long, swinging sentences, the choice language, the sweet spirit, and the masterly skill of his Lordship. That method in debate which brings into view considerations not presented, or not presented with sufficient clearness and emphasis, in such a way as to allow opponents to shift their position without losing their self-respect and to arouse no feeling of resentment, would seem to represent a high type of the art. It is better to convert than to crush.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh also made a strong impression upon the Conference. He is a fine specimen of manhood. Tall, symmetrical, with a large head, fine, mobile face, graceful bearing, he spoke impressively, as a statesman and a leader of men. His opening address was a model of grace, dignity, and power. Lord Cecil many Americans must have heard during his recent visit to the United States. He twists himself when speaking into a

sort of interrogation point, leaning far over the desk, now on one side, now on the other, standing alternately on left foot and on right, almost grotesque in personal appearance, and gives at times some hints of the power of his illustrious father, the late Marquis of Salisbury.

Among Americans Drs. John R. Mott and Robert E. Speer were conspicuous figures, the former, with moral, mental, and spiritual vigor, keeping the minds of men steadily fixed on the great task before the church, and the latter, a most earnest and impressive lay preacher, deepening religious conviction in the hearts of hearers. But it is not the purpose of this article to mention all the addresses which were noteworthy, either in manner or matter. Sufficient has already been said to show that there is a marked difference in the British and American types of speaking. If a preference has been indicated for the former, it should be remembered that only certain features have been considered; no attempt has been made to cover the whole subject or to give anything like a final judgment.

The Continental delegates labored under the disadvantage of speaking in an unaccustomed language. A Norwegian delegate, however, gave the Conference an example of effective statement, pervaded with a quiet but delicious humor.

The Germans and Scandinavians seem to approach subjects in the historical spirit, Americans in the atmosphere of fact, and Britons in the deliberate, parliamentary style.

*H. K. Carroll.*

#### ART. VII.—THE REDEMPTION OF THE PRAYER MEETING

Is the prayer meeting in need of redemption? If so, can it be redeemed, and how? While not always stated in this precise form, this is a subject that has been much discussed in recent times in ministerial conventions and conferences, and in the church papers of the various denominations. That there is something wrong with the prayer meeting most of us who know anything about it, and especially those of us who are charged with the responsibility for its management and success, are compelled to admit. What the trouble is, is another matter, and we may not all agree about that when we come to discuss it; but there will be little dissent from the statement among ministers, and the small number of laymen who know enough about it to be competent to speak on the subject, that this service is not what it ought to be by a great deal and in many ways. Is it not true that it is one of the poorest attended services of the church? Whether it is poorly attended because it is dull, or dull because it is poorly attended, is it not also true that it is one of the dullest, dearest, least interesting and attractive services of the church? And this is a condition that is found not only occasionally and rarely; it is, unfortunately, quite generally and universally the condition with regard to this service, in all places and all churches. Instances that may be cited to contradict and disprove this are so rare as to attract attention. The fact is that this service presents to ministers and churches at the present time one of the most serious and difficult problems with which they have to deal. Careful inquiry of pastors in different parts of the country and in various churches would seem to justify the conclusion that in most places the average attendance at the prayer meeting service is little more than five per cent, or one in twenty, of the church membership. Whatever else this may or may not reveal, it certainly demonstrates quite clearly that for some reason or reasons this is not a very popular service. Recently a letter of inquiry was sent out containing such questions as these: What is your

church membership? What proportion attend your prayer meeting? What is the average attendance at the prayer meeting? Do you consider it a successful service from the standpoint of attendance and interest? If not, what in your opinion is the cause? These letters were sent to pastors in all parts of the country, in all the denominations, and to pastors of all kinds of churches—large and small; in the cities and towns and villages; and with few exceptions the answers indicated the same conditions with regard to this service everywhere. Letters sent to laymen in different parts of the country containing similar questions, slightly varied to get the layman's viewpoint, elicited very much the same information, and the same expressions of dissatisfaction with this service, and the same suggestions that something needs to be done for the redemption of the prayer meeting. With few exceptions there was perfect harmony between the testimony of both ministers and laymen. The exceptions were suggestive. For instance, the pastor of a large and influential church reported an average attendance at his prayer meeting of about forty, and confessed that it was the most discouraging service in his church. A layman of the same church, a professional man of note in the city, in true booster fashion declared that the prayer meeting in their church was a great service, as all their services were, and he would guess that the average attendance was from two to three hundred, although he confessed that this was an estimate, and that for various reasons he had not been able to attend the service regularly for some time. As one would expect, the greatest diversity of opinion was in the reasons assigned for the lack of interest in this service. These are some of them: Lack of interest in truly spiritual things; waning faith; pressure of business and social life; multiplicity of other church services, and of all kinds of social and business engagements; lack of genuine religious training in the home; abandonment of the habit of prayer; growing formality in the churches; the growth of young people's societies, which in their devotional meetings take the place of the prayer meeting for those who attend; the increased attention to Sunday school work, and the absorption to such a large extent of the energies of the church to build up this service;

the missionary societies, whose services are so often wholly, and always more or less, prayer services; the increase in the number of church organizations, the work of which leaves little time for interest in anything else. These are some of the reasons assigned to explain the failure of the prayer meeting, or, at least, to call attention to the increasing distractions and competitions and difficulties which it must meet. Instead of being practically the only regular church service between the Sabbaths, as was formerly so largely the case, it is now one of many others, which in many churches take up every evening of the week. There are not a few who claim that under present conditions there is no need for such a service, or not such a need as there once was, and that it would better be abandoned as the class meeting has been abandoned, or affiliated with some other service, or something else substituted for it; that the few faithful ones in every church who support the prayer meeting could get along without it, just as the larger number who pay no attention to it, do get along without it.

But giving to all of these reasons whatever weight they should have—and the force of many of them must be acknowledged—it is a question worthy of the most serious consideration as to whether the chief trouble is not with the pastor himself, and whether the solution of the problem is not almost wholly in his own hands. It is a convenient and easy thing to blame the pastor for the failure of the church at any point, even its financial troubles, and it is often unjustly done; but in far too many instances, if not generally, a good case can be made out against him here, strongly established by reliable and competent testimony. Not that the average pastor does not want a good prayer meeting, and would not be exceedingly glad to have one, but that he does so little to prove that he has a very high estimate of the real value and importance of this service. It is to be feared, indeed it is doubtful whether it can be successfully denied, that a majority of pastors give less attention to this service than any other, for the management and success of which they are held responsible. They make little or no preparation for it beforehand, they slur it over, they treat it with no great amount of concern beyond an occasional appeal to the people to come, and so make

the impression that they do not consider it of sufficient importance to give it much of their thought and time. Pastors who have never looked into this phase of the subject might be greatly surprised to find out how generally this feeling is entertained by laymen. The excuse for this attitude of the pastor toward the prayer meeting, whenever he is willing to confess to it at all, is nearly always the same, and is not altogether without reason. The Sunday services must be carefully prepared for, and the two sermons must be gotten ready and cannot be neglected, for the people will not long tolerate carelessness here. If there is neglect here, it can neither be concealed nor justified by any excuse or explanation. This work requires much time and labor. And then there are so many demands of every kind being made upon the minister's time, and seemingly ever-increasing demands, that it comes to be a serious question with him as to how he can economize his time and conserve his energies to meet all of these demands, and what particular part of his work he may neglect or slight, or take time from, to get the necessary time and strength to perform other work which seems to be more urgent and important. And so it happens in far too many cases that he decides that the prayer meeting is the service that he can manage with the least drain upon his time and the least expenditure of energy in preparation. This is no more an accusation than it is a confession. And so it happens again, that the prayer meeting talk or lecture by the pastor is often too poor and insipid and puerile to be properly described. It is without either instruction or inspiration. It puts the old saints comfortably to sleep, and gives the children the fidgets, and irritates the more thoughtful people who come and who know chaff when they see it, and who cannot be edified by a rambling exhortation about everything in general and nothing in particular. Even where careful preparation is made by the pastor, and he has a message and a purpose other than merely filling in so much time, the preparation is too often made at random, and has no connection with anything that went before or will come after, and the people have no idea what it is going to be and, therefore, cannot prepare themselves for it. Where this particular part of the service is prepared for with the greatest

care, too commonly no preparation whatever is made for the remainder of the service, which ought to be the better part—the singing and the prayers and the testimony. The same hymns or songs are used week after week, and about the same number of them at the same intervals in the service, and they are selected without reference to their connection with the theme or keynote of the meeting. The same number of prayers are made, if there are enough present who pray in public to make the usual number, and they are about the same prayers from week to week. About the same length of time is given for testimony, and the same two or three people give their same stereotyped testimony every time. While the prayer meeting is not primarily for entertainment, there is no reason why it should not be entertaining and every reason why it should. There is nothing in this particular service that makes it necessary for it to be as dead as the proverbial door nail.

And so as we study the situation this would seem to be the chief trouble about the prayer meeting. It has dropped into a rut of monotonous sameness. It is devoid of plan or purpose. It lacks spontaneity and life. It is the same old routine from week to week. There is little about it to awaken interest or expectation. It is an extemporaneous, haphazard service. There is little that is bright and animating and cheering and soulful in it, and mainly because preparation for it is neglected or is made without method or purpose. The pastor looks upon it as a service which he does not need to prepare for, until the people look upon it as a service which they do not need to attend. And, now, if we have discovered the cause for the lack of interest in this service, we have taken a long step in the direction of finding the cure. If the reason that has been assigned for the failure of the prayer meeting as one of the regular services of the church is true, and to the extent that it is true, the attempt at the solution of the problem is greatly simplified for anybody who wants to make it. That honest and earnest and persistent effort along the line of remedying this particular weakness will revolutionize the prayer meeting, and transform it from a dead service into a live and interesting one that will make a strong appeal to

the people and become a mighty force in the life of the church, has received very striking confirmation in at least one case where it has been tried, and which has attracted wide attention in the circle of which it is the center.

In a certain church, with a large and intelligent membership, in one of the large cities, and a church widely known for its great activity and conspicuous achievement in many directions, the prayer meeting had always been a poor, neglected, uninteresting, and unprofitable service. Out of a membership of some twelve hundred, the average attendance at that service was from forty to fifty. This had been the condition of affairs in that church for years so far as that particular service was concerned. The same people attended from week to week, who were commonly called the prayer meeting crowd, and all appeals from the pulpit, and in the prayer meeting itself, and in pastoral visitation, failed to bring about any change. Other services in the church were stirring and enthusiastic; this one was dead, and haunted the pastor like a nightmare, and nothing that he could do seemed to give any promise of awakening any interest in it or bringing about any improvement. One day a strong and intelligent and devoted layman, in conversation with the pastor about the failure of this service, frankly but kindly expressed his view as to the reason for it, which was that the pastor took no special interest in it, as the result of which the people knew that they would get nothing when they came and miss nothing worth while when they stayed away. He insisted that if the same conscientious and intelligent work were done in and for the prayer meeting, it could be made as great a service as any other in the church. As the result of this conversation a plan was resolved upon looking to as definite and practical work for the prayer meeting as anywhere else, and to a carefully organized plan to enlist as large a number of the members of the church as possible to carry out the new program. The plan that was finally decided upon and adopted as an experiment was this: to take up a certain definite and connected study running through a whole year, and then by direct personal appeal to secure the promise of as many persons as would commit themselves to aid

in this special work whenever called upon, in the way of papers on special topics, and discussion of special themes connected with the general study. The subject selected for the year's prayer meeting work was, "Studies in the Early Church," which was in reality a study of the Acts of the Apostles and most of the Epistles. The first thing that was done in carrying out this plan was to secure the personal pledge of about sixty men and women, many of whom seldom if ever attended this service, to help in this work for a year whenever they were called upon, with the assurance that they would never be called upon without receiving ample notice as to what they were to do, so that they might have plenty of time for preparation, and would never be embarrassed by being called upon unexpectedly. One of the first surprises was the promptness and cheerfulness with which nearly everybody who was approached with this proposition responded. Then a carefully prepared letter was sent out to the entire membership of the church, announcing fully the plan, the reason for it, when it was to begin, and giving the names of all those who had personally pledged their support and coöperation. This meant work, but since that seemed to be the thing needed if anything was to be accomplished, it was done. The whole plan was based upon these two facts or principles: First, the people are interested as never before in the study of the Bible, and they want to study it, and will, under proper and intelligent direction—if some one will only show them how. Second, the carrying out of this plan made it necessary for the leader always to make the most careful preparation, and impossible for him to arrange the service according to the plan and come to it without preparation, or without advertising his weakness or carelessness. When the time at last came for the inauguration of the plan, the special subtopic for that evening, with a careful analysis and outline of it, and the Scripture that was to be read in connection with it, with the special subjects that were to be discussed and the names of those who were to discuss them, was printed and placed in every home in the church, so that the people might know two or three days beforehand just what they were to expect when they came and be prepared for it. This accomplished a double purpose—prepar-

ing the people for the service and advertising it throughout the church. This also meant a great amount of work and some expense, but, believing it was necessary, it was done.

Now as to the result. First, to the amazement of everybody, the pastor, no less than others, the attendance at the first prayer meeting service under this plan, instead of being forty or fifty, was two hundred and fifty. The thing that nobody believed could be done had been done, and for the first time that anybody had ever seen it in that church, the prayer meeting room was full of expectant people at a prayer meeting service. Second, instead of a dull, uninteresting, and dead service, dragging along in stereotyped fashion from beginning to end, it was a stirring, enthusiastic, and inspiring service. Indeed, the change in these two respects was so marked and wonderful that within a few weeks reporters from the papers of the city were sent to the prayer meeting to report it for the daily press. Think of it! A Methodist prayer meeting in a great city becoming one of the sensations of the hour! Third, instead of repressing the spontaneity of the service, it increased it immeasurably. Everybody was interested and wide-awake and on the alert. There were definiteness and directness and earnestness about everything that was said and done. The prayers became brief and to the point, made specific and definite by the lesson that had taken hold of the intellect as well as the heart. The short addresses on special topics that had been carefully prepared, and the study of the whole lesson beforehand by everybody present through the outline that had been furnished them, stimulated thought, and aroused a desire for conversation and testimony and prayer, so that instead of having to encourage such things to fill up the time, they had to be controlled and repressed to keep from running over the time. Fourth, an interest in Bible study was aroused, which was one of the greatest pleasures and benefits of the entire plan. A common testimony was, "We have never known what Bible study was before; we have never gotten into the meaning of it and become interested in it before." Many who could not come to the prayer meeting—the aged and the infirm and the sick, and those who lived at too great a distance from the church

—with the help of the outlines which they received each week, kept up the reading and study with those who came, and reported from time to time the help which they received. Finally, this prayer meeting was transformed from a service in which nobody took any interest to the most popular and attractive and effective service in the church, and from a service that no one ever thought of mentioning to the most talked-of service in the church, and all the time the true prayer-meeting idea was maintained. This plan was followed in that church for a year without any reaction or diminution of interest. It required a vast amount of work, but it paid a thousandfold in the redemption of that prayer meeting and in the blessings which came to the life and work of the church. With the close of that year's work, which, as has already been stated, led to a connected, logical, and chronological study of the Acts of the Apostles and most of the Epistles of the New Testament, another year's work was planned with this as the general subject: "Studies in the Life of Jesus the Christ," being a chronological and harmonious study of the four Gospels; and thus in two years a large part of the membership of the church was guided in a careful study of the entire New Testament; and the second year's work was no less instructive and valuable and successful in every way than the first. This is the story in brief of the redemption of one prayer meeting.

*Hamport King*

## ART. VIII.—THE CHURCH TO MEET THE NEW NEED

THE Church of God, or its equivalent, is a necessity of human life. The church is the home and the teacher of religion. Religion is an essential part of the man. He would be a strange man who was destitute of the religious instinct and impulse. I do not know where to find such a man. If we make the tour of the planet, we find a great variety of modes of worship, but everywhere worship. We find a savage propitiating a fetish by dancing around a hideous fire, a Buddhist saying his prayers by revolving a wheel with prayers written on it, a Moslem seeking aid of his deity to get the best of his next customer, a Romanist reciting his endless Paternosters in the rosary, a Protestant pouring out his complaint to an invisible Creator. Religion has been defined thus: "The conception which we form of the Power that is responsible for our being, our relation to that Power, and the course of life which results from the conception and the relation." If that be true, then to be without religion is to be void of any idea of life's mission, or meaning, or end. A creature so lacking must be less than human. No one with a soul has ever been found in that state.

Men are religious whether they will be or not. Men and women of all classes and countries in their deepest needs and keenest sorrows instinctively turn to the church for the consolations and support of religion. And who would dare say that untold multitudes have not been made better and happier, and been inspired to fight, with fearful odds, to a triumphant finish, by religion? There is nothing known to mortals to-day, whether science, philosophy, education, art—nothing else that can be named that has done so much for the people in their development and culture and comfort. The heathen Plutarch has said, "You might more easily build a city in the air than give permanency to the state without religion." When we speak of religion we instinctively think of the church. The church is God's chief instrument and method of teaching and saving the world. That is a stupendous

task. In its performance the church has laid herself open to criticism, and criticism is not wanting. In the present state of human society intelligent criticism is healthful and saving. True criticism is not only opposed to the evil but is in sympathy with the good. Its purpose is to build up as well as to pull down. Criticism of the church was never more searching, and perhaps never as kindly, as at the present time. The church has many weaknesses and some faults. It is too openly divided, too secluded and exclusive. The church may be a divine instrument, but it is a human organization. Anything human has its limitations and is easily capable of error. One is not prepared to admit that the church of our day is a failure, though confessing that it is not a brilliant success. The cry is abroad, "The prisons are full, the churches are empty." That is not only a distorted truth, but it is an impeachment of our civilization. It is claimed by the critics that the church is effete and outworn—that the masses have no further use for the church. They say that the common vaudeville, with its immoral and popular ballad, crowds the music halls, while the elegant and costly buildings where men speak of sin and salvation are attended by the scant few. There is truth in that, but it is overstated. There is enough truth in it to make it serious. It is to meet that condition, and to change it, that the real friends of religion and the teachers of truth are using their best endeavors.

History is like a rolling prairie, like an undulating landscape. Nations rise and fall, political parties win and lose. Churches are subject to the same law and share in the same experience. The pendulum is always swinging from one extreme to another. It is hard to follow the safe and happy medium. The church has its seasons of declension and its seasons of holy living and burning zeal. The church has been lingering around the wrong extreme for a decade or two. But the church is waking up; the swing to the other extreme has commenced. The motion may be slow, but the trend is in the upward way. The living purpose seems to be to reach the summit of consecration, wise administration, and glorious victory. The signs are unmistakable. For instance, we have wholly abandoned some needless and foolish

things the fathers did. They thought them imperative, but time and the growth of the spirit of religion have shown that they were mistaken. We don't discuss doctrine in mailed armor any more, nor fight over the mode of baptism until the blood comes. We have found a saner and more profitable use for our energies. We no longer beat one down that another may rise. We are no longer shouting the praises of any peculiar church polity. We have found a better way of serving God. We are now giving our strength to the federation and consolidation of churches. We are aiding in the union of Christian forces in attacking sin and wickedness and in teaching and ministering to the needy. We preach the Son of God, who is also the Son of Mary. We preach him as the Saviour and Healer and Helper of the people. And this preaching produces in the people a new, and loftier, and more life. Our own Methodism is a connectional church. I can see no objections to such a church. A connectional church, if wisely worked, will still prove successful in propagating the truth, and in gathering the people into the fold of the Good Shepherd. Nothing is to be gained by abolishing such a church. It is still capable of meeting the need of the age. Such a church need not be narrow nor exclusive. The connectional bodies are as ready to fraternize and coöperate as any of the other bodies, and often they are in the forefront of such movements. Amalgamation and federation are the watchwords to-day. A few years ago there were many Methodist bodies in Canada; now there is one Methodist Church of Canada. Six years ago there were several distinct Methodist denominations in Australia; now there is but one. Less than two years ago there were five Methodist bodies in England; now there are but three. Three of the smaller Conferences have effected permanent union, and the promise is that before long all will become one. Right here in our own country all the evangelical denominations are already united for service, and some of them are discussing organic union—which without doubt will soon be consummated. All this is getting the church ready to meet the new need of the century and to honor God in the salvation of the people. When the whole Church of Christ stands with a united front, as a solid phalanx, for mighty attack and forward march,

there can be no question as to the outcome. It means victory for sobriety and goodness.

The Rev. Edwin P. Parker, D.D., is the beloved pastor of the South Congregational Church, Hartford, Conn. For forty years he has been the shepherd of that flock. For four decades he has constantly ministered to the best life of the city. A year ago last All Souls' Day he preached a notable sermon, one that, possibly, marked an epoch in the history of that historic church. If one may read between the lines, the alert divine had discovered new needs and that the old order of the stately meetinghouse was inadequate to take care of them. He saw, or thought he saw, what was necessary to meet the demands of the new age. I am in hearty accord with the distinguished clergyman. Dr. Parker thinks it a serious mistake to call churches by the names of living men; he also thinks it a folly to call churches by the names of streets. The South Church pastor likes the name, "All Souls' Church." And there can be no better name. I like Trinity, or Saint Paul's, or Saint John's. But the name is only a minor matter. Here are Dr. Parker's features of the ideal church for this age: First, a church in fellowship with all denominations as with any one denomination. Second, a church cut loose from formal and rigid creed and covenant, with only a brief statement of agreement. Third, a church which should be a free church in respect to its pews or sittings for all who may come to worship. Fourth, a church which would have the Lord's Supper, honored as the Supper of the Lord, where would be welcome all persons, whether members of the church or not, who might be moved with a desire to participate therein. I take that to be a twentieth century statement of an old truth. No truth or principle is sacrificed. Nothing worth keeping is lost. It is simply an effort to make workable in our own day the plan and purpose of Jesus. And, more than that, it is not altogether a new thing. It is hardly an experiment. The method is already in use. The idea is now in vogue. There are Methodist churches already working that plan in the main. Some Methodist churches can be as narrow and exclusive as the churches in any other communion, but, thank God! they are not many. We have churches similar to the one Dr. Parker wants,

and which we hope he will get. Multiply such churches is the call of the hour, and we believe the effort to do so is sincere and general. And the church's best work and greatest victories are before us and not behind. There must be an assent or a consent on the part of the members of a church. There must be a belief. That does not mean that there must be a creed. Creeds have had their day. They are no longer effective. Without doubt they were well intended. Possibly they have done some good; they certainly have done much harm. The church has been loyal to her creeds, and has spent much good blood and splendid brains in the defense of them. All this was considered the very marrow and essence of Christianity. It was child's play, as we now see it, and in some instances paganism. The revolt against the creeds began in the lifetime of many now active in the work. The creeds are retired to the museums and labeled "Obsolete." A creed is some man's or some men's interpretation of the Christ. The Christ is ever new, but the creeds are musty, and odious to modern taste and sense. When we were children everything centered in the creed, and for generations previous. All this time the church was stultifying herself and minimizing her own authority. The mistake was discovered. And now for three decades the cry has been, and is now with increasing emphasis and meaning, "*Back to Christ.*" The church's business is not to insist on the acceptance of a creed, but to invite the acceptance of the living Christ. "*Back to Christ*" is the shibboleth of the times. It is the Christ that the people want, and not some man's views about him. Men are not saved by their opinions; it is the truth that saves. His doxy counts for little, his love is everything. That is the true belief which results in the noblest life. Wesley said, "I'm sick of opinions; give me good and substantial religion." The church that makes a united and direct and wise attack on sin of every kind and name, and with one voice utters, and repeats, the invitation, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest"—that is the church that the age needs, and that will win with the people.

Assuredly there must be a belief. The Christian religion is the religion of faith. Life would be meaningless and without value without faith. The things of the spirit can be intelligible

only in terms of faith. A man must believe something. One can't be a citizen and vote in these United States without a belief and a pledge. There are no grounds for objection to standing before the altar of any church and in the presence of the people saying, "It is my desire to be a member of this fellowship." One can't join any society without doing something similar to that. If I were the pastor of an independent church, I would ask candidates for membership two questions, and only two. They are these: First, Have you saving faith in Jesus Christ? Second, Will you constantly endeavor to be the Jesus disciple by living as he lived and doing what he did? It seems to me that that is sufficient. And, surely, no sincere candidate would refuse to give an affirmative answer to such inquiries. The condition of membership in many modern churches is irrational. To require a person to believe this or that concerning the person of Jesus, or concerning future punishment, or concerning any of the standard doctrines, so called, of the church, is without authority in the New Testament. Such requirement is keeping vast multitudes of worthy people not out of the kingdom but out of enrolled membership. There is room for an infinite variety of opinions on religion if they believe that the Christ saves them from their sins and ever cultivate the desire to follow the Perfect Pattern. This saving faith in Jesus Christ is the basis of all true fellowship. You cannot have a building without a foundation. Here is the foundation. What is the structure? Aye, what is it? It is not a stone edifice, nor a Discipline, nor a code of laws, nor a system of rules. It is not anything that can be put into cold type. It is not matter, it is Spirit. It is the Spirit of the living Body. The church is in the world but not of it. No doubt the church has been coquetting too amorously with the world, and while that was going on the world spiked the church's guns. The church, therefore, has lost its fighting weapon. Too often and in too many places the militant church limps, a wounded prisoner. What a sorry sight that is! The effort and determination now is to get the church back to the fighting line and in fighting trim, for there is some real fighting yet to be done. Sin and Satan have to be fought to the limit. There are persistent foes of God and the people that can be met and

conquered only by a fighting and a holy church. The great thing now is to regain our fighting weapon and wisely use it.

The church is in the world but not of it. It is a great organization, and in parts a complete one. Its mission is not to legislate, but to inspire. Its function is not to make laws to govern society, not to make society righteous by legislative acts, but to infuse love into society, to make people do the right thing by habit and from choice. The value of the coming church and its success as a soul-winner will be determined by the spirit manifest and operative in the life and conduct of its members. It is much more than a prescribed regulation of conduct, more than a social system and healthful environment. It is more than a name, and more than a federation. It is a new spirit—a spirit, mind you—a spirit which rightly places man in his relation to God and to his brother. Its bond will be as binding as a college fraternity, its socialism as real as a lodge, its ministry as beautiful as the home. It is not a legal bond but a loving union. It is law plus love. The law of Christ is, "Love one another, as I have loved you." There are the command, the *motif*, and the dynamic. This is to be the spirit of the new church. I believe we are going to see it and feel it. That is the true aim of all preaching—to hasten the coming of that kind of a church. But one sermon is not enough. It must be the eternal utterance of the pulpit. And the preacher himself must be the shining example of it everywhere. The triple watchword of this church is "Democracy, Catholicity, Purity." These words express the standard and practice of the Church of God in our own day. When these words, in their real and fullest meaning, shine out in the life and service of all the members victory is in sight. The demand is that the church shall be democratic, catholic, pure.

May we have such a catholic church as that? May we? Why not? We have a Roman Catholic Church. Some people would like to have an American Catholic Church. No, no. That is not what we want. Let us have a catholic church without the "Roman" or the "American." Let us have the catholic without any qualification or limitation at all—a real catholic church, the kingdom of heaven on earth as Jesus taught it. That means

God having the right of way, and his own way with the children of men, where men will take Christ as their Saviour and Pattern and follow him, which means to stand together in love and for service. Then let them differ in what else they believe as much as they please. The time has gone by when a few select and cultured people who care more for appearance than ethics can meet together once a week to thank God that they are not like other folk, and engage a preacher who will apologize for their sins, and then call it a church. Never again will that be considered a church. Dr. Ingram, Bishop of London, whose visit to this country will not soon be forgotten, whose public utterances were so sound and stimulating, who so earnestly pleaded for a real democracy, a true catholicity, and a genuine purity, is joined by an ever-increasing company of modern disciples who are preaching and living the real thing. Let them come. They are coming. Hivites, Hittites, Barbarians, Greeks, Jews, Gentiles, Romanists, Protestants—they are coming; and there shall be one faith, and one church, and one service, and one brotherhood, and one heaven. The promise is unto you and to your children, and to all them that are afar off.

Arthur H. Goodenough

## ART. IX.—THE WIZARDRY OF HARDSHIP

How old is the book of Job? No one knows. It must have gone back to a very early age, judging from its customs. Only one author has ever been assigned to it. No authority believes that he wrote it. Moses was credited with it by some. It is not, of course, literal history. It is founded on fact, without much doubt. But it is a poem. It teaches a great lesson in a vivid and forceful way. No man can escape loss and suffering. Religion does not promise that its votaries shall have an easy time. Ease never develops anyone or thing. The wild storm makes the sturdy oak. In the world we are to have tribulation. Christ's assurance was not that we were to be taken out of the world, but that we should be kept from evil. Safety is insured. Even the body might be killed, but the soul would be secure. Rome went to gluttony and vileness when soft prosperity was enjoyed. War has always given men a clearer view of the right. Lincoln did not expect to free the Negroes until the war brought him the vision of the awfulness of slavery. The too greatly petted son becomes a mere sop. Hard knocks alone make character. Deep convictions, not mother's apron strings, will save a boy. The bite of frost puts snap into the lazy tendencies. The dwellers in Southlands are likely to be rocked into idleness by the constant summer breezes. Sorrow's pang gives birth to sympathy. Selfish isolation breeds cold-heartedness. Tears mellow the heart to deep tenderness. Smooth sailing seldom leads to ennobling gratitude. The calm sea is full of rich enjoyment after the dangerous storm. Values are made by contrast. The sunrise paints its beauties on the curtain of the receding night. The glorious rainbow appears only on the rear of the storm cloud. Laughter tastes sweetest following the bitter cup of sorrow or loss.

Sorrow and trouble ask big questions. Faith is often broken by them. They seem to be bent on destruction alone. We cannot always see how they can be of any value. Rebellion grows when anguish is on the face of a loved one. We would make the world different. But we cannot. We must trust the great love

and care of the Father. Think you not if things could be different, he would have so made it? Jesus himself wept at the death of Lazarus. It was not shamming. He felt the heart wrench coming from traitorous friends. He met disappointment and was cut by it. Sin staggered him with its awfulness. He felt real agony. If anyone could be spared, it would have been the only begotten Son. He was not a sinner. But he was human. The pain only beautified and developed, it did not wreck and injure. That is within our reach. We may rise above all the troubles of earth. We cannot stop our questions. We ought to keep listening to them and following them up. It will help us to win. So we may ask again, even though we do not get a full answer, Why does God permit sorrow and suffering? Is there a wizardry of suffering?

Notice a very important matter even in this old-day teaching. God did not send the trouble on Job. It was merely permitted. God was glorified in the final exhibit, and Job lost nothing. This is always so. No power can rob us if we are in Christ's school. Our Father does not send loss and suffering to punish us. He withholds things and permits other things to happen, always with love. It is fiendish to say that he takes away a child, or causes an accident, or sends sickness, or shatters dearly prized plans to punish us. That fits the practices of some parents who punish because angry at a child. But our God never loses patience. Everything that comes may have a value. He is able to give its meaning to us. Things are seldom as bad as we think. An army can be stampeded by pure fright. Two lepers ready to die with hunger, and going out in desperation to the besieging army, scare a great force away from Jerusalem and so save it. The general who can hold his forces steady will seldom meet defeat. Fear is a terrible enemy. It unseats reason and so routs man's strongest power. Calm consideration will discover the harmlessness of most of our threatened troubles. Self-confidence has spelled success with more than one man. Napoleon said that the word "can't" did not exist in his dictionary. Man is big enough to handle most things that come along. He has more ability than he realizes. It has been found that a heart can be sewed up. The other day a bone was

taken out of a lamb's leg, in Chicago, and put in place of a destroyed bone in a man's leg, and amputation was unnecessary. God made us on a large model. He equipped us in a wonderful way. No other creature has such gifts. No one yet knows what man can do. He has not reached his limits. No one can fix them. He may yet talk to Mars. He now flies with ease. W. T. Stead, a great scholar and statesman, has recently declared that it is possible to hold converse with the departed. We dare not say that it will never be possible. We are sure that there is a future life of conscious existence. What, then, shall I fear? Trust, such as is mentioned in the Bible, starts with a careful consideration of what man is. God made him. He was the finest product of a good Father. Is he not therefore capable of meeting any issue with sufficient power? Think this all the time, and the nervous dread that wears out and unsettles will be gone. The unbalanced man becomes almost worthless. The man who can be calm in any emergency is great and capable. To lose control of yourself is to be whipped. It is seen in every walk of life. The baseball pitcher must keep cool or he will get "rattled." The manager of a great concern runs from no problem. The doctor may be hard driven for a remedy, but he must not show it, else everyone gives up. "It must be done" is followed by the "It can"—and the accomplishment. The first necessary thing, then, is to assure yourself. Get calmness by a sane and careful consideration of who you are and who made you. Follow this with a vision of the true God. He is Father. He is interested in every common event. He wills our joy. He desires our growth. Is he to be defeated? Man and God working together intelligently make a team that hell itself cannot prevail against. If this be true, we are ready to face every trouble that comes. If nothing can prevail against us, then we can face the troubles of life with calm confidence, and so we will not be hurt, but, rather, we can get help instead of injury.

But, specifically, "Why" do these things come? God is not changeable. Just as a mother cannot murder her child and retain that name, so God cannot change and be God. We will always expect the mother to act along the lines of love. We have similar

expectations of God. He will not be cruel. He will not enact badness into goodness. He cannot hate revengefully. He cannot, therefore, do a nonethical thing. Every deed must be absolutely righteous, or else he ceases to be God. The very concept of God requires this. If he were otherwise, then all the foundation of civilization would fall out. There could be no stability. Immoral people and communities go to pieces; but if this were mere accident, if standards of goodness were made just by common agreement, then where the evil kind were adopted as right, the community would grow just the same as where common consent accepted the genuine as right. But only those communities that accept the ethical God grow. This proves the vitality and innate value and reliability of the truth, as food properties are proved to exist in a certain article by its ability to sustain life. God cannot change any more than a city can legislate a foul pool into a feverless pond of sweet water. God further expresses his nature in orderly laws. Man has learned that no happiness or progress or even satisfying existence is possible without rules and system. These are expressed or understood. He who has the ability to adopt rules of the right sort is almost sure to succeed in business. General Booth was a mentally poor enthusiast at the first. But he was a marvelous organizer. If system is preserved and order insured, the rules must be rigidly and regularly enforced. The larger the business, the more necessary is this practice. Exceptions always bring trouble. Some young men recently were charged with stealing. It began by instructions that if any engineers who were employed by firms that were large purchasers came in and wanted anything for their own use, they were to have it without cost. Many great institutions discharge valuable men simply and only because they fail to preserve the system, or else talk and act in ways that threaten to upset it. God is not an anarchist. His rules are for man's benefit. They are so perfect that if the world would regularly and universally adopt them, heaven would come on earth. They must be enforced. Sometimes the innocent must temporarily suffer for the sake of others. In the end, however, they do not suffer any more than did Jesus. He died to warn the world against sin. Sin wrought destruction. It

had to be stopped. Many accidents lead to the correction of abuses. John Brown was sincere but misguided. He broke an orderly law. He died, but by his death he awakened the people. He was in a sense a savior because he died unjustly, and so aroused the citizens to the blackness of slavery. The Coliseum at Rome was being dedicated. The architect in whose honor the pageant was being given, on his confession of being a Christian, was thrown to the wild beast. The revolt, when the after thought came, caused the people to forever cease human murder for delight purposes. He was the suffering deliverer. When the children were burned in New York Harbor a few years ago people blamed God. But if he had interceded and saved them, then every ship would neglect preventives against a similar disaster. A Deity that constantly interferes could develop no self-reliant and capable creatures. He may interfere much more than we know. Mr. Wright was not killed when his flying machine fell some months ago, although the officer with him was. Possibly he was spared to complete the machine. The other man died, and so warned others of the large caution necessary because of great danger. So many of the troubles that come to man are the result of broken laws. If interference occurred, then the laws would be ignored and disorder would result. Sometimes the individual learns the lesson. He may be a guilty transgressor or an innocent one. At other times he is merely used to teach others. We may follow Christ in teaching the world the necessity of obedience to righteousness and the loss that comes from the service of sin.

Our lives may be deepened by the trials and sorrows that come. I do not know why it is necessary for the sculptor to have a mallet and chisel and a trained brain and a versatile finger and wrist to make a statue, but I know that it is so. Without these he cannot succeed. I do not know why a singer must practice so many years and feel the sentiment and see the picture of a song before she can move the masses. I only know that it is so. I cannot explain how it is that mother love comes with the terrible agony consequent on birth. I only know that it is so. I cannot explain why it is that the artists and *littérateurs* that have caught our ear and moved the world have passed through the crucible.

Think of the cheerful prayers and heroic sayings of Robert Louis Stevenson as he was slowly dying by consumption. Remember the Negro, Paul L. Dunbar, who wrote so beautifully while dying from the same cause. Charles Lamb never wrote with power until his only sister became insane and was the object of his solicitous love. It will be remembered that Jenny Lind never sang to the hearts of the people until her own heart was broken by a cruel lover. Wendell Phillips went to his great addresses from the bedside of an invalid wife whom he adored. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" was poured out of a heart mourning for a friend. Frances Willard's matchless *Story of Nineteen Beautiful Years* was the love song for a dear, departed sister. It has been true in some way that the higher art is only taught in the school of suffering. We cannot escape. Some make it worse. A few are always making a mountain out of a mole hill. They seem to "enjoy" poor health. They always have trouble, because they talk about it, look on the dark side, and hunt for it. If it is not dark, they will turn out the lights. Others never have any trouble. They look at it with open eyes. They see the deeper value. Few things even test their faith. Other things drive them into the mountain of prayer. There they see Moses, Elias, and Jesus, all made perfect through suffering. Many imaginary troubles may be avoided or thrown off if we remember who we are and who God is. We are capable of meeting most things single-handed if we avoid fear and hold steady, if we defeat worry and throttle anxiety about the future days. But some things come to us and our dear ones that we cannot understand. We rest by trusting. Our God has proved himself worthy of it. He has never disappointed a people or an individual. Then we can remember that if his hand holds ours, and his voice directs, we can use these troubles to make character, as the sculptor uses his tools to make immortal statues. We are to fashion a soul fit to live with God. Jesus used these things to shape his own soul into matchless beauty. We can do the same. Do not be depressed or discouraged. Deepen faith. Draw out the deeper nature. Many a silly girl has become a solid, capable mother in one night of terrible suffering. Many a cold-blooded man has been turned into a brother of man by some terrible tragedy.

The great Mildmay Mission, perfectly incalculable in its influence, came from the love of parents who lost their only child and so learned to love other children. The Florence Crittenton Homes are memorials of a departed daughter. The tender touch of sympathy that heals the heart's hurts is not made by mental training. Machines make almost anything that a man can now. There is only one thing deeper that a man can produce, and that is the fruits of a trained deepened character. We may not get large notoriety, we may not amass money, but we may all school ourselves by rightly interpreting and using the common affairs of common life until we are endowed with a character that nothing else can purchase. We can then be of service to the world in a way that no one else can. The necessary sorrows and troubles of life may be the tools we use to equip ourselves to be valuable to humanity, and so to God. Grenfell takes his life in his hand every day and does it with all joy because he is of service to the neglected. Jesus said to Peter, "Satan hath desired thee to sift thee as wheat, but when thou art recovered, comfort thy brethren." The rich characters who have used their sorrows and opportunities are the only ones whose death impoverishes the world. The mere man of money is never missed. He leaves all his riches behind. Even when millionaire corporation magnates die, stocks and bonds hardly feel it. But when Frances Willard died, the world sobbed in loneliness.

Then say with Job: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." He will not slay you. Tell your friends that God has sent nothing, but that he has merely permitted some things to come so that you might more fully show the beauty of his indwelling and the reliability of faith. He will not slay. He will not fail. Still have confidence. Still show the calmness of faith. Hold steady. No thing or time will be wasted. God will see to that. As Job came out richer in the figures which his day understood, so will you in the terms of the deeper meaning of richness to-day.

*Christian F. Petersen*

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

## NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE PEAKS AND PLAINS OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE<sup>1</sup>

By Christian experience we mean, as is usually meant, the reception and cultivation of the grace of God ministered to us in Jesus Christ; or the development of character under the leadings of the Holy Spirit. It might be still otherwise expressed. "The life of God in the soul of man" is a good phrase. It could be not unfittingly designated as the feelings, thoughts, and volitions which we cherish concerning the duties growing, in the present dispensation, out of our relations to God and our fellow men. The verbiage is various, but the idea is practically the same, and is doubtless sufficiently clear. We are soldiers of the cross fighting our way through the enemy's country, and there are vicissitudes with which we must become familiar. We are on a journey, and the land through which we pass, far from being the same for every traveler, takes that color and contour which we individually give it by the particular decisions which we make and the course we adopt. We choose our own path, not simply once for all, as between the land of light and the realm of darkness, but every step of the way. Some go about as much down as up, and so their real progress is small in spite of the long lapse of time. The route of some seems to lie through darksome valleys gloomily shut in, mirky and miry, dim and dismal, mist-enshrouded, fog-encompassed, no wide outlooks, no bracing breezes, much obstructed and encumbered. The route with others runs along a broad high table-land, up from which jut quite frequently still loftier elevations that rejoice the climber and lead to ever larger prospects, ever brighter landscapes, ever stronger marching. It is with these latter and their conditions, their methods and movements, that we have mainly to do in this writing. It is these nobler souls who take the higher path, exulting in their freedom, their faces shining as the sun, radiant and regnant, that best show forth an experience in the truest sense Christian, most worthy to bear that peerless name.

<sup>1</sup> Desiring to send out in our November number the spiritual stimulus of this article by Dr. James Mudge, and not having space for it elsewhere, we make room for it in these editorial pages.

It is well to know how to mount the peaks. It is equally well to know how to manage the plains. The Christian life is not all peaks, cannot be in the nature of the case. Humanity is so constituted that it cannot abide a continuous state of high feeling. Our faculties could not endure the strain. The earthen vessels would break under the pressure. After a certain amount of strong emotion there is necessarily a subsidence of the excitement, a settling down to quieter states, an interval wherein the soul revolves the things already learned and recruits its powers for yet further efforts. They mistake who condemn themselves because they are not always at the same pitch of ebullition, with the same shoutings and spoutings, and who think there must be an outward demonstration whether it be called for by anything within or not. Such forcing of the fervors finds alliance with the contortions of the Baal worshipers or other manufactured pagan pieties rather than with the calm, controlled, reason-governed religion which exhorts its votaries to be babes in malice but men in mind. Yet emotions are essential, and the peaks play an important part in all genuine Christian progress. There is, of course, an exceedingly pronounced peak at the very beginning of the Christian life, and in nearly all cases where that life prospers there are various other peaks of an extremely salutary and significant sort. The Rev. Benjamin M. Adams, one thoroughly well qualified to speak with authority in the matter, was accustomed to say, "The souls of men get on toward God, as a rule, by a series of crises." "Crises" is only another way to spell peaks. Such occurrences are called for by the way we are put together. An absolutely uniform movement of the mind for a long succession of years is hardly conceivable. Peculiar junctions of transition are bound to take place, turning points led up to, in all probability, by an outwardly uneventful period and followed, perhaps, for a time by a similar comparative blank. Decisive changes, partly paroxysmal, come only at intervals. They constitute epochs of lasting consequence, memorable, far-reaching in their effects, from which we reckon. It is hardly too much to say that to prepare for these crises, to watch for them and turn them to good account by a proper following up, constitutes a very large part of Christian generalship.

As to the conversion peak not much need here be said. Is it less plain, pointed, prominent than it used to be? Has the entrance on the Christian life, taking place now in so large a number of cases at a very early age and from families with well-ordered habits, come

to be scarcely marked with emotion at all, and hardly to be counted as a peak or distinguishable in any sense from the plain that precedes and succeeds? If so, we must account it a pity and a peril. Let Methodism increase in culture and in worldly goods, grow to include men of mark and means, women of wealth and wisdom, choice children, fine families. Yes, this is inevitable and not lamentable, this is good; but the good will be sadly mixed with evil if, along with this elevation of manners and morals, there must come a lowering of the standard of vital piety, an erasure of the dividing line that marks off the church from the world. The hurrying of masses into the fold with little or no change of heart, with little or no testing and training through the class system, with a probationary period merely nominal or wholly wiped out, is not likely to add to the positive strength of the church. Numbers are increased in this way, but real efficiency is lessened. It is not a time to explain away the necessity for regeneration. Still stands the ancient, authoritative word, "Ye must be born anew, from above; that which is born of the flesh is flesh, that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." The twice-born, the spirit-born, they only can give a clear testimony to the power of Christ to save, they only have the inward witness that their sins have been forgiven and they made partakers of a heavenly calling. We cannot afford to dig down this peak.

This will generally be admitted. There are those, however, who think that, this peak once surmounted and the table-land of a new life reached, there is nothing further to be done in the way of climbing, that the rest of the way lies perfectly level to the feet, or, at the most, with only a gentle inclination needing but little effort. How about this? There is in it a certain measure of truth in that we can easily picture a life of this kind; and once in a while it comes to pass. Theoretically, academically, there is no fault to be found with this program. But practically it almost never works out thus. B. M. Adams was correct in saying that "the souls of men get on toward God, as a rule, by a series of crises." Those who move forward with an absolute uniformity, with an even pace, never hastening, never delaying, with naught but horizontality to negotiate, no ups or downs, are surely very few. And in making up a general scheme these exceptions must be put aside. It is easy to see how, in most cases, even if there has been a fair amount of faithfulness after conversion—not absolute immunity from fault, not a pressing on at utmost possible speed, but a creditable degree of consistency and activity—

there will come, sooner or later, a growing consciousness that all is not quite right, that there has been, perhaps imperceptibly, half unconsciously, a gradual slipping back from the point of no condemnation, of unqualified approval, so clearly held, as a matter of course, at the new birth and during the glow of first love which filled those early days with rapture. In the months or years which have elapsed since that happy time there have been a great many moral decisions made, steps taken, battles waged, and not all have come out as they should. Defeats have occurred, weaknesses have developed, there have been mistakes and transgressions, with the result that clouds more or less permanently have obscured the sky. For a while but little attention, perhaps, has been paid to this state of things; it is seen to be common; no alarm has been excited; it has come to be almost or quite accepted as inevitable. But sometimes the soul awakes with a start to the fact that there is something better for it than this half-and-half life to which it was so fatally becoming accustomed. It realizes that it is living beneath its privilege and its duty; certain truths are brought to its notice, certain Scripture texts are pressed home upon the conscience, some shining examples swim into its horizon, intensifying its dissatisfaction with the conditions that have come to prevail. It sees cause for repentance. It resolves that the ambiguity in its attitude toward God and the weakness in its conflicts with Satan ought forthwith to cease, and a new departure to be taken. Thus the crisis. It is eminently natural, considering how ordinary human nature is constituted. The closet philosopher or theologian may elaborate a plan from which all this is eliminated, may leave no place for it in his theory; but the average man or woman comprehends, to his or her cost, that this is the order of actual procedure. Is it not plain, then, why the second peak protrudes? Is not the ascent of it demanded by every consideration? Examples of the benefits thence derived might be quoted to any extent. They are multitudinous. Volumes are filled with them. People that we meet, that we have confidence in, who give every evidence that they know what they are talking about, testify joyfully that this peak has been to them a Horeb, a Hermon, an Olivet, a Patmos, a mount of beatitudes, of transfiguration, of spiritual ascension, where they have been caught up into the third heavens, where they have met with God and have been fitted out anew for service.

Shall we summon a few of these witnesses? They speak a various language, but the substance of their message is the same. In

the journal of George Fox, the celebrated Quaker, is found this confession: "I knew Jesus, and he was very precious to my soul; but I found something in me which would not keep patient and kind. I did what I could to keep it down, but it was there. I besought Jesus to do something for me, and when I gave him my will, he came into my heart, and cast out all that would not be sweet, all that would not be kind, all that would not be patient; and then he shut the door." George Müller, who was so marvelously useful in many ways for the greater part of the last century, being asked the secret of his service, said: "There was a day when I died, utterly died"—and as he spoke he bent lower and lower until he almost touched the floor—"died to George Müller, his opinions, preferences, tastes, and will; died to the world, its approval or censure; died to the approval or blame even of my brethren and friends; and since then I have studied only to show myself approved unto God." Catharine Booth, mother of the Salvation Army, one of the very foremost Christian workers of the nineteenth century, went through a very fierce conflict for deeper consecration, a conflict "far worse than death" she calls it, that she might be certain everything was on the altar and Christ was all. But she finally apprehended Jesus as her all-sufficient Saviour, her faith took hold with firmness, and she says, "From that moment I have dared to reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God through Jesus Christ my Lord." With the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, the famous evangelist, it came a little differently. He had become thoroughly discouraged in his work at Bethany Church, Philadelphia, and was writing a letter of resignation, when something in a religious paper that Mr. F. B. Meyer had written fell under his eye, as to the important difference between our working for God and having God work in and through us. It proved a very effectual word. He saw where he had been making a mistake. He threw himself on his face and prayed, "O God, let it be no longer *I* working for thee, but from this moment *thou* working through me." The Spirit came upon him, and his whole life was changed. He tore up his letter of resignation. He has been a different man ever since. D. L. Moody got his first great quickening for labor at Chicago in 1860, four years after his conversion in Boston. In the great Sunday school of which he was superintendent there was a class of utterly frivolous young ladies. Their teacher was obliged to give up the class and leave the city under sentence of death, bleeding at the lungs. But he had a strong desire to win his class for Christ before he bade them good-by.

So he and Mr. Moody took a carriage and went from house to house, and at the end of ten days the last of the class had yielded to the pleadings of their dying teacher. He had to leave the next day. So that evening Mr. Moody called the class together for a prayer meeting; and there, he says, "God kindled a fire in my soul that has never gone out. The height of my ambition had been to be a successful merchant, and if I had known that meeting was going to take that ambition out of me, I might not have gone. But how many times since then I have thanked God for that meeting! As I went out I said to myself, 'O God, let me die rather than lose the blessing I have received to-night.'"

These five, taken from five different denominations, will do as well as the five hundred or five thousand that might be cited to indicate the glorious reality of this second conversion, this second distinct and definite work of grace divine which God has wrought in so many of his people to their great comfort, and stands ready to work in all who will comply with the conditions and open the door to his incoming.

Peak number two, then, would seem to be sufficiently authenticated, its place on the map assured. But here, again, there is a goodly number who in turn declare, like those previously mentioned, that once this second peak is ascended the pilgrim has nothing before him for the rest of his life but a lofty and salubrious level table-land without noteworthy protrusions or prominent elevations. And here, again, as before, they have part of the truth but not the whole. Some people's lives do run on from this point with a large degree of uniformity and unbroken serenity. Their immediate need seems to have been met, and no other very pressing exigencies occur. They are taught to look for nothing beyond. They settle down satisfied. Their ambition is but moderate. Their little vessels have been filled, and, no very considerable enlargement taking place, no further filling appears called for. Both their temperament and their associations, somehow, lead them to consider this second peak a finality so far as any marked uplift is concerned. But there are others with whom this is emphatically not so. And it seems to us in this case, as in the previous one, that the position of these others is the more reasonable and natural and normal. That is, we see no cause whatever for restricting the "series of crises" by which men get on toward God to just two and no more. Substantially the same process which led to the second will be likely to lead to the third and fourth, or even a

larger number, if there be no artificial obstruction. There was need of the second because at conversion the work done had to be limited, in God's order and in accordance with the restrictions of human nature, to the immediate conscious apprehension of need. Only the thing definitely asked for and laid hold of by the penitent could be effectively granted. The knowledge both Godward and manward being quite imperfect, the change wrought was similarly imperfect, not at all through any lack, above, of power to bestow, but through lack, below, of power to receive. In precisely the same way, when the work is repeated at a subsequent time, the knowledge, though much deeper than at first, still falls short of absolute completion, is still but partial, and the change wrought correspondingly leaves something still further to be done as that knowledge increases. If a soul is deeply in earnest, if it has keen hunger for the fullest righteousness, if it is athirst for perfection, then it will utilize to the utmost all available or discoverable means of growth and enlightenment. It will be constantly searching to know more of God, to comprehend the length and breadth of his law, the largest sweep and scope of his requirements and appointments. It will seek also to penetrate the remotest recesses of its own nature, applying tests of many kinds and availing itself of all possible opportunities to see exactly where it stands. Such a soul will be brought occasionally, as the years go on, face to face with some great sacrifice, will be led to see, in all probability, some previously unrealized depth of possible dedication, will be tried as by fire in some sevenfold heated furnace of affliction, will have some undreamed-of privilege of close, divine union made clear. When this new vision of the Christ-life comes to him, this new chance of suffering, this new demand for the crucifixion of self, another crisis has arrived. It will be easier, doubtless, than the second, for the lesson then learned will abide, he will know how to deal with it, he will not hesitate much, or perhaps at all, he will leap upward, or if there has to be some climbing it will be swift and he will stand triumphant on this additional peak of advantage very speedily. All this if he be not disobedient to the vision. It is an epoch in any event, an opportunity for great good or evil, according as it is improved or the contrary.

Witnesses in this matter of the additional peaks are plentiful. But our space restricts us to a very few. We mention only three. D. L. Moody had a still greater blessing in 1871, the year of the Chicago fire. Things were going well with him. There were great congregations and frequent conversions. But two pious women that

attended noticed a lack, and began to pray that he might have a new anointing with power, a filling with the Holy Spirit. There came a great hunger into his soul and he began to cry out for God as he never did before. "I really felt," he says, "that I did not want to live if I could not have this power for service." It was about this time that his church was burned, and he went to New York to raise funds. "But," he says, "my heart was not in the work of begging; I was crying out all the time that God would fill me with his Holy Spirit. And one day in the city of New York—O what a day! I cannot describe it; I seldom refer to it; it is almost too sacred an experience to name—God revealed himself to me, and I had such a sense of his love that I had to ask him to stay his hand. The blessing came upon me suddenly like a flash of lightning. I was filled with such a sense of God's goodness that I felt as though I could take the whole world to my arms. I went to preaching again. The sermons were not different, and I did not present any new truths, and yet hundreds were converted. I would not now be placed back where I was before that blessed experience if you should give me all the world; it would be as the small dust of the balance." Another great evangelist, Charles G. Finney, who had a very remarkable conversion when twenty-nine years old, and then sixteen years after had entered on what he calls "an altogether higher and more stable form of Christian life," after a season of great searching of heart, six years subsequently had a still more thorough overhauling and a consecration in a higher sense than he had before conceived possible. In consequence, he says, "My mind settled into a perfect stillness. My confidence in God was perfect, my acceptance of his will was perfect, and my mind was as calm as heaven. At times I could not realize that I had ever before been truly in communion with God. I have felt since then a religious freedom, a religious buoyancy and delight in God and in his word, a steadiness of faith, a Christian liberty and overflowing love that I had experienced only occasionally before." Alfred Cookman bears testimony to a number of fillings with the Spirit. He writes, late in life: "I am climbing up, and wish to do so forever and ever. I am panting for more of God. I used to maintain that the blood was sufficient, but I am coming to know that tribulation brings us to the blood that cleanseth. Cleansed from sin, let us go on, concerned to be without wrinkle or any such thing. After the washing or purifying there are other processes used by the power of the Spirit of God in smoothing and adorning and perfecting our characters."

It seems to us that the best results in Christian experience are reached when these various crises, or peaks (not merely one or two), are emphasized as in the divine plan and clearly held before the gaze of the celestial pilgrim. Much depends for him on having his ideals continually heightened and clarified. Unless he is taught to look for a good deal he will not attain very much. The goal must be kept in advance to secure constant stretching forward. A lofty standard is indispensable to lofty achievements. A thoroughly Christlike walk, a life on the pattern of the Master, is so very large a thing that it may well seem to recede as we draw nearer. A perfect faith—which leaves no moment and no spot unassociated with God, which makes the presence of God an immediate reality all the time, which fills all events, the smallest as well as the greatest, with his loving-kindness, which turns earth into heaven—is one of the distant peaks. So is perfect patience, especially for some natures, a patience that waits without ever an atom of discouragement, that suffers without ever a particle of complaining, a patience that never fails, however unexpected and severe the test to which it is put, however dull and careless the servant or workman, however unreasonable and unready the assistant, however slow and stupid the pupil; a patience that never toward subordinates, equals, or superiors indulges a peevish thought or gives vent to a petulant look; a patience that even under the greatest provocation is considerate, forbearing, and submissive. Must we not say the same of perfect humility, perfect watchfulness, perfect contentment, perfect union with God's will? They who glibly claim to have reached these things with little effort and in a very short time after starting out from the City of Destruction, by some incomprehensible short-cut, can hardly be considered as having completely realized what they say, must, indeed, be set down as so superficial and shallow in their way of looking at these deep things of God as to make their testimony of little value.

This paper, to be at all complete, should contain some counsel as to the best methods of peak-climbing, and a little advice as to how to make the most of the more sedate, sober marches on the plains. But our further words must needs be few. The essential requisites for the first of these procedures may be briefly indicated by five terms—ambition, cognition, submission, commission, transmission. The first of these, spiritual ambition (Saint Paul uses it and so we need not balk), or aspiration, lies at the very foundation, for, unless we cry "Excelsior" from the bottom of our hearts, we are not likely

to scale the heights. There must be earnest coveting before possession is possible; there must be an eager, passionate longing, an insatiable appetite—how to get that is “another story” which cannot here be entered on. Knowledge surely comes next, such knowledge as the newly awakened desire will incite one to acquire, for without it the more the zeal or fast running the more one will blindly dash his head against the obstructing trees. Then a surrender, a capitulation, as complete as the light afforded in any way permits, searching, thoroughgoing, unreserved, deliberate, definite, decisive. Next is that committing or confiding of all to God, that claiming of his promises, that trust in his keeping power, that faith which is the connecting link between our weakness and his might, the lever which turns on for our employment and enjoyment the infinite resources of the Almighty. Finally, the transmission or confession, the due acknowledgment of the gift received, that he may have the glory and others the stimulus. All this, so indefinitely expounded, may perhaps in this compact form not be wholly clear to everyone, but the gist of it is here, and with due meditation may be taken in.

The plains of Christian experience have large claim upon us for treatment. For they must, after all, occupy the traveler by far the greater part of the time; and we fear we may have conveyed a wrong impression by this disproportionate attention to the peaks. Let not the space to which we must now restrict ourselves in conclusion be considered to measure our appreciation of this particular theme. Let it not for a moment be imagined that it is chiefly by spasmodic or sporadic effort, by convulsive spurts or spasms, that largest spiritual gains are made. Nay, verily. In contending that the peaks are of great importance and should be completely mastered, we must not be understood as depreciating in any way the plains. It is mainly by steadfastness or patient continuance in well-doing that we reach glory and honor and immortality. Nothing can be of more consequence than that persistent perseverance which presses doggedly on over all obstacles, that determined courage which sees in dangers and difficulties only so many incentives for a more vigorous forward movement. System and order also go a great way in this matter, are as indispensable in spiritual acquisitions as in temporal. Inventiveness in methods should be combined with a well-balanced judgment, such as will prevent the turning off for whims, or the getting side-tracked on the spur of eccentric extravagances.

There are aids to Christian growth which should be continually

laid hold of and on which one may rightly lean a good deal. Books are invaluable—not simply the Bible but other devotional manuals which have drawn their sustenance from the Scripture and have adapted its principles or precepts to the exigencies of modern life. Carefully chosen companionship is a mighty molding influence. The helps in hymns and spiritual songs are greatly to be prized. Prayer, both stated and ejaculatory, must in no way be omitted. A devout habit of speech should be cultivated, and every opportunity for self-sacrifice fully utilized. By these and other “arts of holy living” (to use the suggestive phrase of the Discipline, ¶ 123) we may steadily grow in grace. But that regular advancement will not preclude, it will rather assist, the irregular or very special advancement which we have indicated as having a legitimate, an almost indispensable, place in the scheme of progress. Whether by peaks or by plains, indeed both by plains and by peaks, mingled in due proportion as temperament and condition may demand, it is our place and privilege to “get on toward God,” to come into ever closer fellowship with him, to represent him more worthily among men, to have a fuller, higher, richer Christian experience day by day. It is one of the primary aims of this REVIEW to promote this result in the minds and hearts of its readers.

## THE ARENA

### PROGRESSIVE SANCTIFICATION

METHODISM has a marvelous inheritance which it cannot prize too highly. But to make the most of it requires wisdom. It is not wise to ignore the fact that in the course of one hundred and fifty years many things have changed. The frank recognition of this implies no touch of disloyalty to the founders. We should no more be expected to remain stationary in all the details of doctrine than in those of polity. We cannot afford so to do. Modifications in the one as well as in the other are imperatively demanded from time to time by the altered conditions that confront us. Yet, of course, such adaptations should be so managed as to retain all advantages while dropping all incumbrances. This process, we fully believe, is called for in the case of the doctrine of Christian Perfection which, from the beginning, has stood so close to the center of Methodism's peculiar message and largest effectiveness. It has not, practically, the place now it once had. And the reason is obvious. There has been a lack of adjustment. The old presentation has failed, now for some time, to commend itself at the bar of clear thought, and the opposition of intelligence, joined to the opposition of carnality, leaves it very little chance to make headway. Furthermore, certain evils, not unknown in early days, have developed so offensively as to offer serious obstacles, creating in many minds a disgust at the terms most commonly employed. Evidently, then, what is needed for the best interests of the church is a new statement of this precious truth, such a one as will free it both from intellectual objections and from practical obstructions. Only thus can it take once more the place from which it has fallen, and do the good for which it is designed.

A very little alteration will accomplish this. Two things, and only two, must be made prominent in the teaching that shall meet the need. The essentials are these: (1) Perfect loyalty to Christ; a consecration brought sharply up to the furthest, latest limit of light or knowledge, involving in most cases a very distinct second work of grace, a marked epoch in experience from which an exceedingly blessed new departure is taken. (2) Unceasing devotion to the progressive realization of a complete mastery of all that is involved in ideal character and faultless, Christ-like living. These two things are enough. Less would not do; more are not necessary. A single aim, whole-hearted in its mighty purpose to do all God's will and nothing else, combined with an intense longing to know ever more and more what that aim in its widest inclusiveness, its fullest development, its entire articulations and implications, may comprise, cannot fail to result in a magnificent life. It means loving and serving God with all our present powers, together with a persistent effort to increase those powers, to know more and so be able to do more for him.

A statement on the above lines does not lend itself to fanaticism, or censoriousness, or misapprehension. It does not lead one into metaphysical bogs unfathomable, or raise points of doubtful philosophy and recondite, obsolete theology. It steers clear of distracting, belligerent dogmatics and uncharitable, unprofitable controversy. It affords no standing ground for partisanship, cliquism, or schismatical proclivities. It is unassailable, unmistakable, strategic, clear, conclusive. It is sufficiently Wesleyan to secure all the benefits which the church has found in the ordinary holiness movement. It is sufficiently catholic to unite under its banner all genuine believers in Jesus, all deeply earnest souls who are hungering for the closest possible walk with God. It leaves in the background certain incomprehensible speculative quiddities in no way important or productive of the best results, but which have, on the contrary, led to much evil. It gives free scope for a thoroughly reasonable, simple, scriptural propaganda such as we have not had for a long while, and cannot have under the more usual teachings, but which the church tremendously needs. It lays the emphasis on a right will and a constant growth. It makes the Christian life one from beginning to end, as the Bible does, one in kind but subject to ever-increasing degrees of knowledge, which, when followed by corresponding consecration, open the way for ever-increasing degrees of purification or empowerment. It makes the whole mind and image of the Master the specific goal toward which we constantly press and to which we steadily approximate. It embodies a wholesome holiness, a sensible sanctification, a practical Christian perfection, something which can be preached in our churches without embarrassment or embitterment, without fear or friction, and something approved by the most critical philosophic thought. It is a continuous rather than a consummated sanctification, not an absolute finality at any point, but exerting an immense stimulation at all points. If adopted, it will inaugurate a higher type of religion among us, and will contribute vastly to the spiritual prosperity of the church, bringing back much of the old-time power.

Is there any good reason why this proposed modification should not be adopted, why this old doctrine in somewhat altered dress should not take a new start in these days, and marvelously bless the people? The present writer can see none. The limitations of this article do not permit him further enlargement. He will welcome correspondence on the subject, and if there be sufficient response, will gladly print a more extended exposition, for which his fifty years of experience and study in these things should give him some special qualifications. He is an intense lover of holiness in all senses of the word, and of the Methodist Episcopal Church in all its departments of activity.

Malden, Mass.

JAMES MUDGE.

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#### THE JESUIT'S OATH

A LONG so-called Jesuit's oath was sent to me. It says that the Pope has power to depose heretical kings, all such reigning illegally without

his sanction, and that all heretical states may be destroyed. It declares the doctrines of the Church of England, of the Calvinists, Huguenots, and other Protestants damnable, and those to be damned who will not forsake the same, and the one taking the oath promises to do all he can to destroy all their pretended power. This hair-raising document led me to look into my authorities to find out what exactly was or is the oath or promise taken by men joining the famous Society. These oaths are found in the *Constitutionis Societatis Jesu*, part 5, chapters 3 and 4, and are quoted in full in Huber, *Jesuitenmoral*, Bern, 1870, Latin in notes pp. 17-19, German translation in text, pp. 55-57, and in English in Nicolini, *History of the Jesuits*, London (Bohn), 1854, pp. 47-52, though he overlooks a long oath taken by the professed, and the novice's oath also in Steinmetz, *The Novitiate, or the Jesuit in Training*, London 2d. ed., 1847, pp. 200-1. After a trial of two years the novitiate takes the following oath, by which he becomes an approved scholastic or student:

Almighty everlasting God! I, N. N., although most unworthy in thy divine sight, yet relying on thy infinite pity and compassion, and impelled by the desire of serving thee, vow in the presence of the most Holy Virgin Mary and thy universal court of heaven perpetual poverty, chastity, and obedience in the Society of Jesus to thy divine Majesty; and I promise to enter the same society, and live in it perpetually, understanding all things according to the Constitution of the Society itself. Of thy boundless goodness and mercy through the blood of Jesus Christ I hereby pray that thou wilt deign to accept this sacrifice (*holocaustum*) in the odor of sweetness; and as thou hast granted the desiring and offering of this, so wilt thou give thy abundant grace for the fulfillment.

After a residence of from eight to fifteen years as scholastics devoted to learning and to sinking themselves still further into the spirit and methods of the Society, this second class advances to the third, namely, that of coadjutors. These take the following oath:

I, N. N., promise to Almighty God before his Virgin Mother and the whole court of heaven, and to thee, Reverend Father, President-General of the Society of Jesus, holding the place of God, and to thy successors, or to thee, Reverend Father, in the place of the President-General of the Society of Jesus, and to his successors, holding the place of God, perpetual poverty, chastity, and obedience, and according to it [i. e., the obedience] special care in the education of boys, according to the mode set down in the Apostolic Letters and in the Constitutions of the said Society.

The above two vows are simple, as dispensable vows are called, and those taking them are permitted to leave the order for sufficient cause. The third vow, taken by the fourth class, or the professed, constitutes the Jesuits in the highest sense of the word, and is taken for life. This does not mean that members in this class cannot leave the order at all. What is meant is this, to quote Frins, S. J. (In *Wetzer und Welte*, 2 Aufl. VI, 1382 [1889]), that the "members of this class can never in and for themselves be fully released from their vows; and are permitted to leave the order only for the most weighty and most pertinent grounds." When Jesuits become professed, they make the following vow:

I, N. N., make profession and promise to Almighty God, before his Virgin Mother and the universal court of heaven and all standing by, and to thee, Reverend Father, President-General of the Society of Jesus, holding the place of God, and to thy successors, or to thee, Reverend Father, Vice-President-General of the Society of Jesus, and to his successors, holding the place of God, perpetual poverty, chastity, and obedience, and according to it peculiar care for the instruction of children, according to the method of living contained in the Apostolic Letters of the Society of Jesus and in its Constitutions. In addition I promise special obedience to the chief Pontiff in regard to missions, so far as may be contained in the same Apostolic Letters and Constitutions.

Some of the professed are excused the part of the oath concerning foreign missions, but all must take, in addition to the above general vow, and after it, the following oath:

I, N. N., . . . [omitting for the sake of space the introduction as above] promise that I shall never for any reason do or consent that what is ordained about poverty in the Constitution of the Society shall be changed, unless when from just cause of things impelling poverty should seem to be better restricted. Further, I promise that I shall never by any act or pretense even indirectly seek or move for any honor or dignity of the Society. Further, I promise that I shall never care for nor seek any honor or dignity outside of the Society, nor consent to my election, unless compelled by obedience to him who can enjoin me under penalty of sin. Besides, if I should know of anyone who cares for or seeks the aforesaid honors, I promise to divulge him and the whole case to the Society or the President. In addition, I promise, if it should ever happen that for some reason I should be advanced to be president (or bishop) of any church, for the care which I owe to the salvation of my soul and to the right administration of the matter imposed upon me, the President-General of the Society having for me in that place and number, that I shall never refuse to hear the counsel which he or any of the Society whom he may substitute for himself deigns to give me. I promise always to yield to counsels of this kind if I judge them better than those which come to my own mind: understanding everything according to the Constitutions and declarations of the Society of Jesus.

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**THE ITINERANTS' CLUB****SPONTANEITY AND METHOD IN CHRISTIAN SERVICE**

THE reforms and reformers of our time are busy with the study of methods. This is certainly in harmony with the spirit of the age and is eminently scientific. How to teach, how to preach, how to investigate, how to restore the fallen, how to destroy the prevailing vices are subjects of exhaustive study. No one would undervalue the study of the best methods of doing good. The doing may be often useless if method be wanting. And yet too much method may become a hindrance to usefulness rather than a help. It is hurtful if the devotion to method makes the work of doing good purely mechanical. If it starts persons on an errand of mercy armed with everything but a deep interest in the work, it will prove comparatively ineffectual. If the work is merely mechanical to carry a loaf of bread, or to provide clothing for the naked, it may be done by one who performs the duty with fidelity if not with delight; but if the mission is to help people in its highest sense, to give courage to fight the battle of life, to enable them to turn from the lower enjoyments to the higher, to seek the invisible rather than the visible, then no one can do it but he who does it spontaneously and from the heart.

Imagine, if you can, a machine with feet to walk and hands to distribute, going to the houses of the poor, giving a loaf of bread here, a pair of shoes there, a coat yonder; it could feed the hungry and clothe the naked as if it were a human being. But what power would it have to ennoble or elevate those whom it helped? God's service must have flesh and blood, heart and sympathy behind it, else all good accomplished may fall of achievement. The proper proportion of things should always be preserved. It is a duty to devote a proper amount of attention to the "how," but too much time thus spent is wasted. Suppose a general should be drilling his army when the enemy came upon him, and while his foes were pressing him hard in all directions should explain his inaction by saying, "My troops are not well drilled yet, and I must finish the parade before I give battle," how unwise he would be! While he was drilling his troops he had been surrounded and captured, and of what value then was the drill in which he was wasting the strength of his soldiers? The time for drill ought to have been when no fighting was to be done. When he was attacked was the time for action. Many organizations which I have seen seem to be spending most of their time drilling. The most they appear to do is to meet for parade and tell each other how it ought to be done; all the while those whom they are organized to aid stand at their door and no one opens to them and offers a helping hand. The truth is there is no time; the workers are too busy holding a convention or mapping out a plan.

The earnest men and women who work spontaneously, ever ready to do the work at hand, and going forth with faith and hope and love, have

the best qualifications for real service. The plan of the campaign and the drill are by no means to be despised, but a convention with lectures and addresses only is no substitute for earnest, practical work. No amount of method can make effective those who have no taste or love for the work. The organized methodical workers are in danger of seeking numbers. It is often still true, as in Scripture times, that there are too many to do the most effective service; they stand in each other's way, they feel no personal responsibility, there is no room for them to move about and work freely. Whoever would work well must have space, room; when the workers are crowding each other none can do their best work. Moreover, the indifferent discourage the others, so that the tone of the whole body is lowered. Indeed, they hold themselves back by false representations of dangers in their path, when courage and faith would accomplish the object without difficulty. None can hope to do their best work when hindered by those who are with them but not of them.

Method is hurtful also if it awakens rivalries between organizations doing similar work. It is to be regretted that charitable and benevolent work should often seem selfish. The attempt of different organizations having the same object to occupy the same ground with others, to get more members, or to secure more beneficiaries, the method of establishing themselves everywhere whether needed or not, is demoralizing not only for the spirit in which it is done but because it is also a marvelous waste of force. The spontaneity of putting forth all effort when it is needed, the readiness to meet wants when they arise, and to see the occasion for service, and to lay hold on it, is a higher and more useful kind of work than the watching of opportunities to add to the power of an organization whose sole reason for existence should be the good it can accomplish.

These remarks are not made with a view to depreciating method. During the vacation season just closed schools of method in various departments were established. Christian workers gathered together to discuss how they should best accomplish the great purpose which they have in view. It is hoped that no word mentioned above will be construed as a depreciation of the study of method, and of the union of effort in bringing about the kingdom of God. It is one of the great things which have come to our times that efforts formerly scattered are now concentrated, and Christian work without plan is giving place to definite and successful leadership. It still remains true, however, that spontaneity must hold its place in the world's movement. The sinking of the individual in the mass, the reduction of all movements to a scientific order must not be overpressed; it will still remain in the future as has been the case in the past that the most successful work will be done by those untrained in method but who have clear vision of duty, and whose eye is single to the glory of God, to the welfare of man. These sometimes pass the bounds of established custom and the formal laws of service, and, yielding to the influence of the Holy Spirit and to their inner sense of what is best and right, accomplish great reformations and become the leaders of their generation.

## WHAT IS A MISSION FIELD?

THE word "missions" is a very familiar one, and missionaries are recognized as a separate class set apart for a definite work in proclaiming the gospel to the heathen world. Mission boards of the various churches are divided generally into two classes, the Board of Home Missions and the Board of Foreign Missions. The Board of Home Missions includes territory controlled by the country in which the church which sends forth the missionaries is situated. The Board of Foreign Missions means missions in all foreign countries. It may be well to consider the various fields of missionary enterprise, and note whether these distinctions should be literally observed, and what are appropriate mission fields for the church.

The foreign missionary idea is found clearly in the Holy Scriptures. In a certain sense Abraham was a missionary; he had a divine command to leave his country: "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, . . . unto a land that I shall show thee." Through him and his posterity there was to come a world-wide salvation: "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." It is one of the great universal proclamations which show how early the world-breadth of salvation was revealed. Jonah is a distinct case of a mission to a foreign land and to a hostile race. Jonah was commanded to go to Nineveh, that great city, and make the proclamation of the doom that rested upon the people because of their sins: "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown."

But the full light for universal human salvation came only with the incarnation, life, and death of our Lord Jesus Christ. It was he that proclaimed in all its fullness the universal message to his disciples, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." We need then to renew the inquiry, "What is a mission field?" And the answer must come: "Every field, everywhere, that needs the gospel of Jesus Christ." Wherever men are lost, and need help, there is the field for Christian activity and Christian faith. That field may be in one's own neighborhood in some particular race or community settled there. It may be in some foreign country where the gospel light has not dawned and the name of Jesus is utterly unknown. It may be in an American Christian community where the gospel message has become weak and the Christian life has become impaired. It may be in a nominally Christian land where for centuries the name of Christ has been known, and where much of Christian truth prevails, but where it has been obscured by the traditions of men or overlaid with human additions. And this raises the question, of special interest just now, in relation to missions to nominally Christian lands. The two great churches where, in the view of Protestants, the need is supposed to exist are the Roman Catholic and the Greek Churches. Our friends of the Roman Catholic faith say that Protestants have no place in Italy, or in Austria, or in Spain, where that church holds extended sway. We would really have no place there if the church had remained as it was in the apostolic days, preserving the fervor of the Christian life and the splendid spirit of the early church; but without

discussing the cause, we have to acknowledge that the lands that have been formally controlled and are nominally under the ecclesiastical domination of the Roman Catholic Church have lost their hold of the vitalities of the gospel. Statisticians tell us that a large part, if not the majority, of the people in Italy, the seat of the Roman Pontiff, have passed into atheism, rationalism, or agnosticism; and yet we are told by our friends of that faith that we have no right there. Surely if they have failed, and do not hold their own, somebody ought to have opportunity to restore the faith that has been lost. Thus Italy becomes a mission field, and we plant our churches there, and the gospel is proclaimed and souls are converted there, and it should be a matter of rejoicing, and not of censure, that Protestants are there to carry forward the cause of Christ, and with God's blessing reestablish the church in the doctrines of the Epistle to the Romans.

The same is true of Russia under the control of the Greek Church. The story of religious oppression and superstition there is a commonplace one, and the need of Protestantism in that land of ignorance is visible to all eyes. Shall there not be a mission field there, and shall not the Church of God see to it that the light of Christianity, in its early freshness, shall break again upon lands where once it shone in its splendor?

We may apply this thought also as a reason for our being in northern Europe in the lands where Protestantism has such wide influence. Her scholars, her poets, her orators, are a part of the heritage of the world, but in many cases the light has grown dim, and it needs the power of the gospel to lift up its people. They are not a benighted people; in some respects they are our teachers, but they have in many cases become lukewarm and cold. An intellectual rationalism has weakened the power of the plain gospel. Why are we there? our friends ask us. We are there not to destroy that which is good, but to quicken it into a new and fresh life. It is acknowledged that Methodism did this for England. England was steeped in unbelief and degraded in character when John Wesley appeared and awoke the people to a sense of their sins and to the possibilities of the new life in Jesus Christ. The story and the mission of the Wesleys, especially of John Wesley, is now a part of the history of the world, and it is the business of Methodism to renew that story and that work wherever there is darkness or wherever coldness or infidelity has come. Methodism is not the foe of true Christianity in any place. She would not break down anything that is good and strong and healthy, but would invigorate all churches and all places with the life which she feels that she has received as a special trust. So when we ask, "Where is a mission field?" we say, "Wherever there is coldness and lukewarmness, wherever there is sin and wrong, wherever there are burdened hearts and anxious spirits—wherever men need the gospel in any land, there is the mission field of the church."

The message of the missionary is also a matter of interest. Every denomination of Christians has some special doctrine or method which called it into existence. Around some peculiarity not necessarily vital or fundamental the various branches of the Christian Church have been

gathered, so that each branch regards itself as having a powerful reason for its own existence. This strong conviction of the importance of the special message committed to each denomination has been the basis of much of the advanced Christian movements of the world. In proclaiming the precious doctrine they have also announced the fundamental truths common to all. No church thus far has felt itself excluded from opportunity to set forth its own message merely because another Christian denomination is there. It is true that a movement of great force has arisen which proposes to eliminate much of this and to diminish if not eliminate entirely the number of denominations into which the Christian Church is divided, and this is certainly a wholesome tendency; but that time has not yet come. People still gather around the peculiarities of their separate systems, and in our movements for the world's betterment we need to recognize conditions as they are.

The Roman Catholic Church complains that the Protestants invade her own particular territory, and yet in nominally Protestant countries she has not hesitated to regard them as mission fields and to do her best to win the people to her own communion. She is one of the most aggressive forces in America and in England. If one visits Greece, he will find a Roman Catholic church in Athens; also he will find a Roman Catholic church in Jerusalem. She has been a great missionary organization, and has a society for the propagation of the faith. She does not hesitate because of other Christian denominations, and yet there is a feeling among many that evangelical Christendom should hesitate to enter fields already occupied by the Roman Catholic Church.

The Greek Church also, while not so externally aggressive, works in lands that do not belong nominally to its dominion. The Greek Church and her splendid ritual is observed in New York city, and her services are largely attended. No complaint is made on the part of any Protestant that these two great bodies of professing Christians are doing their best to win men to their faith and to turn them from that with which they are now identified.

We might go on and speak of the various Christian enterprises with which the denominations are concerned which enter into fields already occupied by others. It is possible and probable that there will be modification of these views and of this attitude in the coming years, but the missionary everywhere is the one who carries his message honestly, vigorously, and lovingly to those who in his opinion need it. Anything else is a denial of the Christian liberty which was brought to us through the gospel. The liberty to believe, the liberty to think, the liberty to do good to our fellow men is the common heritage which has come to us through our Lord Jesus Christ. The church that is true to itself cannot fail to bear its message wherever, in its best judgment, that message is needed for the establishment and advancement of the kingdom of God.

## ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

## THE HARVARD EXPEDITION TO SAMARIA

SAMARIA, the capital of Israel for many years, stood on a hill 350 feet above the valley at its base, and 1,400 feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea, which, on a clear day, is visible, being only twenty-three miles distant. It rises up majestically in magnificent isolation, protected on three sides by loftier heights. The location is one of great beauty. The valley is verdant with cornfields and brilliant with all sorts of flowers, and the gently sloping hill was at once "covered with soil and arable to the very top." Thus the entire locality is celebrated far and wide for its olives, figs, and pomegranates.

The modern village of Sebastiyeh, on the eastern slope, with its 800 inhabitants, presents a marked contrast to the Shomeron of Omri and Ahab, or the still more magnificent Sebaste of Herod. Shomeron of the Israelites is known best by its Greek form, Samaria, notwithstanding the fact that Herod, as a mark of honor to Augustus, changed the name to Sebaste (Greek for "Augusta"). The many columns, standing or prostrate, and the massive stones and splendid masonry of its decayed walls and fallen towers, bear indisputable testimony to its former glory and afford a feast to the student of antiquities, whose chief delight is to wrest out the secrets of past ages from ancient ruins. The eye is at once attracted by the ruins of two towers on the western slope of the hill "flanking a gateway through an ancient wall." Going south from this gate, one passes through a long colonnade, a kind of a *Sieges-Aclée*, one of the many monuments left by Herod. A little to one side is another row of pillars, once the glory of the great temple erected by the cruel king to Caesar Augustus. The group of pillars on the north side mark the site of Samaria's theater or circus.

These splendid ruins, certain evidence of a glorious past, have for years silently beckoned the excavator and Bible student to make use of pick and spade. At last the old capital of Ahab and Jezebel, the scene of many bloody wars and cruel sieges, is being explored in a thorough, scientific manner by representatives of Harvard University. The expenses of the enterprise are defrayed by Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, the well-known capitalist and Jewish banker of New York city. The excavations are under the immediate charge of Professor George A. Reisner and Dr. Gottlieb Schumacher, of Haifa, the former well known for his archaeological work in Egypt, and the latter, long a resident of Palestine, as an experienced excavator. Professor Lyon, of the Harvard Divinity School, and Mr. C. S. Fisher, an architect of Philadelphia, were also with the expedition. The work was commenced in 1908, and though only nine weeks were devoted during this first season to actual excavations, the results were very satisfactory for so brief a time. The work of 1909 continued almost without interruption from May 7 to November 4. In

addition to the more than two hundred laborers—men, women, and children—from the neighboring villages to help dig and carry away the dirt and débris, there were also thirty-five skilled Egyptian workmen, trained excavators, brought from Egypt to Samaria by Professor Reisner. It is claimed by the promoters of this enterprise that no site in any Bible land has been explored in as thorough and scientific a manner as is done at present by the Harvard expedition. Both Professors Reisner and Lyon have written detailed reports of the work done for the two seasons, and have furnished a number of plans, drawings, and photographs of the places explored. These aid the reader to see at a glance the character and the extent of the work accomplished. These articles have been published in recent issues of the Harvard Theological Review.

The task of tracing out the different walls and of finding the several floors, or levels, and thus determining the exact period, has not been an easy one. In this wilderness of walls crossing and intersecting, built often one into or upon the other, and where, to avoid the labor of quarrying from the solid rocks in the vicinity, it was customary to use materials from an older wall in the construction of a newer one, the services of an experienced excavator become absolutely necessary. Professor Lyon, speaking of this point, says: "The problems of Samaria are very complicated, owing to the disturbance of the site in successive periods of construction, to robbery of the older structures for building material, and to the terracing of the hill for agricultural purposes." While very important results have been accomplished during the excavations of the two seasons, the work has been somewhat of a disappointment. Though Professor Reisner may claim the unique honor of being the first to discover the palace of Omri and Ahab, probably the *oldest specimen of Israelite architecture* on a large scale, he frankly says, "It must be recorded at once that we have not found a line of Hebrew anywhere in the building, nor have our excavations given us the name of any of the kings of Israel." But may we not indulge the hope that further work of the expedition among these ruins may yet bring to light some tablets or stelæ concerning the deeds of the early kings of Israel? There is abundant evidence that writing was known and practiced at this time in all the countries along every side of the eastern parts of the Mediterranean. If Mesha of Moab recorded his deeds and prowess in stone in a language almost identical with Hebrew and that in Phœnician characters, it is certain that Ahab, his contemporary, could have done the same. There is, therefore, every reason for believing that Hebrew records dating back to the beginning of the monarchy, and even centuries earlier, may yet be unearthed by some lucky excavator.

Enough has been done by the Harvard expedition at Samaria to verify the story of this ancient capital as related in the Bible, the cuneiform inscriptions, Josephus, and the Roman writers. The walls, floors, pavements, masonry, and styles of architecture in these ruins are such as to enable the archaeologist to distinguish at least four quite distinct periods—the Israelite, Babylonian, Greek, and Roman. These are subdivided by Professor Reisner as follows:

## I. THE ISRAELITE PERIOD

1. The construction of a Royal Palace by Omri about B. C. 900 (1 Kings 6. 24).
2. The erection of a Temple to Baal and additions to the royal residence by Ahab (1 Kings 16. 32; 22. 39).
3. Samaria the capital of Israel to B. C. 722 (1 Kings 22 to 2 Kings 18).
4. Capture of Samaria by Sargon (B. C. 722).

## II. THE BABYLONIAN PERIOD

5. Babylonian colonies at Samaria (B. C. 720-670).
6. Capture of Samaria by Alexander (B. C. 331).

## III. THE GREEK PERIOD

7. Samaria colonized by Syrians and Macedonians (B. C. 331).
8. Samaria destroyed by John Hyrcanus (B. C. 109).
9. Samaria practically a ruin (B. C. 109-60).

## IV. THE ROMAN PERIOD

10. Samaria restored by Pompey; rebuilt by Gabinius (B. C. 60).
11. Rebuilt by Herod, and named Sebaste (B. C. 30-1).

The subperiods might have been extended down to the age of Constantine, when Samaria ceased to be of any importance or, indeed, to the time of the Crusades, or even later. For archæological reasons it is better, however, to begin with Omri and Ahab and to end with the magnificent city of Herod. "Sinister fate," says George Adam Smith, "to have belonged both to Ahab and Herod," the cruelest of rulers, though fond of pomp and magnificence.

We shall trace the story of Samaria by commencing with the Israelite, or oldest period. This old city, like Gezer and other places in Palestine, must have had its pre-Israelite population, but of that the Harvard expedition has nothing to say, except a mere mention of the cup marks on the solid rock under the foundation walls of Ahab's city. On these rocks, thirty feet below the surface, was discovered a massive wall, sixteen feet in thickness. To judge from the plan and directions of the walls, they must have been those of an immense building. The arrangement of the large open courts and the rooms opening out of them has much in common with the royal palaces of Babylonia. If this be the palace of Omri, enlarged by Ahab and Jezebel—and there can be but little doubt of it—the discovery is of prime importance because of the light it throws upon the civilization of Israel in the early days of the monarch, or at the beginning of the first millennium before our era. No less an authority than Père Hugues, a Catholic professor in Jerusalem, one of the greatest authorities on Palestinian antiquities, has declared this to be the most instructive discovery yet made for the correct understanding of early Israelite architecture. This palace of Omri was built on the very summit of the hill, where access in time of siege would be next to impossible. Its secure position explains the bitterness and length of the sieges endured by Samaria. Three distinct styles of masonry are distinguishable in these walls, representing the original work under Omri, the additions under Ahab, and still other changes under some unknown king. The second period, or the work of Ahab, displays the best workmanship, while that of the third is really inferior. The Bible knows only two builders of Samaria, Omri and Ahab; the inferior work

of a third ruler and builder is not deemed worthy of mention. This ancient palace, once "the crown of pride of Ephraim and the flower of his glorious beauty," has long ago passed into decay, leaving nothing but massive ruins and a few fragments of Hebrew pottery, but not a syllable in writing, to tell of its ancient glory or the life of those who held sway therein.

It is perfectly natural that the Sebaste of Herod should have been grander than the Shomeron of Ahab and Jezebel, for the former was remarkable as a builder of palaces and temples. Josephus relates that Herod rebuilt Samaria on a grand scale and at an immense cost, that he might leave "monuments of the fineness of his taste, and of his beneficence, to future ages." The extensive ruins left "amid this scene of peaceful beauty" bear eloquent testimony to the truthfulness of the Jewish historian, so often accused of gross exaggeration. There were a forum, a hippodrome, a basilica, or public buildings, and a temple of magnificent workmanship and beauty to Augustus. The sacred spot on which the temple stood, a furlong and a half in circuit, was adorned with all sorts of decorations. The stairway leading to it consisted of seventeen steps, of which all but one are still in a very good state of preservation. The original width was eighty feet; now, however, the longest step is seventy-five feet and the shortest fifty-seven. Twelve feet to the south of this stairway stands a rectangular platform, fifty-seven by twenty-seven feet, paved with stone slabs, similar to, but not as large as, those in the stairway. The socles, or bases, of columns all around the stairway, probably of earlier date than the steps and the platform, may be those of an older temple. Near the columnar portico was a Roman altar thirteen feet long and about half as wide, built of six courses of stone each about a foot thick. Near the altar was found a stela, inscribed, but too defaced to afford a hint of its origin or design. Two sockets similar to the one on which this stela rested were found close by. They, too, had their stelæ at one time. The white marble torso of heroic size dug up near the stairway and altar is a portion of a statue, probably that of Augustus, and erected in front of his temple. At any rate, the exquisite work upon this headless, handless, and legless piece of marble, especially upon the mantle or drapery over the left shoulder, is such as could be expected in a statue of an emperor. The large head, in fairly good condition, found two hundred feet south of the torso, is less elegant in execution, and most likely belonged to another statue.

Before leaving the Roman period we must mention the only inscription of any length found in this Herodian temple. It is on a stela four feet high. The following is the translation made by Professor C. H. Moore, of Harvard: "To Jupiter Optimus, Maximus, Soldiers of the sixth and twelfth cohorts of Upper Pannonians, two (?) citizens of Siscia (and) Varciani and Latobici have made this dedication." Professor Lyon thinks that this stela was dedicated after the Jewish war under Hadrian, A. D. 132-134. There is, however, no doubt that these buildings, in the main, are those of Herod the Great.

## FOREIGN OUTLOOK

### RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

AMONG the most significant products of recent biblical scholarship are four works specially and broadly designed to render the results of that scholarship easily accessible to the ordinary student and the educated layman. First among these works we mention *Die Heilige Schrift des Alten Testaments*, in two volumes, edited, with the coöperation of other scholars, by Emil Kautzsch (died May 7, 1910). Third and greatly improved edition 1909 fol. (Mohr, Tübingen). The new edition was so far advanced at the time of the editor's death that it can be finished without serious difficulty or delay. This great work is primarily a translation, but it includes also concise introductions to the several books together with brief explanatory notes. Convenient in arrangement, thorough and judicious in scholarship, it is an almost indispensable help to the study of the Old Testament. It will stand as a classical monument of the best philological learning of the time and of the virtuosity in literary criticism developed under the influence of Wellhausen. As a compendious aid to the understanding of the text of the Old Testament in connection with its literary problems the "new Kautzsch" is unrivaled.

There is, however, another work (now issuing in parts), which, while not attempting to rival the "Kautzsch" as a compendium of philological lore, must, nevertheless, be compared with it. It is *Die Schriften des Alten Testaments in Auswahl neu übersetzt und für die Gegenwart erklärt* (The Scriptures of the Old Testament in Selections, newly translated and explained for the Present Time), Göttingen, 1909 fol. The collaborators are such men as Gunkel, Gressmann, and other representatives of the "history-of-religion school." In plan the work differs widely from Kautzsch's translation. Not the whole of the Old Testament is to be translated; the selections, however, will include all that is of special significance for the understanding of the religion of the Old Testament. Moreover, the portions presented are grouped according to their subject-matter. So one volume will comprise "The Legends of the Old Testament," another will present "The Legislation of the Old Testament in connection with the History of Israel," while still another will present what is most characteristic in "The Lyric and Wisdom Literature." Instead of the very full textual annotations which Kautzsch affords, we find here only the briefest notices, and these are confined to the more important matters. At the end of each division, however, we have an admirable survey of the same for the purpose of rightly estimating its literary, historical, and religious character. It cannot be questioned that this new work, in spite of all that may be objected to in its theological standpoint, is sure to contribute much—directly and indirectly—to a livelier and richer conception of the Old Testament literature and religion. It is a very noteworthy fact that this ultra-modern religio-historical study of the Old Testament

often reaches results that are much more conservative than those reached by the majority of the critical scholars of the older generation. So, for example, Gunkel and his school maintain that Wellhausen, even though he may be substantially right as to the dates of the various Old Testament writings, is much in the wrong in that he fails to recognize the relative antiquity of very much of the substance and form of the Old Testament religion. This "religio-historical method" rests upon the principle that it is religion itself, rather than its literature, that must chiefly interest the theologian, literary criticism having no significance for him except as a means to an end. In addition to this fundamental principle there is a very important presupposition upon which the school is united, namely, that the religion of the Bible is not an isolated phenomenon, but, rather, stands in organic relation to the religious development of the whole human race, and can be understood only in the light of that relation. This presupposition one may grant to be right in so far as it denies the isolation of the religion of the Bible, but "positive" theologians naturally protest against the implication that Christianity may not be the absolute religion. At the same time it is very interesting to note that the younger Old Testament scholars of Germany—such men as Sellin, Proksch, and Wilke—are much more in sympathy with the history-of-religion school than with the older school of literary criticism. But just as Gunkel and his group complain that the school of Wellhausen is much at fault in dwelling almost exclusively on the problems of literary criticism and neglecting the far more important problems of the history of religion, so men like Sellin complain that Gunkel and his group dwell far too much upon the anthropological aspects of Old Testament religion and neglect its theological significance. This newer conservative attitude toward the Old Testament would accordingly recognize and use all that is good in literary criticism and in the history of religion, but would also aim, above all else, at the understanding of the Old Testament as primarily the record of the progressive self-revelation of God. Although the work before us does not represent this more positive valuation of the Old Testament, one can scarcely question that it offers much that is new and presents everything with extraordinary vigor, freshness, and warmth.

The work just noticed is the counterpart of an earlier work on the New Testament edited by Professor Johannes Weiss: *Die Schriften des Neuen Testaments neu übersetzt und für die Gegenwart erklärt* (Vandenhoeck and Ruprecht, Göttingen). The collaborators are representatives of the newer criticism of the New Testament, and their labors have been rewarded by an extraordinarily large demand for the work (second improved edition, 2 vols., 1906-7, reaching to the nineteenth or twentieth thousand). This work and its Old Testament counterpart are often admirably called the "*Gegenwarts-Bibel*" (Bible for the Present Day).

A rival of this, and representing the same theological standpoint, is the *Handbuch zum Neuen Testament*, edited, with the collaboration of nine other scholars, by Professor Hans Lietzmann, of Jena (Mohr, Tübingen, 1906 fol.). The latter, however, is confessedly less adapted than the former to the wants of the educated layman. Its most con-

spicuous excellence is its splendid exhibition of the historical background and relations of the New Testament writings. The enormous illustrative material afforded by the collation of papyri and inscriptions, by the re-editing of Hellenistic authors, and by fresh research in Jewish and early Christian theology is here admirably utilized. Of altogether exceptional value is the contribution of Paul Wendland (professor of classical philology at Göttingen) on "*Die hellenistisch-römische Kultur in ihren Beziehungen zu Judentum und Christentum*" (Græco-Roman Civilization in its Relation to Judaism and Christianity). The commentaries on the several books are excellent. A thoroughly novel feature of the new work is the "*Praktische Auslegung des Neuen Testaments*," by Niebergall. This "practical interpretation" is not designed as a manual for the direct edification of the reader, but as a scientific guide to the practical interpretation of the New Testament. Here, of course, the theological standpoint of the author is bound to be in evidence continually. And yet anyone will grant that Niebergall has made a really valuable contribution to the study of the problem of the relation between the practical use of the Bible and its critical study.

**GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES**

THE *Dublin Review* (London), edited by Wilfrid Ward, maintains a character of its own in which the editor's personal imprint is distinctly visible. Beginning with a symposium on "Reform of the House of Lords," the April number, which is a fair sample, presented a dozen articles, including two poems, one by Francis Thompson and the other by Mrs. Bellamy Storer. Rowland Grey writes of "The Centenary of Alfred de Musset" in a somewhat florid and enthusiastic but essentially fine and discriminating way. Musset found his themes and heroes in old romance, flashing his great imagination into the past and recreating for our joy the figures and forces of a world sombered by the mere fact of being long dead and gone. The power to make dead men and women live and move again in fresh and vivid literature borders on the miraculous. Musset's childhood is said to have been spoiled and unnaturalized by the associations of his mother's elegant drawing-room, the influence of which is held answerable for the dainty persiflage, the scented elegancies of his verse, the hothouse exotics of perfervid fancy, over-heavy with luscious perfumes. Worse than this was his occasional indulgence in objectionable verse marred by audacities of tripping measure and profane audacities of meaning. In one of his poems was a grim passage bidding Voltaire come forth from his charnel-house and enjoy the witches' Sabbath of irreligion and vice and deviltry, then going on in Paris in consequence of the scoffing skepticism which Voltaire had taught his countrymen. Musset's confiding nature often made him the victim of false or injudicious friends, so that he, like Charlotte Brontë, might have quoted those pregnant words of the Duchess of Newcastle, "I can be on my guard against my enemies, but the Lord deliver me from my friends." Henry James says, "Half the beauty of Musset's writing is in its simple suggestion of youthfulness, of something fresh and fair, slim and tremulous, with a tender epidermis." He voiced the songs of Spring with a clear harp in diverse tones, and echoed the note of the nightingale through the dewy freshness of a night in June with only the roses awake to hear and to answer silently with their fragrance. Musset was so much harmed by his Byron-worship that Swinburne labeled him "Byron's attendant dwarf." Like Byron, he became irritable and cynical, and wrote down miserable conclusions, which set them both in dark contrast with robust, sturdy, radiant Robert Browning, whose stanch and splendid optimism, based securely on reason, makes them and their acrid, feeble, and feverish pessimism of no account. Victor Hugo's epigram about Napoleon's supreme influence is quoted: "One man absorbed the whole life of Europe; the rest struggled to fill their lungs with air which he had prebreathed."—Another article of interest in the *Dublin Review* is a study of "Modernism in Islam" as set forth by Hussein Klazin, one of the chief leaders of the Young Turks today. The fierce spirit of Islam has been modified in the lapse of time.

Mohammed declared that there were only three ways of treating the infidel: he must embrace Islam, or pay tribute, or die. Now the Young Turks are urging the Moslems to fraternize with other religious elements as a religious duty. The inadequacy of Mohammedanism, even at its best, is made very clear. Sir William Muir says that the low position of Islam in the scale of civilization is due in part to the fact that Mohammed meant his religion for Arabia, not for the world; for the Arabs of the seventh century, not for the Arabs of all time. Moreover, change and development are impossible because it is swathed in stiff, narrow, rigid rules in which it cannot expand and from which it cannot emerge. Dr. Fairbairn declares that "the Koran has frozen Mohammedan thought." And Professor Krinsky, the Russian Orientalist, says that the inflexible Koran is in irreconcilable conflict with philosophy and science, which Islam therefore denounces as impious. It is pointed out that Mohammedanism in comparison with Christianity has turned out to be a failure everywhere. "It was Christianity (not Mohammedanism) which indirectly won for its followers Magna Charta, Constitutionalism, America, India, Africa—in a word, modern civilization, and the conquest and control of practically all the non-Christian world." Islam at best has only shown itself able to convert a savage into half-savage, but not to raise the half-savage to full civilization. In a strange way, not easy to explain, but due to fundamental defect, it always seems to stop half way, and then often lets its converts go back to savagery. In a comparison of religions there is, on one hand, the unphilosophic, cast-iron, inexpansive definiteness and rigidity of Mohammedanism; on the other hand, the philosophic vagueness, nebulousness, and unintelligibility of Buddhism, and all the other religions of Indian origin. Between them is Christianity, as definite and clear-cut as Mohammedanism, as flexible as any of the ethnic faiths—adjustable to all times and places, relevant and pertinent and close-fitting and sufficient to all stages of human progress, able to carry mankind forward in endless advancement with its practical and practicable counsels of perfection, and with the leadership of the one infinitely divine Christ.—In the midst of its prose articles, the Dublin Review sets a gemlike poem of forty lines, by Francis Thompson, entitled "Orison-Tryst." The poet, Thompson, in a time of sore stress, asked the prayers of a friend, and learned from her that it was already her habit to pray for him every morning. This moved him so deeply that in his heart a poem shaped itself, beginning thus:

She told me, in the morning her white thought  
Did beat to Godward, like a carrier-dove,  
My name beneath its wing.

From that time his own spirit keeps a praying-tryst with hers. As she sends up his name to heaven he sends up hers. If in the night he wakes a while, he fills the gap between two sleeps with the mention of her pure name to God. When the dawn-light pricks his eyelids open his first conscious moment wonders, "Is't orison-time with her? Does she this moment pray for me?" Each new waking is hallowed inexpressibly

by this sacred possibility, which makes the morning seem like an altar and the drifting clouds of sunrise like illumined incense. His soul acquires the habit of visiting the same trysting place in the Unseen Holy; and as lovers used to leave sweet messages for each other in a hollow tree, so, Francis Thompson says, he drops into the breast of God a message for his friend. Feeling that the name of a praying woman may help to gain him access to the skies, he cries her name at the gates of heaven, which she has unlocked for him with the "Name which is above every name." And equally he finds that the name of this praying woman, who daily speaks to God on his behalf, helps him to fight off all the fiends. He says, "I shake hell's gates with it, and the pit's fierce forayers recoil at sound of it." This is Francis Thompson's version of the experience which Hugh Stowell described in a previous century:

There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy seat.

In our struggling, imperiled, and often disconsolate human life no privilege is sweeter or more helpful, and no duty more sacred, than that of intercessory prayer for one another. Nothing else can so sanctify all earthly relationships. We are all in the mood, sometimes at least, to join in Tennyson's cry, "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of; therefore let thy voice rise for me like a fountain day and night." It is this capacity which differs us from sheep and goats, and makes us human beings, capable of communion with the Father of spirits. To know that we are prayed for is a mighty help, safeguard, and inspiration. One minister remembers that his ministry received a fresh impulse one long-ago day when an old man, whose pastor he was, took him up into the loft above the wagonhouse, and pointing to a certain spot on the floor, alongside the carpenter's bench, said, "There is where I kneel down every day to pray for you." The minister seemed to hear a voice from heaven saying unto him, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground"; and he went back to his work with new courage, confidence, and consecration, because of that godly old man's daily prayers.—The following, on a very different subject, is worth quoting: "There are two main ways of approaching the subject of religion. The *first* is that roughly known as the *scholastic*; by which a religion is *examined in itself*, propounded, analyzed, and proved or disproved by logical argument. But there is a *second way* (and that the more usual in these days) by which *human nature* is taken as a beginning, its qualities, its needs, and its deficiencies scrutinized, and from the result a conclusion is formulated by which this or that scheme of religion is indicated as the *answer to the human demand*. The first is like the examination of a key; the second, of the lock which some key must surely open." Here, also, is a point for the teacher and the preacher to remember—the advantage of presenting truth in a concrete form. Grown-ups as well as children learn and appreciate

through the eye things that remain almost meaningless to them after the most eloquent disquisition. Abstract principles must be translated into visible terms. A child, for example, finds difficulty in understanding the idea of sin or virtue in the abstract, but no difficulty in appreciating the significance of a naughty boy or a kind, good uncle. Things almost undefinable can be vividly presented and impressed by example, illustration, incident.—One third of the well-nigh ubiquitous and incessant Benson brothers, sons of the Anglican Archbishop, appears in the *Dublin Review* in the person of Father Robert Hugh Benson, who furnishes an apparently sober and serious, but very romantically imaginative, and, to us, very droll suggestion. He begins by remarking that to Englishmen, as a class, "Catholicism stands for the principles of darkness, slavery, and retrogression: Protestantism for light, liberty, and learning." Quite correct! And Englishmen derive their impressions on this matter from long and large observation and experience of the nature and influence of the two antagonistic forms of religion in various parts of the earth. Englishmen as a class are especially well qualified to have an intelligent, just, and correct opinion on this subject. Father Benson would like to change this English opinion by planting somewhere in England an exclusive Catholic colony, untainted and unvexed by Protestantism, "where real Catholics might be seen digging the fields, writing books, looking after sheep, and doing their duty beneath the eye of the sun"—as the virtuous, industrious, intelligent, prosperous, and progressive populations of Catholic countries always do! We gather that Father Benson wants to transplant a section of Mexico, or South America, or Spain, or southern Italy into the heart of England in order to convince Englishmen of the superiority of Roman Catholic civilization! But Englishmen are not in need of correct information as to this; they are not benighted provincials and untraveled stay-at-homes; they, if any, have roamed and searched over the whole earth, and they know what Romanism is like and what type of civilization it produces in lands where it has had its way and where it owns the earth, with none to dispute its sway. And it is in those lands that Romanism exhibits its true nature. It has made, for example, the Spanish-speaking peoples what they are, decadent and retrogressive; it has given them their belated and backward-facing position in the procession of nations. In the face of such historic facts, the claim is made that the Papal Church is "the foster mother of all healthy life, the friend of all labor, and the presiding genius of all endeavor"! According to Father Benson's notion an exclusively Catholic community would be a near approach to *Paradise Regained*. His pleasant picture of such a village uncontaminated and unharassed by the presence of Protestants is ludicrously ideal and idyllic. It is well known that the worst disadvantage and dangers that Romanists suffer under in such cruel countries as England and the United States arise from their living in neighborhoods infested by Protestants and often in compulsory close association with those pernicious, pestiferous, and poisonous schismatics. Isn't it awful? The beauty of an exclusively Papist community would be that the population would be relieved of all such annoying and perilous associa-

tions. Father Benson tells better than we can how lovely it would be. Listen! "In practically every Catholic family in England there is one consideration always before the eyes of parents: Shall or shall not Jack be permitted to associate freely with Tommie? Tommie is a perfectly delightful boy, and his parents are charming people; but is it altogether good for Jack to pass so much of his time in a non-Catholic atmosphere in the present unformed state of his mind? What if he should fall in love a year or two hence with Tommie's sister, Jane? On the other hand, what is the child to do without companions? And what are companions without free intercourse? It must be remembered that in an exclusively Catholic community such questions do not even suggest themselves. Jack can spend the whole of a summer's day with Tommie or even with Jane; and if he does fall in love with her, so much the better. And this is but a symbol of the whole religious situation; for far as eye can see there is not one Protestant chimney smoking. The Angelus that rings out three times daily falls upon none but reverent ears; the Corpus Christi procession finds every house decorated and every knee bent." And dear, poetic, romantic Father Benson goes on to tell how happy the favored people of such a peaceful village would be. Listen again! "Their whole lives would be lived under the shadow of the faith, without the narrowing effects of always walking in armor, or the embittering effects of endless controversy; there would no longer be the necessity for confining walls on every side, for carefully guarded language and delicate walking, as of cats on glass walls, but God's light and air would be round them, and, above all, God's grace sweetening without effort every action that they did. It is true that they would not escape, even in an exclusively Catholic village, the ancient assaults of the world, the flesh, and the devil, for not even the Carmelite or the Carthusian can escape these things. There would be disasters, no doubt, scandals, quarrels, and even treacheries; there might even be evictions on a very painful scale; yet, at least, the church would have an opportunity, under exceptionally favorable circumstances, of showing what she could do toward helping perfectly ordinary people, who are neither priests nor nuns, and who have no special aptitude for continual controversy or even philanthropy, to live perfectly ordinary lives as well as possible." Not for a long time have we heard of anything so pathetic as the painful necessity which good Romanists in England, living in contact with Protestants, are under to guard their language carefully and walk delicately like "cats on glass walls"—which fine simile makes the situation even more picturesque than it is pathetic. Can it be that there is not in humane England any Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Romanists? We cannot wonder that Father Benson feels grieved and hurt, though we also wonder what his eminent and eminently sane Protestant archbishop-father, if alive, would say to such romantic drivel. Villages untouched by Protestantism are already over-plenty on the earth, in lands where Popery has held undisputed sway for centuries. Our missionaries find them in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, and in coöperation with the United States government are trying to do something there for the

reformation, education, civilization, and elevation of miserably degraded, benighted, and at best half-civilized populations. As we close the Dublin Review we catch sight of two perfectly correct statements: "Catholicism and Protestantism are simply antagonistic principles"; and this, "The capacity for painful drive and grind and for remorseless self-criticism is the prelude to lasting success."——For diversity and for interest, we put into this department two items which do not technically belong here. The first is from President Noble's baccalaureate sermon at Goucher College: "I am informed that they are to open a Lady Chapel, at the new Liverpool Cathedral, with a magnificent scheme of stained glass windows, commemorating the deeds of good women. The names of some who are great appear in the list which I have secured. But what has surprised me, as I have gone over the list, and may surprise you as I submit it, is that windows will be dedicated to many unknown women in that English Cathedral. The list is as follows: Mary Collet, and all prayerful women. Louise Stewart, and all the noble army of martyrs. Christina Rossetti, and all sweet singers. Grace Darling, and all courageous maidens. Dr. Alice Marvel, and all who have laid down their lives for their sisters. Catherine Gladstone, and all loyal-hearted wives. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and all who have seen the infinite in things. Josephine Butler, and all brave champions of purity. Anne Hinderer, and all missionary pioneers. Margaret Godolphin, and all who have kept themselves unspotted in a corrupt world. Angela Burdett-Coutts, and all almoners of the King of heaven. Mother Cecile, and all woman-loving and large-hearted in counsel. Elizabeth Fry, and all pitiful women. Agnes Jones, and all devoted nurses. Queen Victoria, and all noble queens. Lady Margaret Beaufort, and all patronesses of sacred learning. Mary Rogers (stewardess of the 'Stella'), and all faithful servants. Ann Clough, and all true teachers. Mary Somerville, and all earnest students. Susannah Wesley, and all devoted mothers." The second is from Dr. George P. Eckman's little monthly, *The Communicant*, issued by Saint Paul's Church, New York:

#### THE DIARY OF A DAY

Just a sample day, picked out at random, among the minister's varied assortment of days, in the middle of the church season.

6:30-7:00 A. M.—Bathed, barbered, and brushed, ready for business.

7:00-7:30—Left-over correspondence hammered out on typewriter and carried to the post-box outside.

7:30-8:00—Breakfast, newspaper, first mail.

8:00-8:15—Prayers, interrupted by telephone.

8:15-8:40—More letters, which cannot wait a minute, hammered out on typewriter.

8:40-9:00—Out for a quarter of an hour's spin in the open air.

9:00—Find man in the parsonage awaiting me, who says he had "no idea that ministers ever got up early." Same man thinks ministers have nothing to do, so uses up a half an hour of his time on a matter he could have fixed up in two minutes by telephone.

9:30—At desk, with a pile of letters, which must be answered to-day, sorted out of a pile which can be put off till to-morrow. Here are some of the necessitous cases:

John Smith wants a recommendation for a position, though he has not been in church in six months.

Sarah Simmons asks to have her doubts removed about the subject of last Sunday's sermon.

Peter Hawkins left his umbrella in his seat a week ago. Did the minister find it? If so, will he please send it immediately, and oblige.

John Jones wishes to know when he can interview the minister on the subject of old clothes for the worthy poor.

Mary Watson's boy is going to Kalamazoo. Will you be so good as to write him a letter of introduction to a few of the best families there? He leaves to-morrow, so please hurry.

Secretary of the Society for the Improvement of Domestic Servants asks for three representatives on its board of management from "your cultured congregation." Will you please nominate? The board meets to elect this evening. Kindly use inclosed stamped envelope by return mail. 10:00-10:12—Hurried reflection on text selected for next Sunday morning. Rudimentary idea penciled on a card.

10:12-36—Telephone breaks loose for regular morning paroxysm, people by this time having reached their offices. This is the way of it:

"Is this the Whitestone Laundry?"

"No, madam, you have the wrong number."

Objurgations at the other end of the line, solemn musing at this end.

"You have a family named Periwinkle in your church, have you not?"

"No such name on our records, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

"Have you been pastor long?"

"Thirteen years."

"But I met these people in Europe last year, and they told me they attended church on West End Avenue."

"Well, there are several churches on this avenue."

"O, I see! I wonder how I can find them?"

"Better try the directory."

"I hadn't thought of that. Thank you so much."

"Can you speak for the Young Women's Millinery Association next Wednesday evening?"

"Impossible. I have an engagement for that night."

"Could you give me the name of any other divine who might accommodate us?"

"I never make recommendations of that kind. It is not professional."

"That's funny."

"No; it's quite serious."

"Can you see me this evening at eight o'clock?"

"I shall not be at home to-night."

"When will you be at liberty?"

"At one o'clock this afternoon."

"That is a most inconvenient hour for me."

"Is it a matter of great importance?"

"Yes, of the utmost importance."

"Could you not speak about it now, and save yourself the trouble of calling?"

"I prefer to see you."

"Perhaps it will not be necessary, if you tell me what your errand is to be."

"Well, I understand there is to be a vacancy in your choir, and I wish to apply for the position of tenor soloist."

"There is no vacancy."

"How strange! I was told there was. What a pity! Good-by."

"There is an old gentleman on Central Park West I wish you would call on."

"Is he ill?"

"No, but I am sure he would be glad to see you."

"Is he in need of religious advice?"

"Not exactly, but he is such a fine old gentleman! He has an elegant home, books without number, pictures, and other art treasures enough for a gallery. You would have such a good time with him. You could spend a couple of hours very happily in his company, and he would appreciate your attentions, I am sure. His first wife was a Methodist, though he is very liberal in his views."

"I am afraid I am too busy to see the old gentleman until the winter's rush is over."

"O, I thought it would be a kind of diversion for you, and the old gentleman is such a splendid conversationalist."

"Thank you. I'll remember him, you may rest assured."

"I understand you want a stenographer."

"O, I need one, but I don't want one."

"Why not?"

"Can't afford it."

"If you can't afford it I don't know who could."

"Nor I. Good-by."

10:36-46—Blessed pause, in which another rudimentary idea for next Sunday's discourse floats before the imagination.

10:46—Printer's boy arrives with proof for Sunday's Bulletin of Services, which must be corrected while he waits.

10:52—Back to the text once more. Something in the subject reminds the minister of Tom Waters, who has kept away from church a good while.

Never find Tom home. His mother says he is a fine boy, and of course he is. But—he used to be at Epworth League meeting every week, and he took part in the proceedings, too. There is something wrong with Tom. Better write him a “chummy” letter and see if you can’t get him to be confidential. No use to work on a sermon while you have a soul on your mind. Here goes a message to Tom.

11:20—Now for real work on that sermon.

11:26—Maid announces a man downstairs, who has been told that minister sees no one till one P. M., but who says he just must see him now. Sent up a card bearing a name familiar to the preacher. Some of the best people in the church have that name. Must be one of them, though the initials are not recognized. Man turns out to be a most ingratiating person, who, after much pleasant and complimentary speech, offers “the most dazzling life-insurance proposition known to the profession.” Takes a lot of frigidity to make him close the front door behind him.

11:50—Speaking of “our text,” let us see—what is it I was about to say? O, yes; put that down before it escapes. Now, then, we must move on, or the morning will be lost.

12:10—Telephone calls from three people in succession, who “knew you would be in about lunch time. So glad to talk to you. How are you, anyhow?” Also one person who wants to know whether a notice can be put into this week’s Bulletin, and is heartbroken to learn that the final proofs have gone in, and there is no room.

12:30—Lunch.

1:00 P. M.—Dozing a few minutes, newspaper in hand; then book agents, stranded Armenians, men out of work, ladies with “a mission to society,” or an occasional deserving tramp, who draws on your heart and your exchequer at the same time.

2:00—Hurry off to meet a committee downtown. This the most important of three such engagements this afternoon. Others must be ignored. Have to draw the line somewhere.

3:00—Hospital to see Jimmie Sykes, who was knocked down by an automobile and badly injured. Trouble is that Jimmie’s mother and aunt are ahead of me. That means I must wait, and when I do see him, visit mostly with them.

3:40—Much behind schedule of calls for the afternoon, but Mrs. Jones is not at home; likewise Mrs. Smith, who has gone to the matinee, the servant says. That helps.

3:55—Mr. and Mrs. Duckweather are at home, but they keep me waiting fourteen minutes before appearing—I don’t imagine what for, and they don’t tell me. I give them sixteen more minutes, and then they look grieved because I insist on moving to the next family.

4:30—The Pinkertons. John is sick. Very satisfactory. Not seriously ill, but, being kept in the house, gives me a chance to get acquainted with him. Glad to get there before he is out. Very hard man to find, John is, when he is not sick.

5:00—The Jackstraws. One of their “at home” days. Forgot it, if I ever knew it. Meet fifteen parishioners. Miscellaneous conversation. Mrs. J.

and Miss J. are charming, of course; but nothing very religious in this pastoral call.

5:45—Milligan's Dry Goods Emporium, to see the proprietor before the close of business. Promised to speak a good word for a boy who wants to get work. Received all right, but offered nothing.

6:12—Reach home, and find a woman who says she is about to be dispossessed waiting to be helped. Spend five minutes cross-examining her and then surrender, instead of going out and investigating, as one ought to do. Haven't time.

6:30—Dinner. A couple of interruptions by telephone.

7:15—Man calls to arrange for a funeral. Hour fixed for to-morrow. Supposed, of course, minister could fall in with any arrangement, so he accommodated the undertaker. Did not think of the minister until notices had been sent to the newspapers.

7:30—Start for the Bowery Mission, where an evening is spent, which puts new energy into the soul of the preacher by evidences of the power of the Christian faith to work miracles.

10:30—At home. Telephone call. A man up Amsterdam Avenue is dying. Wants to see a minister. Please come at once. Certainly. Just in the mood to help. Like this better than an afternoon reception.

11:15—Got an idea for that sermon next Sunday A. M. Nothing like actual contact with naked souls to suggest sermon materials. Put it down before going to bed.

11:40—Settle down for the night. With eyes closed, but mind very much awake, try to sleep. Grand review of the day, in spite of purpose to forget it.

12:10—Telephone in next room, which reports as follows:

"This is the New York Blabber. A minister out in Indiana asked his congregation last Sunday night to stand up and whistle the hymns, while the choir and the organist kept still. What do you think of that? The Blabber would like about two hundred words on the subject. Please dictate over the 'phone."

The minister's vocabulary being inadequate, he says—nothing, and hangs up the receiver. He swings into bed once more, and in the course of a half hour drops the curtain on a day of interest with a gentle snore.

## BOOK NOTICES

## RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

*The Pastor-Preacher.* By WILLIAM A. QUAYLE, a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Crown 8vo, pp. 411. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Main. Price, cloth, \$1.50, net.

OUT of his fullness Bishop Quayle has poured out this eminently characteristic volume. It has already entered into the large vogue which the author's writings have won for themselves. Like himself, it has spontaneity, opulence, heartiness, warmth, bloominess, tears, and laughter. It will help to make a preacher wholesome, human, sensible, sympathetic, devoted, manly. The spirit of the book is indicated in the author's Foreword: "Of my own accord I would not have been bold enough to write this book. To believe among the very many books on preachers and their affairs that one from me would not be an intrusion, was quite beyond me. But the suggestion of our Book Editor, Dr. Cooke, supplemented by many ministers of many denominations, has stimulated my courage to the point of setting down some things which as a pastor I have put to the test of practicability. If God will make these words of mine to minister to my brethren at God's altar (my younger brethren in particular), I shall be elate; for with this sole intent has *The Pastor-Preacher* been written." One of his first words to the minister is this: "The relevant question for any preacher to raise at this inquisition of his own soul is never, 'Am I great?' but ever, 'Is the gospel great?' The task as under the great Taskmaster's eyes, as the blind Milton hath it, is the eventual thing, the solemn and solemnizing circumstance of a ministerial career. 'I am the proclaimer of this gospel,' is a preacher's authorization of himself. Suppose at the gate of a city, as a preacher entered the portal for the first time, there stood as in ancient cities a sentinel with strident voice to lift the challenge, 'Who goes there?' Then the preacher's fearless answer to the fearful challenge would be, 'I am a preacher of the everlasting gospel.' And the sentinel will let him pass. In these wide words he has lifted above his head a sky where all sublimities and humilities may wander fearless as the rush of stars. I have seen some men preaching who appeared to me to be clerks in a poor store. They were very busy; but they had no goods. They sifted the newspapers to disclose a Sunday theme. They were eager with a sort of childish eagerness to have something to say, but when they spoke they had nothing to say which, if left unsaid, had left a new heart-break in the world. Newspapers deal in temporalities: a sermon, to be a preachment, deals in sempiternalities (a latinity which, if used seldom, reverberates like a terrific sea). 'If I left this sermon unsaid, what loss would ensue?' Put that sharp sword at every sermon's throat and see how the sermon fares. 'The gospel is so sublime,' is how the mighty preachers felt. That was the mood of Paul, who was burdened by his vast preachment. 'I have a baptism to be baptized

with,' said the Christ. That sense of vocation will crush little moods down, will stay manliness up, will give valor as a warrior, will give charm as a man, will give a man a hearing on the part of brawny and burdened souls. 'It must be told,' is how a man must feel toward this gospel. It must be told. This world needs it. This world must have it. 'I am the voice,' said sunburnt John. 'I am the voice,' every preacher must say. What boots it that gracious truths are for the telling if no one lifts the voice for telling them? I am that voice. I must not be silent. 'Woe is me if I preach not this gospel,' is the sedate answer of a serious soul confronted by the peril of silence. 'I must, I must; I dare not be silent.' And when viewed in this light, preaching becomes sublime." Of the hortatory power Bishop Quayle says: "This is the Methodist exhorter's might. What it is we cannot name. It is the revivalist gift, the art of impelling men to action. This is why I am of the opinion that we should not by flippant suggestions make light of the professional revivalist. His is a distinct gift, the gift of urgency, the art of pushing men into action. Some men have it to a phenomenal degree. It was so with Moody. It is so with Harrison. That nervous, agile, variable man has in God's hands led as many business men to Christ as probably any living man. Some of these men can preach much, some little, but that is beside the question. They can push men to decision for God. I have known some ministers ignorant, jocose in their misappropriation of words and ideas, and yet they had this blessed power of crowding men over to God's side of the road. Bishop McCabe had it. I have always been sorry he had not been an evangelist all these years. Bishop Joyce had it. Charles B. Mitchell has it. Louis Albert Banks has it. Dr. Goodell has it. For the man who has it I have plaudits long and loud." Here is one of the Bishop's admonitions: "Never be afraid of truth. Consider the much-talked-of, the over-lauded, and the over-abused higher criticism. Legitimate criticism, and in the long run it will be that, cannot overturn anything God has based. The mountains are not uprooted by the plow nor overturned by the hurricane. Truth will stay and truth will stand. We preachers need not lay hands nervously on the ark. It is God's ark; but we do well not to run to believe everything the sanguine say. Things true will abide; things untrue ought not to abide. The Bible has an odd way of staying. It allows itself to be destroyed with impunity. It has no apparent thought for self-preservation. All kinds of men have done it to death. Sapient critics have shot it full of holes and have cheered themselves in their unvalorous task; and then the Bible went straight on, gloriously on, sowing this world to light and laughter and hope and song and virtue and beauty and godliness. While the Bible was being destroyed, pared away by naturalists, subjected to injudicious and unfair tests by those who knew not its spirit nor had its experience, the Bible was published in more tongues, read by more eyes, leaned over by more hearts, thanked God for by more converts than in all the years past. Truth will not die. It will not say so, but smilingly it keeps on its immortal journey toward the heavenly house. God's Word, God's church, God's day will stand while eternity stays on its feet. Never give the chief seat in the synagogue to some minor matter. Some well-meaning

but nearsighted brethren thought they must go into the pulpit and say what Cheyne had said in his cyclopædia about the Bible and its incoherence, and they thought that people needed that sort of pasturage, and gave it to them, and the people mainly listened and were amused because they saw these brethren were funny, which the brethren themselves had not perceived. They had mistaken an insignificant detail for the continent. Soul-hunger, the sense of sin, the need of God, the darkness of soul where Christ is not near to give the light, the terror of the battle almost every soul must carry on with itself, the preciousness of the Saviour, the advent of God, the salvation by the blood of God, the ministry of the Holy Ghost—these are the mighty and momentous matters, and instead of giving emphasis and heed to these torrential calls of human souls they drove off about the documents and one Isaiah and two, not perceiving that those things were really not very influential or eventful, and were not the crux and never would be, where how a bad man shall become a good man, and how a debauched life shall have its sins forgiven, are tragical needs and cannot wait. Emphasis was wrong, that was all. They had not the spiritual sagacity to discriminate between unessentials and essentials. Put second things second, is the creed of this entire type of circumstance." We knew that Bishop Quayle would be at home and happy when he came to write of the Preacher as a Mystic: "The preacher may with all modesty affirm himself to be like Christ in that he has the freedom of the heavens. John Bunyan, prisoner in an ill-smelling jail, walked along Delectable Mountains in the dark and found there daylight very beautiful, when all his world was lost in the dark and wrapped in dreams. So always, brothers, are we kinsmen of the skies. We wear this atmosphere. We tramp along kindling splendors of the dawn and feel no burning of our bare feet in tramping through their fires. For such goings were we meant. 'Behold, this dreamer cometh,' was the derision of some foolish brothers once long since; but Joseph's dream became purveyor to Egypt and savior of these witless brethren. The dream is the revealer of bread and the distributor of bread. When the mystic preacher speaks the people feel that he has heard a voice and he has seen a face and we shall hear a word from the vision and oratory we heard not, but seeing he heard, we, too, shall hear, alleluiah! And so the mystic is no foreigner to us. He is our brother, he is our sure frater, our necessity. We read the poets so, always seeing they are open to the dream. They are kinsmen of the things we would be kinsmen to but were not, and thus of a night they who came from far heard for us, and then on a day brought to us angel voices. 'Angel voices ever singing round the throne, a glorious band.' The mystic will ever defy definition, and so much the better for that. Definition may be good substance for lexicons but is poor substance for life. Life is past definition, as are likewise all those words familiarity with which leads the soul to enlightenment and control. We talk of summer, but who defines it? The atmosphere of sweat, and the fashioning of things that are not into things that are to be, the climb of the year toward harvest, the joy of the world in toll which feeds the hunger of the world and averts famine and sings a psalm of plenty—this is summer, and who will care to put this

into a definition? It is a mystery palpable yet impalpable, visible yet invisible, too which must be lived through, loved through, laughed through, sweated through, plowed through, harvested through to get the blessing and the brawn, and there we leave it still a dream, and call the dreaming summer. So the mystic is the indefinable man, but the regal man. His voice has timbre; his eyes are alight with dawns beyond the dawn of summer skies, and he laughs out into the road like an unfatigued runner, from we know not where, running to we know not where; but we do know that he 'rejoiceth like a strong man to run a race.' We feel that of him and rejoice. After this interval of many days since William Blake went from among us, the thing which fascinates us is that he was a mystic. He took his way through London Town, but was not of London Town. The bustle of that metropolis was less to him than the hum of dim voices droway as the sound of bees; and for these dim voices he forever listened. And who sees his pictures, which are more authoritative poetry than his poems, must know that all the mechanisms of London Town were of less meaning to all time than the mystic dreamings of this solitary man. I cannot resolve my doubt regarding his poetry—not quite, but am on the edge of belief that all such as have given William Blake's poetry exceptional emphasis are less mastered by the poem than by the poet. He was such glorious mystic that they will not deny his most vagrant fancy. 'This mystic must know,' is their verdict. They are snared into being uncritical with the writing of one who challenged the skies for a roadway and found the walking good. And for Francis Thompson, with his Elizabethan splendor and his uncertain vagabondage of quest, we may say something of the same import. We are creatures of the sun, and its drench of light was in our eyes. Here was a man who walked unsandaled the hot roadway of the sunlight. He is fascinated by the sun. He is so passionately mystic we will deny him naught. His credential is, he knows the world of dream is real, and above every sleeping pillow leaves the ladder, climbing into heaven, on which on any night those who do wake can see angels walking up and down with wings for feet and faces bright and fair. No doubt the world is slyly laughing at the mystic, and now and then giving a good and wholesome guffaw of laughter at him in sheer good humor, but is laughing at him more as a grown boy laughs at his mother, and he is laughing at her for pure love. The mystic—the preacher-mystic—a beatitude upon him, he will bring many laughters from the heights of paradise." And then Bishop Quayle describes one such preacher-mystic: "His face is lucent, his eyes are qualified, gentle, yet soaked with fire which might at any time leap into tongues of flame like eruptive mountains. His hand pressure is gentle. He owns a bleeding and a broken heart. Much trouble has trampled his winefat till the blood of those grapes has issued in manhood. His face has smiles. You could not infer his grief by any word or sigh, but were you skilled in the unwritten language you would know—you would know. His voice is wistful and has sweetness like a man at dream. His voice is music. He walks the fitful ways of life unfretted. He brings memories of the tempest. The sunlight kindles while he fares along his journey. His sayings are big with

peace. Life feels the comfort of him as it feels the comfort of the twilight and the dark. He has had intercourse with God. Angels and he are at rare friendship. His life abides not in sunset but in noon. I wonder sometimes as I meet him, as I hear him, whether I have met angel or man, and then I know I have met both. He is man-angel. He has met the Lord. Along the ways, sore-haunted and beset by drift of tears like wind-blown rain and walking tired ways, where there is neither rest nor sleep, yet he walks with God. This mystic, with his torch of poetry alight, this mystic with his battle shout, this mystic, illiterate in nothing of these earthly ways, but deeply learned in the things which hold their intercourse about the throne of God—this preacher-mystic—God is with him, and he touches the listless lute of human nature to the music native to it, but neglected or forgot. Such mystic—such preacher-mystic—a beatitude upon him."

*My Religion in Everyday Life.* By JONIAH STRONG. 16mo, pp. 61. New York: The Baker-Taylor Company. Price, cloth, 50 cents.

THE genesis of this practical little book is as follows. The editor of the Circle Magazine sent Dr. Strong this question: "What does your religion really mean to you? To one man his religion is a creed; to another a hope; to a third an anchor. To one man it is an actual factor in his daily life and business, a spur to ambition, a source of power through prayer, a check against wrongdoing; to another it is a vague indefinite spiritual exaltation; to another still, a matter of Sunday services and Wednesday prayer meetings. To some men it is all of these things, and to others, perhaps, something entirely different. I am trying to find out just what their faith means to some men who have achieved things and held close to their God. I want to find out what it means in a practical way—just how it gives them strength in their work, if it does, or in what other way it is a thing of value to them. I do not care what it means to them as a creed or a doctrine. I want to know what it is as a WORKING PRINCIPLE." To this Dr. Strong replies: "Some things make it difficult for many men to keep their religion. What a man really needs is a religion that will *keep him*—keep him patient and strong and hopeful under the wear and tear of life; keep him sufficiently alive and growing to readjust himself to changing conditions; keep his face to the future and maintain and deepen his interest in the public welfare and the progress of the world; keep his heart warm toward God and his brother men. A religion is to be tested by this life rather than the next. If our conceptions of heaven are at all correct, it is a deal harder to keep clean and unselfish and faithful down here than it is up there. We are supposed to have got through with temptations, struggles, disappointments, and bereavements when we reach heaven. It is when the tempest is driving us toward the rocks that the anchor and chain are tested, not after we have reached the peaceful harbor. The real question is what is a man's religion worth to him here and now? What does it enable him to become, and what does it inspire him to do? And it is very unlikely that the religion which makes most

of a man here will make less than the most of him hereafter. You want me to tell what my religion means to me. I answer, 'Everything.' I say it advisedly and mean it literally, *everything*. What cannot be some part of my religion must not be any part of my life. Religion has two elements—knowledge or belief, and experience or life. One who does not undertake to translate his convictions into action may have a creed but has no religion. If a man is not going to live his belief, it matters little what it is, whether his creed has one article or thirty-nine or five thousand, as one Scotch creed is said to have had. But the moment he begins to put his belief into practice, it becomes a matter of vital importance whether it is true and adequate. If a ship is going to ride at anchor until she rots, it does not make a straw's difference whether her chart and compass are false or true; but if she puts to sea, they must be true, or she will be more likely to find the rocks than the desired port. I shall tell you now how my religious experience began, how for many years the common interpretation of Christianity produced in my case the common religious experiences, and then how a different interpretation of the teachings of Jesus vastly enlarged and enriched my life, making my religion mean everything to me. I was blessed with Christian parents who were solicitous for the religious life of their children. We were instructed in those religious teachings which prevailed in New England throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century and are still common in the United States. They were well calculated to develop the conscience, and appealed to it with the most powerful sanctions of time and eternity. While still very young I had a deep sense of right and wrong, but often stubbornly resisted my convictions of duty. I loved dearly to have my own way, in which I was much like most people, and when crossed I flew into an uncontrolled passion. The continued pressure of Christian influence and my continued resistance of it increased my antipathy to everything religious until I was often very wretched. I distinctly remember envying the chickens the cat, a worm—anything that was not accountable. I was afraid of my immortality. Of course I drove away such thoughts, but they were forced upon me in many ways at short intervals until I reached the age of thirteen. How vividly I remember the Sunday afternoon when the great struggle came! I can see myself alone in the parlor, standing near the corner of the organ, with my back to the window. I had been trying for some time to live a Christian life without letting a soul know it—at home, in school or anywhere else. The conviction was now forced upon me that I must openly acknowledge my purpose; but that was precisely the hardest thing in the world to do. If known in the home, my many shortcomings, and especially my fits of temper, would appear all the more glaring in the light of my newly expressed purpose. If known at school, I should doubtless attract abundant ridicule, for I should be singular. There was not a boy in the village who professed to be a Christian. I was not aware, at the time, of the full significance of the struggle. I did not know that it was the great turning point of my life. Of course life is full of turning points, but that is supreme in which the

will is unconditionally surrendered to duty regardless of cost or consequence; when it is settled that henceforth conviction must mean action, that belief must be translated into life. This is the beginning of a real religious experience. Happily this supreme question generally presents itself not in abstract but in concrete form. If the duty is the most difficult imaginable, surrender to it is decisive because the greater includes the less. The specific question which came to me was: 'Are you willing to go to the Young People's meeting next Tuesday evening, stand on your feet, and say that you desire and intend to live a Christian life?' If others were taking the step, or if the pastor would only give an invitation, it would be so much easier. But there was no special religious interest in the church or in the community; the help of an invitation would not be given; every one would be startled; and in that little village world it would be proclaimed on the housetop next day. Such a prospect to a diffident boy of thirteen was simply appalling, but my mind was made up and I said, 'I'll do it.' Instantly the distress I had long felt vanished, and a strange unspeakable peace possessed me. I did not know then that I had obeyed the command, 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me.' Self-will had been crucified." How, from this beginning, Josiah Strong's religious life went on enlarging and deepening until, as he says, "Religion means everything," is told in the rest of this book. On the active and altruistic side of religion we quote the following: "We are, as Paul says, 'colaborers with God unto the Kingdom.' He is using us, our powers, our time, our substance and all our activities, to help him create an ideal world, and this makes religion practical, not theoretical, life not dogma, a matter of every day, not something to be laid away with the Sunday clothes. There is a fine old Irish proverb, 'God loves to be helped.' As colaborers with him, we are his helpers in hastening the coming of the kingdom. I know of a family in which there had recently been large property losses and much sickness. A small boy in the family prayed, 'O Lord, make us rich and make us well, and then you can go.' The religion of a great many people is simply the means by which they hope to induce God to help them; but when we become colaborers with God unto the Kingdom, our great longing is to help him, and helping him is our exceeding joy. Moreover, we not only enter into high fellowship with the Highest, but we also become yoke-fellows and brothers of all that goodly company in all the ages and in every land who have helped to roll the world up hill."

*Rural Christendom.* By CHARLES ROADS. 12mo, pp. 322. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union. Price, cloth, 90 cents, postpaid.

THE American Sunday School Union offered a prize of \$1,000 for the best book-manuscript on "The Problems of Christianizing Country Communities." Many worthy and able and painstaking studies of this urgently important subject were presented in competition. This is the book that took the prize. No one who reads it is likely to be surprised at its success. We do not believe a better book on this subject was ever written. It is greatly needed in country parishes, and all ministers in country

places will be helped by reading it. For them and for laymen in rural churches, it may be unspeakably valuable in practical and stimulating ways. It is packed with information and helpful hints. It knows the facts and deals with them intelligently and sensibly and in businesslike fashion. Its twenty-four chapters set forth "The Rural Situation"; "How Christian Principles Are Spread and Made Controlling in the Country"; and "The Place and Power of the Local Church in Rural Christianizing." In illustration of what can be done in small towns, villages, and rural regions, we quote as follows: "The church faces its duty to evangelize every man, woman, and child in all the region round it, and it is seriously undertaken with adequate plans. Ingathering plans are so finely matured and have been so successful that we offer them to the little band of willing ones of the local church. If that willing band consists of but one worker, let us see what has been done. In Nevada, O., a village of 900 people (864 by the last census), Mr. Henry Kinzly, a modest grocer in the place, but an earnest Christian, was made superintendent of the Sunday school, one of two there. He found an enrollment of about sixty scholars, but, like a modern business man, he studied this new business for God, thrust upon him, modest as he was and so timid it was almost impossible for him to pray in public. He read books and pamphlets upon methods of Sunday school organization, attended conventions, day by day thought about the school and its possibilities. Almost single-handed he began every movement like house-to-house visitation, Adult Bible Class organization, the Home Department, the Cradle Roll, Decision Day, and so on. He has now enrolled, according to report from him just received, 750, drawing for some on the country outside; 225 conversions have occurred in the Sunday school, 550 have signed the temperance pledge, the saloons have been driven out of the village, a new church building, costing \$18,000, has been erected. The other Sunday school also has prospered and another new church built in the village. When he wanted a Home Department no one was ready to begin it, so he himself went from house to house; when he wanted new scholars he sought them in the same way. Now he has a beehive of joyous and enthusiastic helpers. His epigrammatic advice is fine: 'If anyone should ask me for the best methods to build up Sunday schools and advance church work, I would say, first, Get rid of saloons; second, Then get busy.' Marburg, Ala., is a village of about 400 people in which Mr. D. H. Marburg has a Sunday school enrolling 577 people. It is so popular that after having enrolled every soul in the village, crowds for miles from the country round come to it and join it. One old man claiming to be one hundred and fourteen years old is a member of the Organized Adult Class. This school began with 80 two years before, and it was the house-to-house work under the leadership of one man that accomplished the result. In Tennessee is a rural town of about 2,500 people with five churches, four of which have very active Sunday schools. In one of them an earnest lawyer has gathered a Bible class of men, enrolling 275 and having an attendance of 150. Men are not impossible to attract to the church when the earnest workers go after them. So in a larger town, Ashland, O., of about 7,000, still below

what the United States census authorities call a city, there is one Sunday school of more than 1,000 in numbers which had 881 present one Sunday. There are now thirty-one Adult Bible Classes there of large numbers, thoroughly organized for mutual help. At the annual banquet of men more than 1,000 men dined together, and these earnest men voted out the saloon in an election with 325 majority. Much of this work is from the earnest activity of Mr. W. D. Stem, a business man of Ashland. In Hagerstown, Md., there are more than twenty-five organized Adult Bible Classes started from one class, largely the inspiring work of a traveling salesman, as his pastor declares. The marvelous work of Mr. Marshall A. Hudson, the founder of the Baraca and Philathea Organized Adult Classes, is becoming well known. He began in Syracuse, N. Y., to organize a small Bible class of men in 1890. Three hundred and fifty men have been converted and joined the church from the large membership of that class. Then Mr. Hudson gave up a lucrative business and is devoting himself in continent-wide travel to gathering men into such church work. He is lovingly called 'the man who wants a million,' a million men saved through the Bible study work, and it is no idle dream with him, for already 2,700 such classes are in operation, and of men and women about 500,000—half his million—are enrolled 'to do things,' 'to stand by the Bible and the Bible school,' and 'men to work for men.' We could multiply such instances to fill a volume. How can the work of reaching every individual in the local field be begun and prosecuted? In one small town of about two thousand people, six churches were struggling for existence. The pastors in conference gave the total enrollment of all their churches at about 600 and of Sunday schools 650, so it was found that fully fourteen hundred people, all English-speaking and American born, were not reached by any of the churches. Such a census clears the way for a detailed visitation undertaken by the churches in union, the visitors going two by two to each home and ascertaining the religious preference of church membership of every person. The cards containing these data are then distributed to each pastor concerned with the particular ones, and he has by this means his entire field defined for his work. He follows it up with visits to the people preferring his church and by various means lays siege to win those homes to Christ. Every other pastor takes care of his own, and thus every soul is included somewhere. Then must follow the personal work for every individual steadily continued until he is saved. How do business men work? One great firm dealing in food supplies sent its salesman forty-eight times to a retail grocer before he received an order and then came a large business; another, a coal dealer, sent twenty-six times to a manufacturer before the first favorable response. When we have gone twenty-six times or forty-eight times to win a soul, then we shall be like modern business for money. But doubtless after that Christ would say go seventy times seven times again. Yet it is not necessary to go often to win souls. The experience of personal workers is that very many come by the first invitation and are saved; many others after a few visits. It is easier, in fact, to secure men's acceptance of Christ by an earnest worker than it is to sell goods

to them, or to get them to change their political party, or to invest largely in new enterprises." We unreservedly commend this as a book of great practical value.

#### PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

*Time's Laughingstocks.* By THOMAS HARDY. 12mo, pp. 208. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

THOMAS HARDY, the great novelist, is reported to set considerable store by his own poetry. We are unable to do so, and from some of it we shrink as from something better never written. Pessimism is not much of a singer; neither is animalism, though both are occasionally heard trying. The result is minor in music and in merit. Power of imagination and of literary expression there is, of course, in Thomas Hardy's verse, as in his prose; and things firm and strong put with businesslike directness. But spirituality is lacking, and the nobler, uplooking elements which make poetry inspiring. We know no poem of his which seems likely to live. Even his verses of sentiment are without throb or thrill. He hopes that the miscellany brought together in this volume "will take the reader forward rather than backward." Forward to what? Is there any goal to Hardy's verse? One reader has not been conscious of being so carried. The book before us divides its contents under four heads: Fifteen pieces under "Time's Laughingstocks"; twenty-six "Love Lyrics"; a set of eighteen "Country Songs"; thirty-five "Pieces Occasional and Various." The very title of this volume expresses one of Hardy's favorite ideas—that man is a pitiable victim blundering blindly and helplessly along, and that the pitiless universe is laughing at his mistakes and his misery. With such a view of man and his universe, there can be no talk of sin: what some people call "sin" is, on this view, only misfortune. Such an immoral universe would not and could not exact morality from man. And yet, now and then the moral cry pierces the ear in Hardy's verse—though illogically and unwarrantedly, as seems to us. It is very difficult even for the atheist to eliminate morals and stifle the ethic note. The System of Things does not give its consent to such elimination. Even in an atheist's universe the distant sky-line seems broken at times by a lifted peak strangely resembling Mount Sinai's crest; not dark and silent, but flashing and reverberant. There are sounds which hint that some Power that makes for righteousness is intimating its requirements and arranging to enforce order. Far off and up along the hills of thunder the soul hears an ominous rattle of preparation, as of a marshaled army grounding arms upon the slopes to await orders, and is forced to suspect that even in an atheist's universe the well-equipped regiments of Moral Government are on duty. In one of the poems in the book before us, a fallen woman laughs at her sin and its consequences, and says, "How can it matter what one does in life, when we are so soon to be dead?" That is doctrine that fits logically and normally into the atheist's universe. It is devil's doctrine acclaimed by all the black angels; and when a man dispenses with a God, he keeps

"the devil and his angels" instead. But, in such a universe, what business has the dance-fiddler, on page 110, to be sermonizing out loud? Note that it is Thomas Hardy, and not any prudish preacher, who tells us that "The Fiddler," watching the dancers at the ball, knows that some of them "will pay high for their prancing." It is Hardy who makes the old fiddler report from his observation:

Music hails from the devil,  
 Though vaunted to come from heaven;  
 For it makes people do at a revel  
 What multiplies sins by seven.  
 There's many a heart now mangled,  
 And waiting its time to go,  
 Whose tendrils were first entangled  
 By my sweet viol and bow.

This is the fiddler's version of ancient biblical warnings. On other pages also there is the sound of moral thunder, more or less distinct. On page 37 is a villain conscience-troubled (even in an atheist's universe), and "unable to smother his torments, his brain racked by yells as from Tophet of Satan's whole crew." On page 38 sin's natural result comes to view, when "one day the park-pool embraced her fair form, and extinguished her eyes' living blue." On page 48 the giddy souls that took their fill of reckless pleasure are seen as "specters spinning like sparks within the smoky halls of the Prince of Sin." So much preaching seems out of place in an atheist's verses. Far more suitable are the poems (and here they are in plenty) in which the illegitimate and the immoral are not frowned upon, and virtuous respectability is not very highly respected, but now and then slurred and disparaged. That carnality should be given an undue amount of space in atheistic pages is only natural; indeed, is almost inevitable. When God with all his splendid court of noblenesses has been escorted to the border and dismissed, what is there left to lift man above, or hold in check the fleshly lusts? A carnal revel is the most natural and probable celebration of the dismissal of the divine. The soul, emptied of God, is ready to welcome the swine. The doctrine that life is a disease, existence a curse, the only relief for which is extinction, we have heard from pagan tongues. On page 168 the notion is that "all went well" upon this planet "before the birth of consciousness"; none suffered sickness, pain, regret, or heart-break; all was peace. But this "primal rightness took the tinct of wrong" when the disease of consciousness appeared on earth. And now a Buddhist-atheist poet groans, "How long, how long ere nescience shall be reaffirmed" and universal unconsciousness blessedly blanket all? Such poetry, if so it can be called, does not persuade us that life is a disease, but does convince us that even in regions of high and brilliant intellect there is no little diseased and distorted thinking. On page 153, our seventy-year-old author seems to speak of himself as

A thinker of crooked thoughts upon Life in the sere,  
 And on That which consigns men to night after showing the day to them.

Hardy seems aware of Somewhat omnipresent and almighty which he chooses to call That, not He. In a book which we noticed recently Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale described Thomas Hardy as a man who has no God; which seems most of the time quite true and fair. And yet Hardy keeps, and occasionally brings out of the closet where he keeps it, a sort of eidolon, or supposititious deity, which is made to play the part of the accused, charged with crimes and misdemeanors, and cross-examined concerning his offenses in a sort of mock-trial conducted by Mr. Hardy as prosecutor. Thus on page 169 this supposititious deity is supposed to soliloquize thus on New Year's Eve:

"I have finished another year," said God,  
"In gray, green, white, and brown;  
I have strewn the leaf upon the sod,  
Sealed up the worm within the clod,  
And let the lost sun down."

On this breaks in the prosecutor, "Well, what's the good of it all, I'd like to know? What possessed you to create the world, and why do you keep it running through years on years, when I can see ninety-nine reasons why you had better not made it at all? Speak up, if you have any defense to make of yourself!" It seems to us quite reasonable to suppose that this supposed Maker, finding himself thus called to account, might express some mild surprise at hearing the small creature, whom his will and power have evolved, demand of him reasons why; and might regard it as rather strange that a little finite ephemeral creature should be pertly criticising the Infinite and Eternal for the shortness of his view. What sort of a human mind is it that dares look up at the Intelligence seen at work in the universe and tell him he has a witless way of working? But all this does not shock us, because we are used to hearing it break out now and then, here and there. What we are not used to is the desecrating of ink and paper and type by spinning out, with elaborate literary pains through ten pages, a hideous pagan second-century legend about the parentage of Jesus Christ. Since we are not under obligation to be more reverent toward the author than he is toward God, we may put to the perpetrator of "Panthera" the question he puts to the Maker of the universe, "What did you do it for?" It is impossible to suppose that when he was dressing up that legend in forms of poetry for print he was unaware that the reproduction of it would be grossly offensive to the entire Christian world, to whose millions it is nothing less than sacrilegious, profane, impious. A venerable historic document speaks of "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind"; and decency is obligatory even upon atheists. Possibly it is not to be wondered at that, from the wanton Tramp-Woman on page 11 to the Young Man on page 208 who considers life a senseless school whose lessons are not worth learning, this volume of verse is considerably overpopulated with unwise and unrespectable characters, who are freely allowed to remain unmitigatedly weak, silly, and totally unredeemed. Bismarck would disapprove this author for the same reason he disliked Diderot, because he was a rank

materialist. Looking for something that may sample the best in this book, and may give the author's style, and have value enough to justify transcription, we select this bit, entitled "A Wet Night," which bids us quit whining over hardships and behave worthy of our sires, whose trials, exposures, and difficulties were far greater than ours:

I pace along, the rain-shafts riddling me,  
Mile after mile out by the moorland way,  
And up the hill, and through the ewe-leaze gray  
Into the lane, and round the corner tree;

Where, as my clothing clams me, mire-bestarred,  
And the enfeebled light dies out of day,  
Leaving the liquid shades to reign, I say,  
"This is a hardship to be calendared!"

Yet sires of mine now perished and forgot,  
When worse beset, ere roads were shapen here,  
And night and storm were foes indeed to fear,  
Times numberless have trudged across this spot  
In sturdy muteness on their strenuous lot,  
And taking all such toils as trifles mere.

Well enough in its way. But is that great poetry?

*The Gospel in Literature.* By JOSEPH NELSON GREENE. 12mo, pp. 236. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

God speaks by his prophets: the poets of the Beautiful are God's prophets. That is the motto of this book, which is an exposition of the great lessons contained in eight great poems. Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" exhibits Love's Self-Crucifixion; Burns's "The Cotter's Saturday Night" shows God at the Fireside; Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" portrays one Saintly Character, the Village Parson; Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal" sets forth the Sacrament of Daily Service; Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon" teaches Christianity's Debt to the Past; Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" shows the Nearness of the Spirit World; Whittier's "Snow Bound" exhibits Character Formed at the Fireside; and Browning's "Saul" pictures the Awakening of a Soul. The author truly says that "the stories and teachings of the gospel have been extravagantly borrowed by literature and made to form an essential part of its life." Take out of human literature all that Christianity has contributed thereto, and most of what is left will suggest the Scripture phrase "beggarly elements." This book aims, and is adapted, "to develop the literary instinct and to cultivate the devotional spirit." The exposition of "Enoch Arden" closes with this illustration: "There is an old tradition which tells of a tribe of Seneca Indians once living in the neighborhood of Niagara Falls. They had the custom of holding a festival once every year for the purpose of making an offering to propitiate the Spirit of the Falls. The offering was the most beautiful maiden who could be found in all the tribe. On a certain night, when the moon was shining brightly upon the waters, she was required to step into a white canoe filled with fruits and flowers, and,

rowing out to the middle of the river, be swept by the current over the falls to a certain death. On one occasion the maiden chosen by the priests for the sacrifice was a daughter of the chief of the tribe. The chief was a stern and brave man, but he loved his daughter with a tender, passionate love. Yet, because of her marvelous beauty, the daughter was selected as the fairest of the tribe, and the priests declared that she must be offered to the Spirit of the Falls. The brave chief, feeling the justice of the choice made, yielded to the fatal decree and, though with breaking heart, unhesitatingly offered his daughter for the sacrifice. When the fatal night arrived the people were assembled, the moon was shining brightly, and the maiden stepped into the white canoe, paddled boldly out into the current, and drifted toward the falls. Then the waiting multitude saw a strange sight that filled them with awe. The old chief was seen to step into another white canoe, and giving a few mighty strokes, his boat shot alongside the boat of his daughter. Their eyes met. There was a look of infinite love, a swift embrace, and together the chief and his daughter dashed over the falls to the rapids beneath. The old father loved the daughter too much to permit her to take the death journey alone. That was love. The name of the chief was revered because he died *with* one he loved. But this story lacks the superlative element. Better would it have been if the chief had stepped into the boat of the girl and died *for* her, leaving her yet among the living. It may be a great thing to die *with* another, but it is infinitely greater to die *for* another. That is what Christ did. When humanity's boat was about to drift over the falls he placed the feet of the doomed race safely on the shore, while he himself stepped into the boat and went down into the rapids alone." The lesson of "The Cotter's Saturday Night" is essentially as follows: "God at the fireside is the guarantee of a nation's glory and permanence. It is after describing the scene in which faith, prayer, and the Word of God form so large a part, that the poet says, 'From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs, that makes her loved at home, revered abroad.' This is the wise deduction from the entire scene. The people in whose breasts are love for home and love for God are people all but invincible. They are the liberty lovers and home defenders of the world. Read history, and it will be seen that those peoples who have revered God and brought him into their homes and hearts are the peoples against whom tyranny has had to wage its hardest fight. The yoke of oppression has ever rested uneasily upon their shoulders. They have been patriotic, brave, and persistent in their struggle for liberty. Witness such peoples as those of Switzerland, South Africa, and this loyal little land of Scotland. God at the fireside has given strength to national life and to individual greatness. It is in the presence of the divine that the greatest ideas have been born and the greatest works have been performed. Among the great paintings at Florence are the angels of Fra Angelico. They are said to have been painted when the artist was on his knees praying and reverently pursuing his work. They were born of prayer. In speaking of the splendor of this work Michelangelo said, 'Surely the good brother visited paradise and was allowed to choose his

models there.' Yes, his models were chosen there. His work was done in a divine atmosphere. Here is a message from 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' that the best life is lived and the best work is done in the Divine Presence. This poem is loud in its cry to enthrone God in the home and in the individual life." The author's study of the Village Parson closes thus: "Godliness was the climax of his character. God was his theme. To lead to God was his business. 'All his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.' He 'allured to brighter worlds and led the way.' Here was a man who had friendly intercourse with God. Like the telegrapher who sits at his key and feels that the clicking sounds are registered off yonder in the silence and distance, he lived at the keyboard of prayer, and when he touched the instrument he knew that off yonder in the station by the throne the message was received; and as he waited, back the answer came. We talk of wireless telegraphy as though it were something new. It is not new; it is as old as the ages. With it Abraham sent his petition flying over the doomed city of Sodom. Moses by it flung his voice far beyond Sinai's flaming summit; John by it sent his word across the sea of glass. By it to-day from all points of the compass the prayers leap to the common receiving station at the courts of our God, and answers come back again. Our serious thoughts too may find rest in heaven. And thus are earth and heaven linked together. The saintly life must be a life of prayer. Such lives as these are those which men love and upon which God can depend. When one reads a description like this and lays the book aside and sits in silence a moment, he almost expects to hear a voice from the heavens saying, 'This is a beloved son in whom I am well pleased,' for we feel that God is pleased with and can depend on a life like this. A traveler crossing the ocean recently was caught in a bad storm, and relates this experience. He, being a little alarmed, went up to the captain and said, 'Cap, can we weather it?' 'Put your ear to that tube,' was the reply. I did so, and could hear the steady 'chug' of the engines as they performed their full duty. 'Down there,' he said, 'is the chief engineer, and he believes in me. I'm up here, and I believe in him. I rather guess we'll ride this blow out.' The traveler adds: 'I did not worry any more.' With two such men standing together for safety of ship and passengers, I was content to go to my stateroom and sleep as if I were on land. When God can point to a man down here and say, 'There is a man I believe in,' and that man can point up and say, 'There is a God I believe in,' you have a combination that guarantees safety and service. Let the vessel of the church be manned thus, let any righteous cause be manned thus, and the outcome is assured. God is ever trustworthy, but what he wants is *men*—men whom he can trust, men who are saintly men. O, for saintly men! We need them to walk through the ranks of society, that iniquity-smitten men may touch the hem of their garments and feel a new virtue in their lives. We need them to stand in the realm of politics with faces transformed and garments glistening with honor and truth, until greed and graft shall become fearful and afraid and hide their faces in shame. We need them to walk down the aisle of business, exerting the power of righteous in-

fluence until from the bosom of unscrupulous men the demons of dishonesty, deception, and trickery shall run to drown themselves in a sea of darkness. But the road to that saintly life is the one the Village Parson traveled. There is no other. It is the road of *faith* and *prayer* taught in God's Word. Let me, therefore, commend to all this Word as the text-book and guide for the saintly life. Some one has called it the book of two pages, a red page and a white page. The red page is the blood of Christ, the white one the holiness of God. True. Read the red page, and you see the cleansing from unrighteousness, for the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Read the white page, and you see the saintly character; we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. This Book is the way. All the good have trod this pathway. The saints of ages gone, the Village Parson and all his kind, your fathers, your mothers have read the page of red and the page of white; and reading, have been made whole. Dear old Book! Precious Book! Mother's Book, father's Book. In it you learn the way to the saintly character here—the way of life hereafter. The saintly life possessed here is eternal life possessed hereafter." Here is the end of the exposition of the "Vision of Sir Launfal": The sacrament of the Christian life most worthy to exalt is daily service. Carlyle once sat in a window overlooking the crowded streets of London and wrote, "There are four million people in London, mostly fools." There may have been some truth in his statement, but nearer the truth would it have been had he said, "Four million, mostly sufferers," for the city and country are full of people who are needy and hungry, not for bread, but for human love and sympathy. Let us look at a typical picture from real life. A little fellow, four years old, was brought from the slums to a Chicago orphans' home. When he was brought upstairs to be put in bed, had his bath, and the matron opened up the sweet little cot to put him between clean white sheets, he looked on in amazement. He said, "Do you want me to get in there?" "Yes." "What for?" "Why, you are going to sleep there." He was amazed beyond description. The idea of going to sleep in such a place as that—he did not know what to make of it. He had never slept in a bed in his life before; never. He was put to bed, and the matron kissed him good night—a little bit of a chap, only four years old; and he put up his hand and rubbed off the kiss. He said, "What did you do that for?" But the next morning he said, "Would you mind doing that again—what you did to me last night?" He had never been kissed before and did not know anything about it. It was only about a week later, the matron said, that the little fellow would come around three or four times a day and look up with a pleasing expression in his face and say, "Would you love a fellow a little?" After a few weeks a lady came to the home to get a child. She was looking for a boy; so the matron brought along the little chap, and the lady looked at him. She said, "Tommy, wouldn't you like to go home with me?" He looked right down at the floor. She said, "I will give you a hobby-horse and lots of playthings, and you will have a real nice time, and I will give you lots of nice things to do." He looked right straight at the floor—did not pay any attention to her at all. She

kept talking, persuading him, and by and by the little fellow looked up into her face and said, 'Would you love a fellow a little?' There is a tremendous pathos in that. That is the yearning of the world, after all—for somebody who will 'love a fellow a little.' And Christ has given the world its sublimest response to that yearning in the life of love which had its climax on Calvary. But the Christian is called to love a little, too. And we find our Holy Grail; we possess our transformed lives in order that day by day we may partake of the sacrament of brotherly service. And this is the gospel of Christ. I am my brother's keeper. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ. And he whose life has been epitomized in the statement that he went about doing good, said, 'I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you.' Now our readers know the style of this glowing book.

#### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

*Ruskin and His Circle.* By ADA EARLAND. Crown 8vo, pp. 340. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, with portraits, \$2.50.

To show the effect of circumstances, especially those of early life, as seen in Ruskin's greatness, his shortcomings, his eccentricities, and his inconsistencies, and to group together the friends who most directly influenced his life—such is the purpose of this book. The "Circle" includes Carlyle, the Brownings, Sir Henry Wentworth Acland, Burne-Jones, Mary Russell Mitford, Dr. John Brown, Lady Trevelyan, Lady Mount-Temple, Miss Susanna Beever, and Miss Kate Greenaway. Evidently, Ruskin, with all his peculiarities, exercised a magnetic attraction over many of the best and noblest of his contemporaries. The unhappy failure of Ruskin's married life is here charged to his stern mother, whose "iron will kept him in subjection until past middle life, and whose mistaken love led to all the unhappiness that laid life waste for him." We are told that Ruskin's wife being asked at a London party, "Where is Mr. Ruskin?" replied, "O, he is with his mother—he ought to have married his mother." We are not so sure that this is the whole of the story of matrimonial infelicity. One chapter is given to J. W. M. Turner, the great painter, whose fame Ruskin's eulogies helped to spread abroad. When an arm-chair critic objected to Turner's painting of a "Snowstorm at Sea," saying it was "soapsuds and whitewash," the artist exclaimed: "'Soapsuds and whitewash!' what would they have? I wonder what they think the sea is like? I wish they had been in that storm!" The fact was that Turner, in order to know exactly what such a storm was like, and be able to make a truthful picture of it, had spent four hours lashed, half-frozen, to a steamer's rigging in a gale, watching the driving snow, and the rush and toss of foaming waves. He knew, and not the sneering critic, what that storm was like. Sore under the disparagements of incompetent critics, Turner wrote in his will, "Hang up my two favorite pictures (The Sun Rising in a Mist, and Dido Building Carthage) by the side of Claude's, and let those who come after judge between me, whom you neglect, and him, whom you worship." And they are hanging now, as

he desired, by Claude's in the National Gallery in London. Carlyle was fond of Ruskin. Once, having in mind his varying moods which alternated between the clouds and the slough of despond, he characterized him as "a bottle of beautiful soda water—very pleasant company now and then." When one of Mrs. Carlyle's admirers criticised "Sesame and Lilies," Carlyle wrote her to have nothing to do with a man who would traduce Ruskin. "Don't you return his love, Jane! He's a nasty creature, with no eye for the beautiful, and too awfully interested in himself!" Ruskin once commented on Carlyle thus: "Born in the clouds and struck by lightning." Carlyle once wrote that he was looking forward to "seeing Ruskin and tasting a little human conversation." When he read Ruskin's "The Queen of the Air" he spoke of him as "the one soul now in the world who seems to feel as I do on the highest matters." Carlyle wrote, in a copy of his own book, *Early Kings of Norway*, "To my dear and ethereal Ruskin, whom God preserve." And in the winter of 1872 the old man wrote: "I am reading Ruskin's books these long evenings, . . . I find real spiritual comfort in the noble fire, wrath, and inexorability with which he smites upon all base things and widespread public delusions, and insists relentlessly that the ideal thing must be aimed at everywhere." Ruskin had some association with the men of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, much to their delight. Listen to young Edward Burne-Jones's impulsive enthusiasm: "I'm not Ted any longer; I'm not Burne-Jones now; I've dropped my personality—I'm a correspondent with Ruskin, and my future title of distinction is, 'The man who wrote to Ruskin and got an answer by return mail.'" Again he wrote of himself and William Morris and Rossetti: "Just come back from being four hours with our hero (Ruskin). So happy we've been; he is so kind to us, calls us his dear boys and makes us feel like such old, old friends. Every Thursday night he comes down to our rooms. Isn't that like a dream? Think of knowing Ruskin like an equal and being called his dear boys. O, he is so good and kind!—better than his books even, though they are the best books in the world." Two of these "dear boys" were poor, and one was in frail health, but all had genius; and youth, hope, and the keen joy of living were theirs. That Ruskin sought their society is not strange. Incapable, himself, of their high spirits, he all the more appreciated their light-heartedness. When Ruskin wrote to Robert Browning asking him to explain his style, Browning asked whether it was a poet's duty to tell people what they already knew or to teach them new truths, and said, "A poet's affair is with God, to whom he is accountable and from whom is his reward" (which is truer of the preacher than of the poet). The keynote of all of Ruskin's teaching on social ills and on political economy was, *THERE IS NO WEALTH BUT LIFE*: that nation is wealthy whose people lead industrious, happy, healthy, contented lives. Looking around in trim England, he saw poverty, dirt, disease, and discontent; a gulf ever widening between rich and poor; the decay of agriculture; the rapid growth of over-crowded manufacturing towns. "Back to the Land!" was his warning cry, anticipating by a generation the demand of to-day. He was almost alone then

in his belief that the rapid growth of cities and manufacturing towns, and consequent draining of youth and strength from the country districts to fill the places of exhausted workers in the cities, was a grave national danger. Where other people saw wealth in the ceaseless activity of mills, marts, and forges, he foretold national damage and decay as an inevitable result of the enfeebling of physique in the workers and the stunted and puny growth of the children; physical weakness and moral degeneracy going hand in hand to aggravate each other." *"There is no wealth but LIFE!"* Ruskin cried in the ears of England. Whistler, the artist, was a typical megalomaniac, a strange, mocking, cynical, sarcastic genius, with a tongue like a sting and a pen dipped in vitriol. Intensely self-conscious and irritable, he affected singular attire, struck imposing attitudes, and was vain of one startlingly white lock which stood up on the top of his head amid his thick black hair. He wrote a book on *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*; and on hearing in his latter years of the death of a man between whom and himself there was cordial dislike, he said, "I have hardly a warm personal enemy left." He once boasted that he could not keep a friend; "I cannot afford it," he said. Ruskin criticised Whistler's pictures severely. Of the painting named *"The Falling Rocket—A Nocturne in Black and Gold,"* Ruskin wrote in *Fors Clavigera*: "I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." Having seen that so-called picture, we think Ruskin's words none too severe. It is a vague expanse of bluish-black with gold splashes to indicate the flight of fireworks. The sale of Whistler's paintings fell off after the criticism, and he brought suit against Ruskin for libel. The lawyers had great fun over the picture, which was produced in court. They disputed as to which was the top and which the bottom of the picture; and it was an open question which nobody could conclusively settle. To the public eye it seemed nothing but a spattered daub. The attorney-general asked Whistler how long it took him to "knock off that picture." The artist gave two days as a rough estimate. "Do you ask two hundred guineas for two days' work?" "No," flashed the artist; "I ask it for the study and practice of a lifetime." "Do you think you could point out the beauties of that picture and make me see them?" went on the blundering lawyer. Whistler gazed meditatively at his tormentor for a long moment, as if taking his measure, and then answered: "No. It would be as hopeless as for a musician to pour his notes into the ear of a deaf man." The court awarded Whistler consolation to the amount of one farthing. Whistler took his farthing and wore it ever after on his watch chain. He revenged himself on Ruskin by calling him names, such as "the Peter Parley of Painting," and said Ruskin had "a flow of language that would give Titian, could he hear it, the same shock of surprise that was Baalam's when the first great critic proffered his opinion." "But," replied some one, "the ass was *right*." Whistler's was a bitter and sneering spirit, and his laugh was so fiendish that Irving, the actor, imitated it on the stage in his impersonation of Mephistopheles. Chambers's Journal has recently

given a new anecdote about Ruskin. Mr. A. S. Walker once ventured to question in Ruskin's presence the correctness of the proportions in Michelangelo's "Moses." "How often have you seen it?" asked Ruskin. "O, half a dozen times," replied Walker, supposing that was quite enough to justify his having an opinion. "Good heavens!" Ruskin cried, "no man should dare to give an opinion on any work of art unless he has seen it every day for six months"; adding after a pause, "And even then he should hold his tongue if he has used his eyes as you seem to have used yours." One of Ruskin's peculiar weaknesses was his dislike of all scientific explanations and systems. He thought the scientists knew a great deal less than they thought they did, and that what they did know was not supremely important. Darwinism he detested. In a friendly letter he wrote, "The scientists at Oxford get out of my way as if I were a mad dog, because I let them have it hot and heavy whenever I have a chance at them." He gave a slap at Darwin's "vespertilian treatise on the ocelli of the Argus pheasant." When Miss Beever made Ruskin a penwiper out of feathers from her pet peacock he thanked her, but said that he always wiped his pen on his coat-tail. Mourning emblems were distasteful to Ruskin. When a letter brought news of a friend's death, he expressed his thanks that the message had not been sent on black-edged paper. "Why," he asked, "should we ever wear black for the guests of God?" He had his mother's coffin painted blue. Ruskin urged women to use their influence to put an end to war. In *The Crown of Wild Olive* he wrote: "Let every lady in the upper classes of civilized Europe simply vow that while any cruel war proceeds she will wear black—a mute's black, with no jewel; no ornament, no excuse for, nor evasion into, prettiness. I tell you again, no war would last a week." And this also to women: "If you choose to obey your Bibles, you will never care who attacks them. It is just because you never fulfill a single downright precept of the Book, that you are so careful for its credit; and just because you don't care to obey its whole words that you are so particular about the letters of them. The Bible tells you to dress plainly—and you are mad for finery; the Bible tells you to pity the poor—and you crush them under your carriage wheels; the Bible tells you to do judgment and justice—and you do not know, nor care to know, so much as what the Bible word 'justice' means. Do but learn so much of God's truth as that comes to; know what he means when he tells you to be just, and teach your sons that their bravery is but a fool's boast and their deeds but a firebrand's tossing, unless they are indeed just men and perfect in the fear of God—and you will soon have no more war, unless it be, indeed, such as is willed by Him, of whom, though Prince of Peace, it is also written, 'In righteousness he doth judge and make war.'" This also he says to women in *Sesame and Lilies*, concerning their influence: "You cannot think that the buckling on of the knight's armor by his lady's hand was a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth—that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails." This also: "Wherever

a true wife comes, home is a sacred place around her. The stars only may be over her head; the glowworm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot; but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than celled with cedar, or painted with vermillion, shedding its quiet light afar for those who else were homeless." Speaking of the training of girls, Ruskin says: "Keep the modern magazine and novel out of your girl's way. . . Turn her loose in a library of good old classical books every wet day and let her alone. She will find what is good for her." Of the use of money Ruskin says money is best spent for education, intellectual and moral. People err in thinking of education as a means of livelihood. Education is a costly business, and its profit is not measured in mere terms of coin. "You are to spend on national education," he says to his fellow countrymen, "and to make by it not more money but better men; to get into this British Island the greatest possible number of good and brave Englishmen. *They* are to be your money's worth." Frederic Harrison speaks of Ruskin as the most purple and splendid of all the great masters of English prose. Walter Pater spoke of his "winged and passionate eloquence." His life, so full of beauty and nobleness, was not without its poignant pains moving us to pity. Closing this book, we catch sight of this from John Inglesant: "Nothing but the Infinite pity is sufficient for the Infinite pathos of human life."

*The Valley of Aosta.* By FELICE FERRERO. Crown 8vo, pp. 336. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, with 39 illustrations and maps, \$2.

THIS is not a book of summer travel, but a scholarly study and description of one of the most notable and noted of Alpine valleys, as to its natural features, its people, its long history, and its present condition. A French traveler once called this valley the most interesting spot in Europe. The highest peaks of the Alps, Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, and the Gran Paradiso, are adjacent to it. The best Roman ruins outside of Rome and Pompeii are there, together with scores of remarkable medieval castles. This valley is a pocket of northern Italy running in among the Alps, off the main lines of travel, but easily accessible on the south from Milan or Turin, and, on the Swiss side, from Zermatt or Chamonix across various Alpine passes. Signor Ferrero deals first with the valley as it now is, then with the valley in the Roman era, and then with the valley as it was in the Middle Ages. His descriptions of mountaineering and advice on Alpinism are so minute and full as to make his book of much practical value to prospective mountain-climbers; and the accounts of notable ascents in the efforts of men to conquer the most difficult peaks of the Alps are vivid enough to hold the breathless interest even of the general reader. Mont Blanc used to be called "the accursed" on account of the number of lives lost on its heights, and the author speaks of it as "the white mountain with a black conscience, the magician of the fiendish storm." The four great mountain-monarchs overlooking the Valley of Aosta are characterized as follows: "Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa are ranges, long and wide; the Matter-

horn is a lonely peak; and the Gran Paradiso neither—a dominating height, a mountain knot rather than a range. Mont Blanc poses; Monte Rosa is gentle and gracious; the Matterhorn seems to embody all the characteristics of a stormy dare-devil; while the Gran Paradiso is solid and well-balanced like a business man." The most interesting class among the people of the Valley of Aosta are the Alpine guides, of whom not a few have been famous. One was Emile Rey, of Courmayer, the gentleman guide, a man of culture and kindly manners, who, in 1877, conquered the Aiguille Noire de Pétérét with Lord Wentworth, and, in 1885, the Aiguille Blanche—one of the most hazardous climbs in the Alps—with King. This hardy and daring conqueror of many defiant peaks lost his life by pure carelessness, as often, in life, a moment's folly lays low the strongest man. After a successful ascent, he had reached, in descending, the point where "all danger was over," and, relaxing his vigilance, he missed his footing on a slippery spot and, at a comparatively easy point, fell and was killed on the rocks far below. One miserable and disfiguring blight afflicts this beautiful Alpine valley. Whymper says, "It is famous for its ibexes and infamous for its cretins." Cretinism is a form of idiocy in an extreme stage, which is widely spread over many mountainous districts in various parts of the world, though more noticeably in the Alps. The cretins are utterly and hopelessly degenerate, physically and mentally; they are undersized, disfigured by goiter and scabs, incapable of talking, and, as a rule, limit their voluntary movements to the carrying of food to their mouths. Valleys on both sides of the Alps are infested by this horrid disease. Between Martigny and Brigue it is conspicuous. Its cause has not been definitely ascertained. The following are given as the known facts concerning it: It belongs exclusively to mountainous districts; it is connected with goiter (although goitrous people are not necessarily cretins); it is connected, like goiter, with atrophy of the thyroid gland; it is transmitted by heredity. No less than forty-two causes have been suggested to account for it, but the causes most generally accepted are impurities in water and in air. Modern scientific research points more to the air than to the water. Medical science has accomplished nothing toward any cure. And the cretin, now as for many centuries, wanders aimlessly about, emitting uncanny sounds from his distorted mouth—a clouded intelligence in a useless body, a horrible example of the miseries that flourish by the side of the glory and majesty of the great mountains and amid the beauty of fairest valleys. In his closing chapter Signor Ferrero writes of "Men and Monuments in Aosta." To us the most interesting reference relates to John Calvin's connection with the valley. In 1535, when Calvin was only twenty-six, he was already keenly active in his reforming and proselyting work. Ferrero believes Calvin was at that time bent on setting up his experiment of theocratic government somewhere, and that Aosta seemed to him a favorable place for the trial. But the Papal authorities learned of his activities; the Bishop of Aosta called a council; the Roman Inquisition began to stir itself to prevent the introduction of Protestantism into that valley, by exterminating the

heretic if necessary, and death was on young Calvin's track. Avoiding arrest by quick departure, he crossed the Alps by the dangerous and unfrequented pass of the Col de Fenetre in wild midwinter, and found safety in the Valais. Five years later the theocratic government which he failed to establish in Aosta, was in full sway in Geneva, "in which," writes Ferrero, "not all was peace and good will to men, and surely not all was joy to the Eternal, in whose name it was administered." Considering the brevity of Calvin's stay in Aosta, and the lack of sympathy with his efforts there, it is surprising that he should have lasting and singular commemoration there. In the middle of a narrow thoroughfare in Aosta stands a small monument—a low, slender column supporting a cross, which gives the name of the Street of the Town Cross. Five years after Calvin's sudden departure from Aosta it was erected to commemorate the failure of his attempt to introduce Protestantism into Italy. But a far more unusual memorial of John Calvin than this is maintained in Aosta. Fame takes on many and sometimes fantastic forms. Some great men have had mountain peaks named after them; Presidents of the United States have had babies and cigars and neckties named after them; Garfield had a tea called by his name. But, so far as we know, Calvin is the only man who ever had a wind called after him. That airy distinction is his alone. When we told this to an eminent professor in a Presbyterian university he inquired if it was a very fierce wind. The fact is that "there is in the Valley of Aosta a local wind that blows every day, as regular as a clock, rising at eleven o'clock and dying down at four in the afternoon, which has been called, for nearly four hundred years, 'Calvin's wind,' in memory of his visit there." Singular that a memorial so ethereal and invisible should be so lasting!

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# METHODIST REVIEW

(SEMIMONTHLY)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., Editor

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